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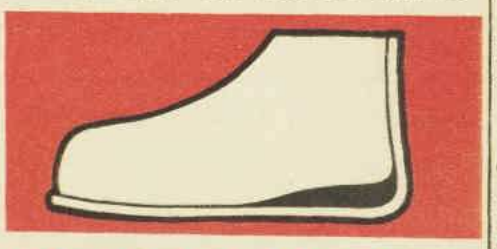

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Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● The lovely illustrations on pages 6 to 9 were chosen to fit the words of the second verse of Dorothea Mackellar's poem "My Country." This famous verse begins "I love a sunburnt country . . ."

MISS Mackellar, who lives in Sydney, has written four volumes of verse and three novels (two of them in collaboration with a friend).

Her father was Sydney physician Sir Charles Mackellar, who also had a long career in politics.

He was a member of the New South Wales Legislative Council for 40 years and a State Cabinet Minister for some of that period. He was also a Federal senator for a short time.

Sir Charles died in 1926.

★ ★ ★

OUR gardening section (pages 52, 53) features Pots for Outdoors, with two pictures taken in the lovely garden of Mr. and Mrs. Lennox Bode, Point Piper, N.S.W.

But pots are only one feature of this garden. The visitor quickly notices that mainly white flowers — Mrs. Bode's favorites — are grown.

The day our reporter and staff photographer Ron Berg called to take the pictures, they were greeted with a wave of fragrant perfume from a whole hedge of gardenias in full bloom, and also from great bushes of white jasmine trained up the walls of the house.

The gardenia hedge is surprisingly hardy, according to Mrs. Bode, in view of the fact that it faces due west, gets the full blast of the winds, and is planted in sandy soil.

Another highlight of the Weekly's visit to the garden was the friendly welcome offered by the Bodes' cocker spaniel, Kim, who insisted that Ron Berg share his morning dog biscuit with him.

★ ★ ★

WE have received a letter from a South African reader, Mrs. Clarice Russell Wallace, of Johannesburg, who writes that she receives her Weekly from her daughter, Mrs. John Goodwin, of Highgate Hill, Qld.

South African-born Mrs. Goodwin, who has the unusual Christian name of Cliffette, is a cousin of actor Peter Finch's wife, Yolande.

Cliffette met her Brisbane-born husband in London. They were married in South Africa in December, 1960, and set sail for Brisbane. John had been in England on a teacher's working holiday.

Mrs. Wallace writes that she sends the magazine to an aunt in Durban, then it goes to another aunt south of Durban, then to more relatives in Mbabane, Swaziland.

Mrs. Wallace is the sister of Yolande Finch's mother, Mrs. Eileen Turnbull, of Johannesburg. Yolande took the name Turner for acting purposes, Mrs. Goodwin told us.

Our cover

● The elegant suit is right ahead of fashion—it shapes the news for next spring's suits. Portents of the future are the lowered belted waistline, collarless neckline with welted seams, and above-wrist uncuffed sleeves. Just as new as the shape is the color—orange. All orange shades will be high fashion for spring, '62. A pattern for the suit is available; details page 30.

ANOTHER reader, Mrs. M. Helton, of Ashgrove, Qld., says that she has been a reader of the Weekly since 1937, when she was living in New Guinea.

She writes: "My boy had to walk into the township for it. This was seven miles each way, over a rough New Guinea track and often through a high stream if the bamboo bridge had been washed away.

"He liked the Weekly, too, as he was allowed to use it later for 'cigarette' paper, rolling his smoke of trade tobacco nearly the full length of a page.

"There was only one thing wrong in our book-hungry little world — we couldn't swop the Weekly for something else, because everybody in our little township (and out of it) bought it from the South.

"We could never decide if we would read the serials weekly or save them for one long, lovely splurge."

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What you should know about
NAIL CARE
By Max Factor

Nothing is more flattering to a pretty pair of hands than attractive, well-groomed nails. And it's something that every woman *can* achieve simply by understanding the secrets of a professional manicure, and by putting a few nail beauty-care rules into practice.

THE SECRET OF A "PROFESSIONAL TOUCH" MANICURE

A coat of nail polish *will* help your nails look prettier, but it won't give them that lovely "professionally manicured" look. (Just as lipstick alone won't give you the perfect make-up!) Our intention, in developing a new range of nail-care preparations was to provide you with the means of giving yourself a *professional salon manicure at home*. In fact, by using the new Max Factor Nail Polish and the two other basic necessities, Nail Prime and Nail Finish, I can promise you a professional-looking manicure which *stays immaculate nearly three times longer!*

Here is the Max Factor way to achieve a professional-touch manicure at home. First, collect these essentials:

Cotton Wool
Emery Boards
Warm soapy water
Soft nail brush
Max Factor Lanolated Nail Polish Remover
Max Factor Cuticle Remover
Orange Stick
Max Factor Nail Prime
Max Factor Nail Polish
Max Factor Nail Finish
Max Factor Satin Touch Hand Lotion

1. Remove nail polish with Max Factor Lanolated Nail Polish Remover.
2. Shape the nails using an emery board.
3. Soak nails in warm, soapy water for a few minutes, to soften the cuticles.
4. Apply Max Factor Cuticle Remover to nail and cuticle (built-in brush makes it easy).
5. Wind a small piece of cotton wool around orange stick and push cuticle back gently, beginning at centre of nail.
6. Wash hands in warm, soapy water and gently scrub nails with a soft nail brush.
7. Rinse and dry the nails completely.
8. Wipe each nail with Max Factor Lanolated Nail Polish Remover, to ensure that nails are clean and dry.
9. Apply Max Factor Nail Prime and let it dry.
10. Dip brush in Max Factor Nail Polish, remove excess on bottle rim before stroking the nail. Do not overload the brush. Take a fresh brushful for each nail.
11. After second coat of nail polish is dry, apply a thin coat of Max Factor Nail Finish over the entire nail. Then run the brush over and under the nail tip to help prevent the nail polish from chipping.
12. To keep your hands soft, white, and smooth, massage in a little Max Factor Satin Touch Hand Lotion. Do this after every manicure, and better still, whenever you have had your hands in water.

BASIC BEAUTY CARE FOR YOUR HANDS AND NAILS

- Keep your hands soft, white and smooth by protecting them against the drying effects of water and detergents. Wear rubber gloves as often as possible when doing housework, and always smooth on a little hand lotion after washing your hands.
- Flaking or peeling of the nail surface should be carefully smoothed with the fine side of an emery board, and protected and discouraged with a coat of Max Factor Nail Prime and several coats of Nail Polish.
- For slimmer, more shapely fingers, firmly stroke each finger from the base towards the nail tip. Do this as often as you can.
- The cuticle should always be kept soft and pliable and free of the nail with Max Factor Cuticle Remover. The cuticle should never be cut, as this makes it rough and heavy.
- To remove stains from the fingers, rub with a slice of lemon. Pumice will smooth away callouses.
- Gently push back nail cuticle with towel whenever you dry your hands, to keep it soft and pliable.
- Nails should be filed gently from side to centre (never back and forth), forming a graceful oval tip . . . never extreme points, to discourage breaking of the nail tips. Nail should extend slightly beyond the flesh of the finger on both sides. Never file deeper. Additional length at the sides gives the nail more support, eliminates callouses caused by growing nail, and makes the fingers look longer and more tapered.

One final thing to remember. Your hands are always in view; they contribute a great deal to the total impression people have of you. So don't neglect them. Give them the attention they deserve. Just a few minute's beauty care each day . . . a fresh manicure once a week . . . will always keep them looking attractive and well-groomed.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

SAVE 6/6 ON THE *NEW* 'PROFESSIONAL TOUCH' KIT

Max Factor Nail Prime and Nail Finish to give you a professional manicure that lasts nearly 3 times longer

To celebrate the launching of his new American-formula Nail Polish, Max Factor makes this money-saving offer. A 'Professional Touch' Kit for only 12/6 (a saving of 6/6). Contains: Max Factor Nail Prime and Nail Finish to give you a *professional* manicure that lasts nearly 3 times longer!

For a Limited Time Only: 12/6

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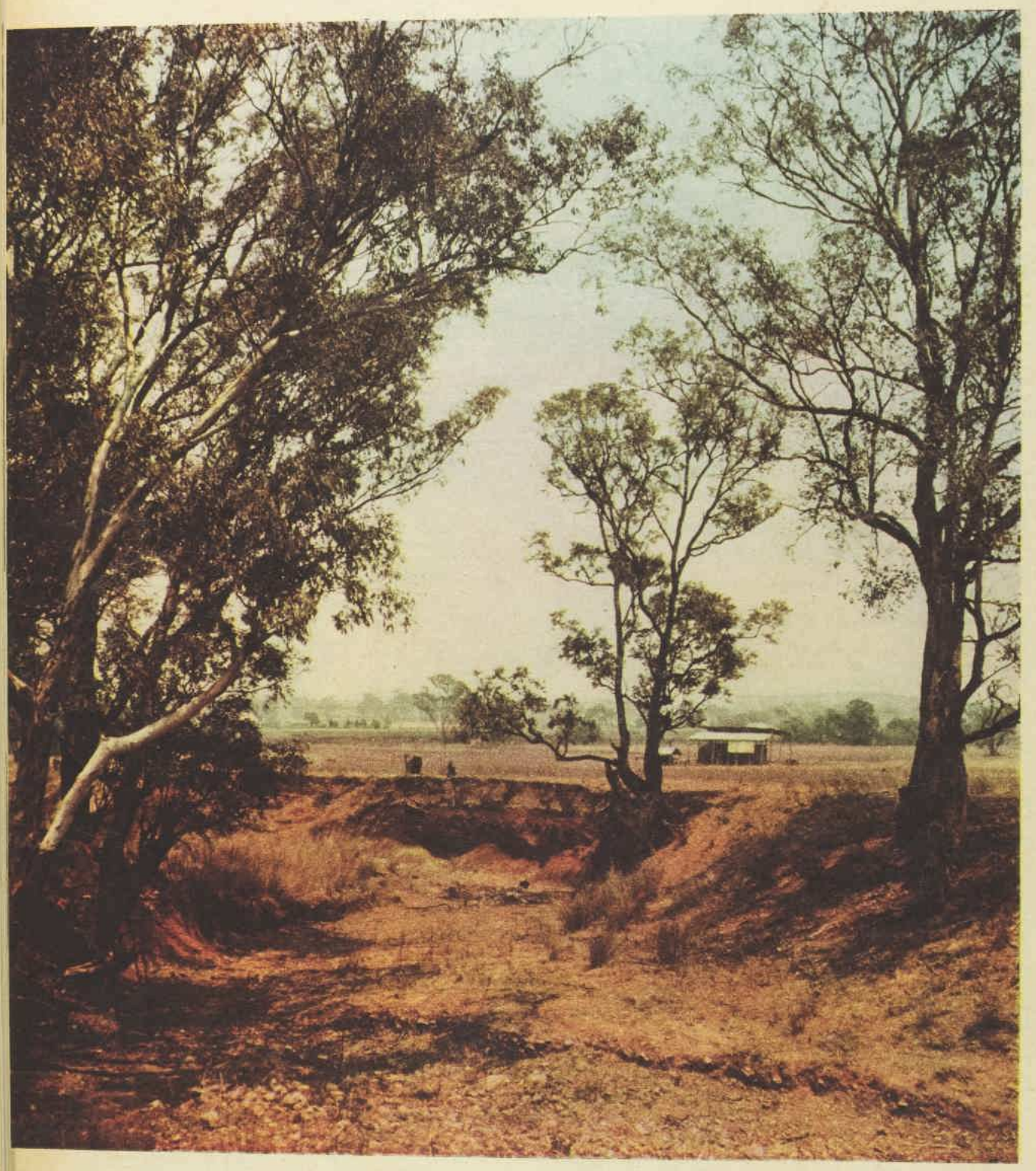
"MY COUNTRY"

A photographic salute



THE pictures on this and the next three pages evoke, in photographic terms, the second — and most famous — verse of the poem "My Country," by Dorothea Mackellar.

At the turn of the century, three young people in Sydney were talking about their trips to England. One was enthusiastic about the countryside — "so green and neat and civilised, after Australia."

Dorothea Mackellar, then 19, objected: "You shouldn't try to compare the two — they are so different."

Walking home, as she has since recalled, she began to turn the conversation into a poem. It opened with her friend's "love of field and coppice . . ."

The love of field and coppice,
Of green and shaded lanes,
Of ordered woods and gardens
Is running in your veins.
Strong love of grey-blue distance,
Brown streams and soft, dim skies —
I know, but cannot share it,
My love is otherwise.

Then Dorothea burst out into her own feelings: "*I love a sunburnt country.*"

In 1908 the poem of six verses was published in the London "Spectator," then in newspapers across Australia. Schoolchildren recited and sang it, as they have ever since. It found a responsive chord in people's hearts, and today it remains one of the best known of all Australian lyric poems.

● *Scene near Tamworth (picture by Mrs. B. Murray, Enfield, N.S.W.).*

"I love a sunburnt country,

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● *South Australian harvest scene (picture by K. P. Phillips, Mitcham, S.A.).*

"A land of sweeping plains,

● *Wilpena Pound, near the Flinders Ranges, S.A. (picture by K. P. Phillips).*

● *Hawkesbury River floods, November, 1961 (picture by Ron Berg, staff).*

"Of ragged mountain ranges,

"Of droughts and flooding rains.

● *She-oaks at Yudnapinna, S.A. (picture by K. P. Phillips).*

Continued overleaf

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My Country

— From page 7

● *Near Alice Springs, Central Australia (picture by Ron Berg).*

"I love her far horizons,

"I love her jewel-sea,

● *View from the Bluff, Victor Harbor, S.A. (picture by K. P. Phillips).*

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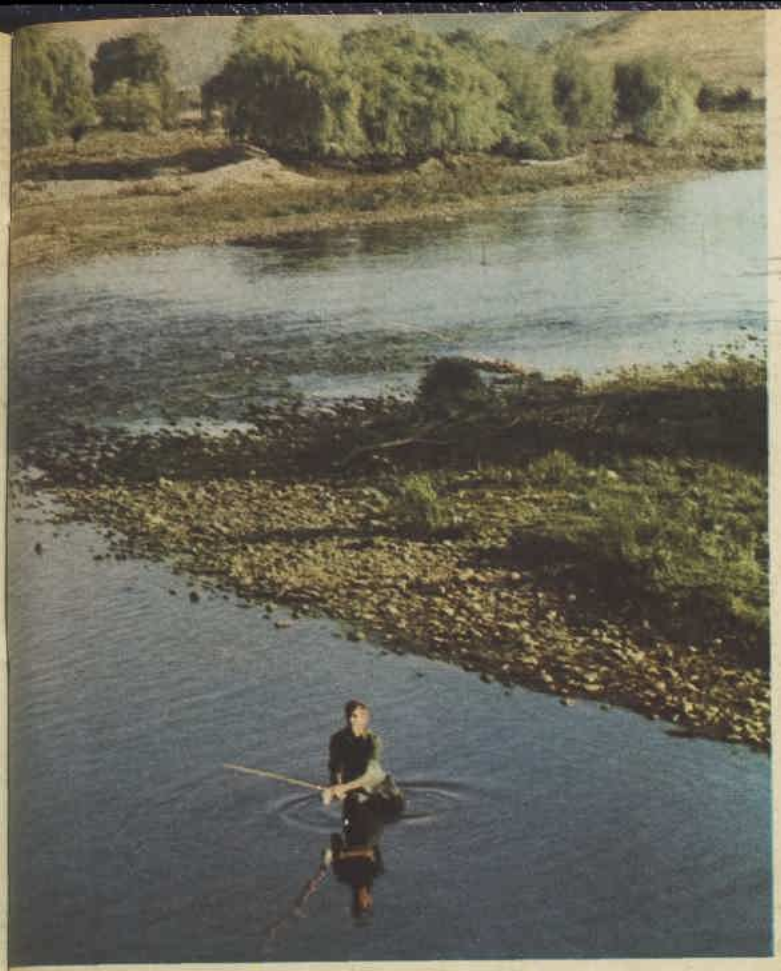

● *Kiewa River, near the Victorian Alps (picture by Bruce Pinkard, South Yarra, Vic.).*

● *Bushfire near Faulconbridge, Blue Mountains, N.S.W. (picture by Ron Berg).*

"Her beauty and her terror—

● *Eastern domes of Mt. Olga, Northern Territory (picture by K. P. Phillips).*

"The wide brown land for me."

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FATHER

"How's that for a fur piece, dear!"

MOTHER

"This is Humphrey . . . I've just been telling him what lovely cakes you make!"

It seems to me

By

BACK from a week's holiday with a wonderful new plan for living.

When I come into the flat at night I pretend it's a motel room. It's a bit bigger, and there's a kitchen. But the basic thought is sound—not to scatter things round too much, so there'll be less to do in the morning.

I suppose the plan won't work for long, because of the differences. In a motel one of the morning questions is: Ours or Theirs? ("Is this teaspoon Ours or Theirs?")

Here, where only the fixtures are Theirs, the problem doesn't arise, but against that there is the breakfast washing-up to be done. Or not done.

Perhaps it is too late to eradicate untidy habits. But hope keeps me going.

* * *

WHEN I emptied my handbag on return a brown gumleaf fell out of it.

I think it comes from a tree near a roadside fireplace on the road between Yass and Young, where we grilled a steak while a few belated cars tore by to the Yass Picnic Races.

It wasn't one of the prettiest lunch places, but it stays in my mind more than many others, possibly because it was the sort of country that Dorothea Mackellar could have pictured when she spoke of "a wide brown land."

If you had to live abroad for a long time, that is the scene for which you would become homesick—not the more spectacular scenery of mountain and sea, but brown, grassy paddocks and scattered gumtrees under a blue sky.

You would forget the disadvantages, embodied in the following hints for a steak picnic when battling against hordes of small flies:

Don't unwrap steak till last minute. After grilling wrap in slices of thin buttered bread. The bread temporarily baffles the flies. Eat quickly and move on.

One fly hitch-hiked with us to Cowra. It probably found some mates there, judging by the screening on the motel room windows.

* * *

IN an eight-day trip covering nearly 1300 miles from Sydney, a rough triangle with its southern point a few miles over the Victorian border and its western point at Young, I saw more of the New South Wales countryside than in the last ten years.

Yet what a small segment of the State it is when you spread out the map.

As navigator, when consulting the big map for the next day's itinerary, I used to talk of green roads and red roads.

The green roads are the main highways, the red ones (thick, thin, and thinnest) are, respectively, trunk, main, and minor.

But there is a bit of green road near the Victorian border, south of Eden (32 miles of it), which is still as rough as a thin red road. In fact, it IS a thin red road, all gravel.

REVISITING Canberra after many years, I saw how outmoded is that ancient crack about the city looking like a beautiful cemetery.

Still beautiful, the city is very much alive. But the other old joke about going round in circles and getting lost is as good as ever. Even with a map and the numerous signposts, you can still be thoroughly bewildered . . .

For tourists like myself, who find navigating by maps a strain, I would recommend the following plan for seeing Canberra:

Use your map to find out where you are going to stay. Drop your luggage, have a strong cup of tea, and set out again, following any traffic that looks purposeful.

Turn into a side street. Admire the gardens and the autumn trees and consult your map to see where you are.

Be sure to leave enough strength in reserve for the final consultation of map necessary to return to lodgings.

Conscientious tourists, after a night's rest, are often capable on the second day of locating Parliament House, the Academy of Science, and the new statue of Ethos with hardly a wrong turning.

* * *

WHILE on holiday I paid as little attention as possible to the affairs of the world, but who could ignore the Tasmanian monster, the great sea creature — still unidentified when this paper went to press — lying half buried in sand on a lonely beach?

Everyone loves a monster, and what's more, so do I,
Especially the sort of monster that comes from sea or sky,
Though the awful fear one lives with, in the news from day to day,
Is that some unfeeling pundit will coldly explain it away.
Now, take the Loch Ness monster. It's there because it is not.
Do I have to put that clearly? No, of course you grasp what's what.
But this great Tasmanian creature that's lying buried in sand
Is both more and less mysterious, which is why, as you understand,
That it rates as a special treasure. Did it come from the dark, cold sea?
Or was it a flying saucer? Crash-landed, perhaps. Dear me.
Whatever it be, it's illumined by imagination's tint,
And I hope that it stays mysterious until this reaches print.

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● *Pretty secretaries who are working for the coach drive, with a model in their Cobb and Co. office in Toowoomba, Queensland. From left: Jacelle Magarry, Carmel Zerner, Robyn Box, all of Toowoomba.*

THOSE COACHES

By MARJORIE STAPLETON, staff reporter

● In March or April next year, at the end of tropical Australia's wet season, the old Cobb and Co. route from Port Douglas, North Queensland, to Melbourne — 3000 miles — will thunder with hoofbeats as the original coaches roll again.

MANY people are already working behind the scenes, preparing to turn back the clock to the bushranger and gold-rush days to aid the Royal Flying Doctor Service.

It is expected that £80,000 will be raised from the sale of the 1955 Cobb and Co. postage stamps alone.

The present-day firm of Cobb and Co. in Toowoomba, Queensland (motorised carriers), bought £2000 worth of the stamps at the time of the issue.

They will sell the stamps, which were reproduced from a Lionel Lindsay etching, and deliver a letter for £1.

People will be able to take a coach ride for £5 a stage all along the 3000-mile inland route.

The coach will be drawn by five matched horses, with four teams of five in reserve.

Two other 11-passenger coaches will be available if more than one coach is needed. (They have been kept in Cobb and Co.'s Brisbane truck depot.)

Plans are not yet completed, but it is certain that the whole journey will be a whirl of gaiety, with people finding every reason to celebrate the coach's arrival.

Balls and other celebrations will be held all along the route, funds also going to the Flying Doctor Service.

On the list are Cairns, Herberton, Normanton in the Gulf Country, Cloncurry, Winton, Longreach, Blackall, Charleville, Cunnamulla, Thargomindah (Qld.), Barringun (near the Queensland-N.S.W. border), then through Bourke and Dubbo to Sydney, and on through the old Victorian gold-diggings to Melbourne.

Coach horses have been specially bred and are being trained at Mr. Bill Bolton's property, "Forest Hills," in the Dawson Valley, near Theodore, Qld.

Mr. Bolton, the son of Mr. W. R. F. Bolton, of Toowoomba (managing director of Cobb and Co.), has had this coach run in mind for several years.

The old firm of Cobb and Co. went into liquidation in 1929. Mr. W. R. F. Bolton acquired the title in 1948.

Camping gear

An art lover and extremely interested in early Australian history, Mr. Bolton—on behalf of the motorised Cobb and Co. — endowed the Lionel Lindsay Memorial Art Gallery in Toowoomba.

Gallery admission is free. A collection of Australian art and literature is stored there, including a complete file of the Sydney "Bulletin" dating from 1818, a letter from La Perouse, and William Charles Wentworth's "Description of the Colony of N.S.W."

The 1963 trip will mean a return to the box seat for veteran Cobb and Co. coach drivers Mr. F. A. ("Tommy") Thompson, of Brisbane, Mr. Ernie Richards, of Mitchell, Mr. Tom Lawton and Mr. Doug Rynne, of Toowoomba, and Doug Rynne's son, who will be the "new boy" of the team.

The drivers will take camping gear and sleep near the horses at the old stages.

Mr. Thompson, 75, who now lives in retirement at Ascot, Brisbane, with his wife, drove Cobb and Co. coaches for 21 years.

He made the final run from Yuelba to Surat and St. George, then back to Yuelba, in 1924.

That coach at the present time is preserved in Canberra's National Museum.

In 1953 Mr. Thompson climbed back into the driver's seat and drove a coach through Brisbane, raising £1000 for the Greek Earthquake Appeal.

He got together a team of bakers' cart horses and persuaded them to pull the coach under the arch of the Brisbane City Hall—against many side-bets that it couldn't be done.

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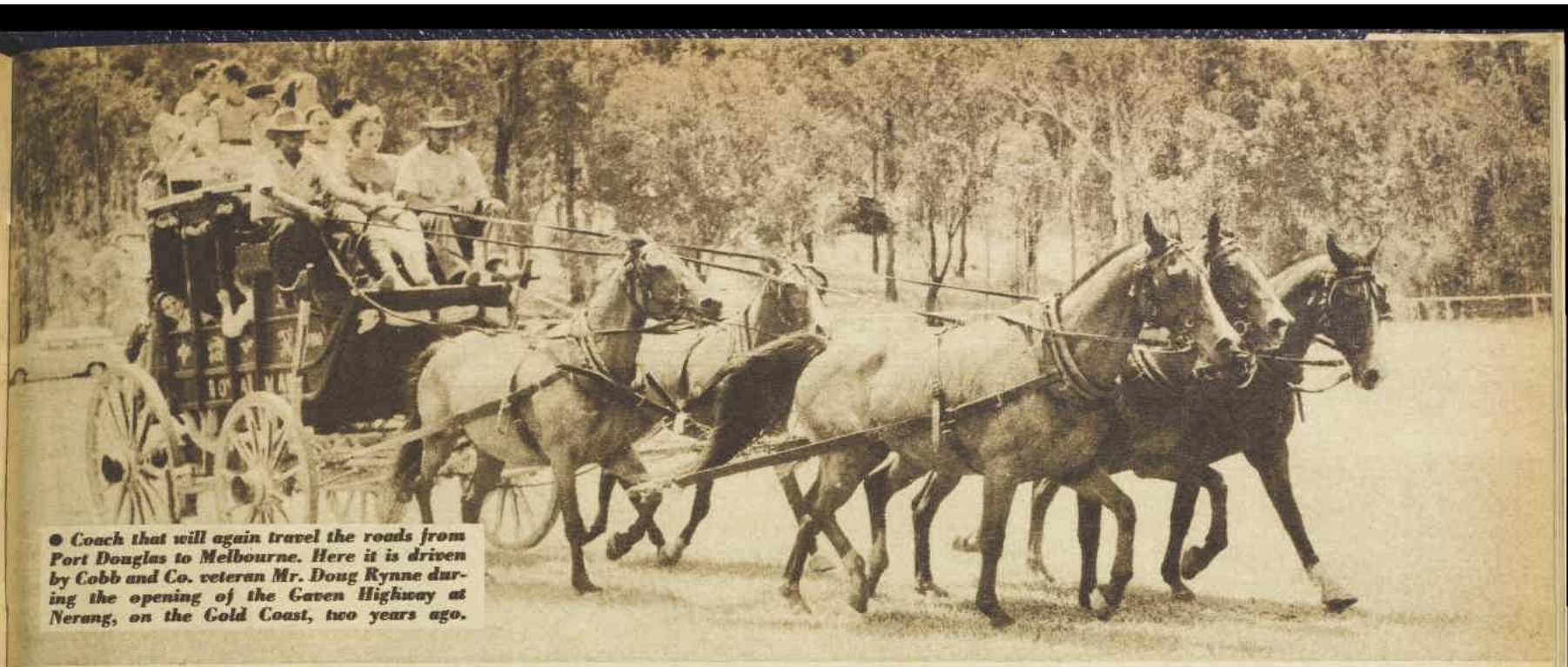

● *Coach that will again travel the roads from Port Douglas to Melbourne. Here it is driven by Cobb and Co. veteran Mr. Doug Rynne during the opening of the Gaven Highway at Nerang, on the Gold Coast, two years ago.*

WILL ROLL AGAIN NEXT YEAR

Back from retirement to aid the Flying Doctor

● *Old photograph of a Cobb and Co. coach outside the post office at Bourke in 1890.*

"The old coaches used to swing along like boats, with their iron wheels set on thoroughbraces," Mr. Thompson recalled.

"It's too late for anyone to make a fuss now, so I can confess that we drivers used to give swaggies a lift—against company rules.

"I have also crammed 21 people into a 14-passenger coach, and 14 into an eight-passenger."

Mr. Thompson showed me a faded picture taken at Surat, with two beside him on the box seat, two on the footboard, six seated inside, and four on the roof.

"I had only one real mishap, when a leading rein broke and the horses bolted, overturning the coach.

"But floods! We've been in water up to the horses' shoulders.

"One passenger jumped out once, and the water was up to his neck. That time we had to be rescued by boat. The Balonne was in flood, and the five passengers were rowed five miles to the back of Surat.

"I had bad and good times. The best memories are of hot baths and comfortable beds at the end of a 52-mile day.

Black mud

"Horses were changed about every 22 miles at the mail changes, and the driver would go on with fresh horses.

"The worst road was Thallon to St. George in wet weather. All black mud. It was murder!

"We carried passengers, mail, parcels, luggage, and boxes of money for the banks. I must have carried a fortune in my time, though I never knew how much was in the boxes.

"It was all in coin—two or three boxes at a time — and heavy as lead to lift.

"I never signed for the money. The bank would post me two half-crowns slipped inside a piece of cardboard as personal thanks."

Looking through faded old clippings, I read how one coach driver, the late Dave Tees, left St. George 60 years ago with one passenger and arrived at Surat with two.

He had acted as midwife by the wayside. He followed the baby's progress through life, and years later reported that the boy had done him great credit.

If the uphill going was too heavy, passengers had to walk, Mr. Thompson said.

"There was always hospitality on the road, but the best and most reliable friends were the teamsters (carriers with bullock waggons) and drovers.

"They'd see our cloud of dust and immediately put the billy on and rustle up a meal. Sometimes they'd ask me to take their washing home to their wives, or deliver a message or do a bit of business for them in town.

"I often hear people argue as to whether the coaches had doors," Mr. Thompson said. "Of course they hadn't. The passengers would have suffocated."

Passengers' fares sound rather high for those days, but bullock-waggon freight rates were as much as £150 a ton on the Melbourne-Bendigo run during gold-rush days.

Horses sold

On Mr. Thompson's run fares were: Thallon to St. George (52 miles), £1/7/-; Thallon to Bandy Andy, 19/-; Cunnamulla to Thargomindah, £3 . . . with 5/- extra for the box seat.

Mr. Thompson remembers when 300 coach horses were sold in Roma as the old firm closed down.

"We knew then that the motor-car had won," he said.

The first coach ran in 1853 from Melbourne to Port Melbourne—three miles for 5/-. Later a daily coach went the 110 miles to Bendigo—fare £5.

The organisers of the 1963 coach run plan to re-enact the Melbourne - Port Melbourne run with all the pageantry of old times, inviting the Governor of Victoria, the Premier, and the Lord Mayor of Melbourne to take part.

Footnote: Memories of Victoria's old coaching days were recalled each year from the mid-1920s until 1952 at a special banquet for Cobb and Co. drivers on the opening day of the International Motor Show in Melbourne.

The oldest driver was the guest of honor. When the diners started about 50 drivers attended, but the years decreased their numbers.

A past president of the Chamber of Automotive Industries, Mr. Percy Rogers, said, "They were old men, very shaky. But after a few beers they would settle down and enjoy themselves."

It is not generally known that the late King Edward VII drove a Cobb and Co. coach from Naracoorte, in South Australia, to Hamilton, in Victoria, when he visited Australia as a midshipman in the 1890s.

● *Towns on the planned 1963 coach route from Port Douglas to Melbourne.*

● *The last coach ride, from Surat to Yuelba, in Queensland, in 1924. The driver is Mr. "Tommy" Thompson. LEFT: Mr. Thompson photographed in 1955 when he drove a coach into Lennons Hotel, Brisbane (the doors were removed), to celebrate the Cobb and Co. postage stamp.*

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A.M.P.

"What's behind you Dad?"

Because he has the A.M.P. behind him Dad knows his family is secure. Through A.M.P. Family Protection Policies he has assured for them a debt-free home and a living income, plus money for the children's education.

AMP

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A163

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The Heart Line

New hairstyles from Paris

● Four eye-catching variations of a dramatic new hairstyle being released in Australia by the Haute Coiffure Francaise are pictured here.

THE style, essentially high fashion and created for spring-summer, 1962, is called the Heart Line.

The hair is carefully cut (short on sides and at back, with length in front) in a free heart shape, then swept forward and around with a round hairbrush.

● *Fringe gives yet another look as it swoops across the forehead. The hair is flicked up on either side.*

● *Youthful, rather extreme version of the new line from Paris is all shape and forward movement. You need real chic to wear it well.*

● *Soft, thick look of the latest Paris hairline for spring-summer is achieved with smooth and heavy hair. The hair is not "teased" at all.*

● *Suggestion of a centre part (at right) gives a draped effect on the brow in this high-swooping style.*

NEXT WEEK...

● ABC of cookery

A useful and interesting dictionary of names, terms, and foreign phrases used in cookery. This is something every cook will want to keep in her kitchen for quick and easy reference.

● Dame Margot writes for us

"You need love, too," says Dame Margot Fonteyn in an article written specially for us to coincide with the beginning of her Australian tour next month.

With Dame Margot's story are beautiful color pictures of the famous ballerina in dancing poses at Covent Garden with leading male dancers David Blair and Rudolf Nureyev.

● Ten autumn-winter budget patterns

TEN patterns — among them you'll find the coat, the dress, the suit you've been wanting to make for a smart autumn-winter wardrobe. Patterns are budget-priced, the instructions easy to follow.

● A Wife's Story:

A husband's career often depends upon his wife's sacrifices.

● Complete meals in 29 minutes

Six complete menus for the housewife in a hurry. The menus are appetising, varied, and each takes only 29 minutes to cook.

● Give a twist to your next party

In Teenagers' Weekly—some easy ways to give a new twist to that simple old dress to turn it into a party eye-catcher, and some exciting recipes—with a Twist theme.

● "Fanny and the Regent of Siam"

Final instalment of the fascinating true sequel to the story which made "The King and I."

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Dishes washed with Trix dry *Sparkling* clean

Only Trix leaves dishes so shining clean. Trix works washing-up wonders — with Trix there are no suds to dull your china or streak your glassware. You don't need to rinse, **never** need to wipe up! **Trix is the most economical and fastest working detergent because it is the most ACTIVE.** Trix is all concentrated washing energy. It begins instantly to dissolve and absorb grease and dirt. Trix goes to work down in the water. Trix is not wasted making froth and bubbles on top of the water. Trix makes such **active** washing water that the dirtiest wash-ups are over in a twinkling! Dishes, pans, cutlery, glassware, drip dry hygienically clean without wiping-up. So toss out your tea-towels, you'll never need them again when you use Trix Detergent.

No rinsing, no wiping-up when you use **Trix**

Trix is so economical because it is so concentrated

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Their problem is romance

The dilemma of the heart-throb authors

From DIANA GIBSON in London

● To most people the question of exactly what constitutes a romantic novel may not seem a very serious problem, but in London 265 people are debating it with all the solemnity of a national crisis.

THREE ROMANTIC LADIES. Romantic novelists Barbara Cartland (left), Denise Robins, and Netta Muskett (right) enjoy a joke at a dinner of the Society of Romantic Novelists in London.

THEY'RE members of the Society of Romantic Novelists, to whom romance is big business.

Though the members have more than 2000 love-conquers-all novels to their credit, they still cannot decide what constitutes a romantic novel.

Entirely outnumbered in quantity and quality, the eight lone male members of the society have joined battle with the girls on this issue.

Endless meetings have been held, hours have been spent arguing, and members have given one definition of their meaning of romance at one meeting and an entirely different one at the next.

Now, after two years of discussion the members are no nearer a solution than they were at the beginning.

But Denise Robins, president, Barbara Cartland, vice-president, and Alex Stuart, chairman, all hope that at last agreement will be reached at the society's annual general meeting, to be held in London on March 30.

Teacup talks

Alex Stuart—who in private life is Mrs. Mann—recently came down from York to discuss the problem at a small meeting in London.

There the big and the not-so-big names among the "queens of the quivering pulse" got together over their teacups to decide what a romantic novel really is.

After three hours, a million or more fervent words, and three fresh supplies of tea, they were no nearer agreement on the definition of a romantic novel.

The Society of Romantic Novelists was founded two years ago with only 50 members and one aim: to improve the standing of the romantic novelist.

The entirely successful, completely professional writers of the society, who have been quickening heartbeats all over the world for the past 25 years, seem certain of only two things.

They're convinced their profession needs additional stature. They're equally convinced that individually they do not.

After all, they claim, the soaring sales figures are what count in the end—and there's no shortage of them.

Bookstalls and lending libraries throughout Britain year after year report Romance as their biggest draw.

The theme is simple. Boy meets girl. Girl meets another boy. The difficulties multiply.

Personal and financial problems arise. Accidents happen. Illness strikes. The difficulties slowly sort out with many surprise twists. Girl marries boy.

The only uncertainty in the book is which boy.

If the plot is always the same, the setting can be different. But to play safe it is now more often a hospital, smart city office (advertising for choice), or a farm in Devon.

Some of the romantic novels published in recent years have more than merited professional scorn.

They may make the writer money but they do little for her reputation as a writer.

The society hopes to alter this. High priestess of the society—although only one of its three vice-presidents — is fabulous, indescribable Barbara Cartland.

Mother of Lady Lewisham, wife of Hugh McCorquodale, owner of a stately home, author of 72 romantic best-sellers, pincurled, bejewelled, and entrancing, she is the romantic novel in person.

She has come up the hard way. Everything she says, does, and wears makes headlines.

Few women novelists have been the subject of a Giles cartoon in England.

Barbara Cartland was, however, after she said that to have a virile, exciting, and energetic husband you must be sure to feed him meat and two veg.—at lunch-time.

Miss Cartland's novels and love stories may be syrupy, but they are highly professional, very accurate in detail and background, and always most exciting.

After Miss Cartland comes equally fabulous, slightly more practical Denise Robins, who is suspected of making even more money.

Denise Robins also has a stately home in Sussex, an overpowering personality, a capacity for hats more fantastic (if less flattering) than Miss Cartland's, and just as many best-sellers.

Her daughter Patricia has jumped on the controversial Lady Chatterley bandwaggon by writing the story of an imaginary daughter of Lady Chatterley.

Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia, who wrote a true love story—that of her marriage, separation, and return to King Peter—is the society's patron-in-chief.

The members are hoping she will be there on March 30 to help them decide once and for all what a romantic novel really is.

Wedding Dress Contest ending

● Did you meet your husband, or the man you are going to marry, posting a letter, queueing for a concert ticket, or in a dentist's waiting room?

THE WEDDING DRESS and veil which together with a honeymoon trip to Hayman Island are waiting to be won in our contest.

THESE are some of the more unusual ways early entrants in our Wedding Dress Contest met the men of their dreams.

The first entries are now being read, with the mail from all States growing in volume every day.

Some accounts of readers' romances are very human and touching, some factual, and some recounted with a lively humor, such as the man who adopted a "Sentimental Bloke" vein in recalling his courtship.

Many mothers—and at least one father so far—have written of their romances, hoping to win the Hollywood wedding dress and veil for an engaged daughter.

Debbie's gown

There have been some grandmothers, too, who are thinking of a favorite granddaughter wearing Debbie Reynolds' dress and having a Hayman Island honeymoon.

Several wives, whom either lack of money or wartime marriages have deprived of proper honeymoons, say that the Hayman Island honeymoon would be their first.

The most usual first meetings to date have taken place at dances or through mutual friends.

There have also been boy-next-door romances, those of pen-friends that have blossomed into love, and blind dates that have led—or are leading—to the altar.

"This is it"

Some couples have hated each other on sight. Others had a feeling right away that "this is it." (One reader, playing a game with girl-friends, said: "That's the man I'm going to marry"—and did!) One fell in love with a voice.

One reader married her schoolteacher, one the postman, and one is going to marry the boy who knocked her down roller-skating.

By no means all the entries put forward for further consideration tell such unusual stories as these. Many, though quite conventional, impress by their charm and sincerity, or by some special quality in the way they are related.

There is no knowing how or when or where a courtship will start. Tell us about yours, and it may win you a dream wedding dress and honeymoon.

HOW TO ENTER

TO win a replica of the exquisite dress and veil worn by Debbie Reynolds in the film "The Pleasure of His Company," write the story of your romance in not more than 300 words.

Describe how you met the person you are going to marry or have married.

Paramount Pictures are providing six dresses designed by famous Hollywood designer Edith Head.

There will be a winner from each Australian State. The competitor whose entry is judged best of all received will also win a two-week honeymoon trip to Hayman Island. This will include air travel for two from anywhere in Australia, full luxury beach-front accommodation at Hayman Island, and spending money.

Rules and details of the contest were published in our March 7 issue.

PLEASE DO NOT ENCLOSE PHOTOGRAPHS WITH YOUR ENTRY.

Address entries "Wedding Dress," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close on March 25, 1962.

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THE WATCH

ABOVE: The Tasmanian west coast near the point where the sea creature was found. BELOW: Naturalist Bruce Mollison, of Hobart (right), and Constable C. Curran set up camp on their way to the monster. They had to walk 15 miles to the coast and 15 miles through sand-dunes and across rocky headlands.

Just about everybody had his own theory

ALL the world loves a mystery. This month people everywhere were reading with enthusiasm the reports about the carcase of a sea creature found washed up on the remote west coast of Tasmania.

It was described as being about 20ft. long and 18ft. broad, with a hump 4½ft. deep and a thick, hairy hide. It had been on the beach at least two years.

Scientists formed a series of expeditions, and zoologists in many parts of the world expressed variously their interest and scepticism.

The public read every theory that could be advanced and provided a few of their own.

It was a giant ray, a malformed whale with brown algae growing out of its hide; it was (said the first naturalist to study it) "an eerie thing from perhaps a million years away"; it had drifted from the Antarctic continent where, through aeons, it had been entombed in the ice.

It was, said the more romantically minded, one of the prophetic Tennyson's Krakens, disturbed by the H-bomb tests in the central Pacific (*"Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea . . . the Kraken sleepeth . . . until the latter fire shall heat the deep; then once by men and angels to be seen, in roaring he shall rise and on the surface die"*).

Other names were found. It was The Blob. It was "just one of those Things," a Whammy, a Schmoo, the biggest bunyip. It was a Martian astronaut; it was the battalion's egg-powder omelet jettisoned by the cooks of an A.I.F. troopship after an especially rough night in the Great Australian Bight in 1942; it was an escaped haggis from a Scottish banquet, fully grown when it met its nameless fate.

The joking was affectionate. For everybody loves a monster and everybody, outside the world of science, had his fingers crossed against the possibility of any ordinary explanation.

Pictures by Tony Kingston.

And here's a celebrated oldtimer —the Queensland "Moha Moha"

AUSTRALIA'S previously best-known "sea monster" was reported by a schoolteacher, Miss S. Lovell, at Fraser Island, Queensland, on April 7, 1891. She said it lay in shallow water and she studied it from close by for half an hour until it swam away. She sent this sketch to the Australian Museum in Sydney. Miss Lovell wrote that the monster was more than 30 feet long, and the central hump was like the shell of a huge turtle. Her sketch showed the different positions in which she saw the head and tail. Local aborigines, she said, called the creature a Moha Moha, and declared that it had twice attacked their camps.

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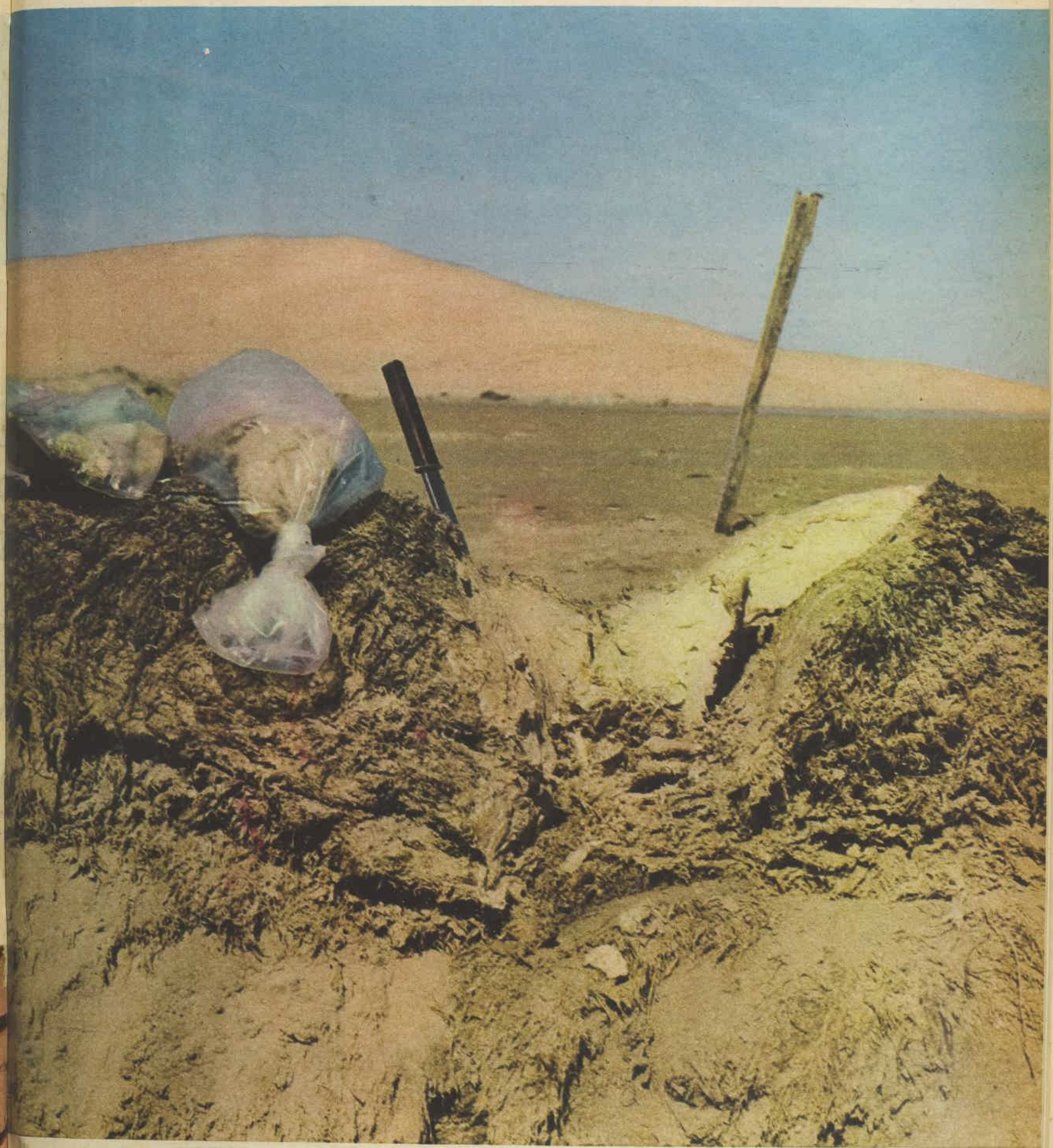
ON TASMANIA'S SEA MONSTER



THE "HUMP" of the sea monster after early inspection parties this month had chopped out some of the hide and flesh to take back to civilisation for examination and testing. The plastic bags contain samples. The greater part of the creature was under sand. When investigations were at their height, helicopters had landed several parties of scientists and journalists.

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MOTHERS AND BABIES at the Royal Hospital for Women, Paddington, 1909. This picture was taken just three years after the first baby clinic in Australia was established at the hospital. The clinic then had the formidable title Department for the Welfare of Infants, and it cared only for babies. In 1912 the ante-natal clinic caring for mothers and babies was opened.

Mothers—then and now

● This year, the Royal Hospital for Women, at Paddington, is celebrating its 50 years of ante-natal care, the longest period of such service in the British Commonwealth.

IN August, 1912, Dr. J. C. Windeyer opened N.S.W.'s first ante-natal clinic at the old Paddington Council Chambers. It was under the direction of the Royal Hospital for Women—and few mothers cared much about it.

In the first two years only 906 women—29 per cent. of all the confinements—attended the clinic.

But this casual attitude was due mostly to ignorance. In the early 1900s the possibility of death for mother or baby in childbirth was accepted as an everyday hazard.

Before the clinic was established, a pregnant woman presented herself at the hospital only to book a bed. She didn't expect to arouse much attention BEFORE her baby was due. She might even have been dismayed, almost certainly embarrassed, by it.

She was seen by the matron. If she LOOKED healthy, her interview began and ended with the entry of her name in a book. She would not be seen again until labor pains were imminent.

If matron decided she didn't look well, she might be referred to the gynecological outpatients' department.

The hospital's history dates back to the Benevolent Society's building (built by Governor Macquarie in 1820 at Central Railway, near today's platforms for interstate and country trains). Mrs. Macquarie supported the ladies' committee of the Society, which aimed for "the relief of poor married women in their own homes."

The 1820 foundation-stone is preserved at the "Royal," the magnificent modern hospital that looks down across Paddington and Rushcutters Bay to Sydney Harbor.

MOTHERS AND BABIES this year at the "Royal." Front row, from left: Mrs. Trevor Gardiner, Bondi Junction, and son Ross (1 week); Mrs. Brian Parish, Randwick, and Christopher (11 days); Mrs. Donovan Broadfoot, Bondi, and Linda (3 weeks); Mrs. Kevin Whitelaw, Killara, and Dein (3 weeks). Standing, from left: Mrs. Charles Matthews, Paddington, and Steven (3 weeks); Mrs. Roderick Oliver, Waverley, and Deborah (3 weeks); Mrs. George Cozis, Woollahra, and Maria (3 months); Mrs. Paul Alexander, Bondi Junction, and Paul (1 month); Mrs. Walter Hofacher, Bondi, and Walter, jun. (1 month); Mrs. Lupske, Paddington, and Milly (1 month).

By PENNY FORD.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

INVITATIONS are out for the Bathurst Bachelors and Spinsters' Ball—it's to be held on March 30 at the Bathurst Golf Club.

Should be a wonderful "do" — the ball is a revival of the traditional annual ball that petered out about ten years ago, and the young committee are hoping to make it once again an annual event.

More than 300 guests from Sydney, Bathurst, and surrounding districts are expected to dance till the small hours—the invitations bear the old-fashioned wording: "Carriages 3.30 a.m."

Heading the large committee are Michael Stevenson, John Tracy, Jane Gurdon, and Judy Hamilton, all from Bathurst.

★ ★ ★

WHAT a wonderful holiday for Mrs. Jan Zanozinski—she'll sail on Neptunia on March 31 with Mrs. Pixie Platt, who has been visiting Australia for the past six months. Mrs. Zanozinski will be Mrs. Platt's guest at her villa on the Italian Riviera for a while before travelling on to Zurich, where she'll stay with Mrs. Martin Heller, and then on to London. Among farewell parties for Mrs. Platt and Mrs. Zanozinski will be a buffet luncheon hostessed by Mrs. Carl Wilson at her home in Darling Point on March 27.

★ ★ ★

INTERESTING to meet Robin Webb, who is home on holidays from her job as a journalist on "Newsweek" in Paris. Robin has some lovely clothes, bought in Paris, London, New York, and Switzerland, but all her slacks are Australian. "Australian slacks are the best cut in the world," she said. "Italian slacks are very nice, too, but so expensive—something like 50 dollars a pair." Robin also had news of Helen Hayes, of Double Bay, who during the past year has become one of Paris' top models. "Helen was discovered at a cocktail party given by Vogue, and she's really going to the top," Robin said. Robin is staying with her parents, Mr. S. G. Webb, Q.C., and Mrs. Webb, at their flat in Edgecliff.

★ ★ ★

ATTRACTIVE lasses Jane Langton, Prudence Lloyd, Gale Porter, Janet Cree, and Belinda Warry will act as programme sellers at the gala preview of "El Cid," to be held at the Forum Theatre on April 3. They've offered their services to the Ladies' Committee of the Royal Australasian College of Surgeons Appeal, who are arranging the preview.

★ ★ ★

DANISH Consul-General Mr. Niels Stenderup and his wife are longing to move into their beautiful new home at Vaucluse—but, after waiting for months while the house has been renovated, they are still held up by the furniture, which is being sent out from Copenhagen. Mr. Stenderup told me that it will probably be another four or five months before they can move in! However, the house is already christened—they invited more than 200 people to cocktails last week to celebrate the birthday of King Frederick IX of Denmark.

Incidentally, Mr. Stenderup will open an exhibition of paintings by famous Danish artist Kai Mottlau on March 27 at Chattertons Gallery. It should be an interesting showing—many of the oils and watercolors are Danish landscapes.

★ ★ ★

NEWLYWEDS Ian and Deirdre Izon, back from their motoring honeymoon in Tasmania, are busily settling into the homestead at "Carewatha," Lowesdale, while Ian's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Z. Izon, are on a trip abroad. Deirdre, who was an occupational therapist in Melbourne, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Elliott, of "Sunbury," Howlong.

YASS PICNIC RACES. From left, Mr. Neil Renfree, of Canberra; his fiancee, Miss Georgia Bevan, of Dubbo; Mr. John Standish Collins, of "Eurolie," Yass; Miss Barbara Gill, of London; and Sydney visitor Mr. Antony Deakin pictured at the Yass Picnic Race Club's annual meeting.

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ABOVE: Chatting together at the Knox Old Grammarians' Association ball at the Trocadero were, from left, Miss Shiona Buchanan, of Boweral, Miss Anne Croxon, of Glenulla, Coonamble, Miss Anne Sutherland, of Killara, and Mr. George Shirling, of Newport. The Trocadero was gay with balloons and streamers in the school colors of blue and black.

KISS from the bride for her husband, Mr. Donald Clift, as they cut the cake at a reception at the Australia Hotel, after their wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Mrs. Clift was Miss Marge Codrington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Codrington, of Benalabri, Boggabri, and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Clift, of Curlewis.

TINY flowergirl Catherine O'Neil looks on while Mr. and Mrs. Harley Canvin sign the register after their wedding at Scots Kirk, Mosman. The bride was formerly Miss Judith Pizzey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ewen Pizzey, of Mosman. Mr. Canvin is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Canvin, of Cremorne.

HAPPY SMILES from Mr. and Mrs. Nils Carlsson as they leave St. Swithun's Church, Pymble, with bridesmaid Miss Elizabeth Moore. The bride was formerly Miss Sue Chauvel, daughter of Mrs. Charles Chauvel, of Castlecrag, and the late Mr. Chauvel. Mr. Carlsson is chief engineer of the Swedish ship W. R. Lundgren.

ATTRACTIVE Miss Elizabeth Sutherland shows Mrs. A. H. Chartres, of Point Piper, some of her fabric designs, at an "At Home" given by several artists at their studio in Woolloomooloo. The party was arranged by the Art Gallery Society to aid their ball, to be held in June.

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Save £10 on record album

● *A scene from the film version of the Gershwin folk opera "Porgy and Bess," one of the eight musicals in this special record offer.*

Broadway hits for readers

● There is still time to buy eight records, all of original productions of famous Broadway musical shows, for only £12. You save £10.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, by special arrangement with the Popular Record Club, is able to offer a handsome record album of the following shows for only £12:

"Annie Get Your Gun"
"Carmen Jones"
"Carousel"
"Guys and Dolls"
"Porgy and Bess"
"Oklahoma!"
"The King and I"
"Song of Norway"

The album will be sent to you on payment of £12 cash or £3 deposit accompanied by the coupon below.

On payment of the £3 deposit, you may keep the records for five days to try them. If you decide not to take them, return them and your £3 will be refunded. (You must, of course, pay return postage.)

If you decide to keep them, you can pay the balance of £9 immediately or £1 a month for 9 months, interest free.

The set is unconditionally guaranteed.

The records are available in both stereo and monaural.

Readers who buy this set will automatically become members of the Popular Record Club. This will entitle them to select purchases from 400 best-selling records in Club jackets.

After buying 12 records they will receive one record free; but there is no obligation to buy any records at all.

The "Club Digest" will be sent to all members each month for a year, post free.

Each month the Club offers 12 new releases covering the pop, evergreen, and classical field of records — fully and unconditionally guaranteed.

All records from the Club are available in monaural pressings; some are available in stereo.

It is possible to play monaural records on a stereo player, but it is not possible to play stereo on a monaural player.

Record Offer Coupon

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 3410, G.P.O., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, or call at 153a CLARENCE STREET (Opposite Barrack Street), SYDNEY. Phone BX4710

Please find enclosed my cheque or money order for £12-0-0, being full price, including postage. OR

Please find enclosed cheque or money order for £3-0-0, being deposit, including postage. I hereby undertake to pay monthly instalments of £1 per month for 9 months, commencing 30 days after date of purchase.

ALL CHEQUES OR MONEY ORDERS TO BE MADE OUT TO "AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY P.R.C." PLEASE ADD EXCHANGE TO ALL BUT SYDNEY CHEQUES.

Please mark your choice—Monaural ☐ Stereo ☐ Please tick if Popular Record Club member ☐

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Kingsdene prepares for its Homes Fair

KINGSDENE ESTATE, Pennant Hills Road, is the scene of feverish activity as building progresses for the Carlingford Homes Fair.

● When the Carlingford Homes Fair at Kingsdene Estate, Pennant Hills Road, opens in May it will be the climax of two years' careful planning to produce a picturesque, well-designed residential estate.

TWENTY - FOUR homes set in landscaped gardens will be on view for six weeks.

The fair, sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly and Lend Lease Homes, illustrates the advantages of building houses in a well-planned, self-contained estate.

Everything harmonises — from the walls, roofs, and designs of the houses to the trees and shrubs.

During the fair, a large exhibition hall will be built on the site intended eventually for shops, parking, and a public garden.

The hall will contain a large information booth, where details of the products and furnishings used in the houses will be available, and a refreshment bar with drinks and sandwiches.

It will be the setting for cookery demonstrations on gas and electric ranges and a display of models showing future housing developments around Sydney, plus a large-scale model of the Monsanto all-plastic home built in Disneyland, Los Angeles, U.S.A.

Also included in the area will be a spacious nursery and playground, with slippery dips and swings, under the supervision of a trained nurse, where children can be left while their parents visit the exhibition homes.

There will be parking facilities for 2000 cars on the exhibition site.

All the houses on show can be bought during the exhibition. The new owners can move into them as soon as the exhibition ends.

In some houses the furniture can be bought, too. Prices of the houses range from approximately £6750 to £12,750, and include land, landscaping, and fittings such as carpets, curtains, floor coverings, stoves, and light fittings.

Seven well-known Sydney architects have designed 19 of the houses and plans will be available through The Australian Women's Weekly Home Plans Service. The first of these will appear in our next issue on the Home Plans page.

The remaining five homes in the exhibition are standard houses, available through Lend Lease Homes.

These homes have been included to show that well-designed standard homes can take their place successfully alongside individually designed homes in a planned development.

Finance can be obtained for all the houses at reducible rates of interest to qualified purchasers. Up to 80 per cent. of the purchasing price of the house may be advanced, depending on the purchaser's capacity to repay the loan.

Complete details about finance will be available at the information booth on the site.

The planners, architects Clarke, Gazzard, and Yeomans, plan to preserve the present bushland setting.

Even the entrance to the estate, which leads off the Pennant Hills Road at Carlingford, has an attractive bushland appearance.

"We are making the entrance really impressive," Mr. Clarke said, "a modern symbolic version of the grand gates that flanked estate entrances years ago. We also want to make it a landmark in the district for easy recognition of Kingsdene."

The entrance is 80ft. wide, with a central grass strip 12ft. wide and 260ft. long.

At the beginning of the strip, with the landmark and bushland setting ideas very much in mind, are two impressive sandstone boulders set back so that they will not obstruct motorists' vision.

Behind the rocks and on the grass strip leading down to the estate, 38 lemon-scented gums have been planted. They will grow to a height of 50ft. and create a pipe-organ effect.

Scattered among these gums are a dozen tea-trees, which will grow 6ft. tall. Another 30 tea-trees have been planted along the pavements, so that in season they will supply a dramatic blaze of color.

This principle has been applied throughout Kingsdene. Part of the land is heavily wooded and these trees are being preserved, but the lower area has little vegetation.

Islands of trees and shrubs will be planted in the centre of the roads. The planners decided to plant on islands rather than along pavements to avoid any possibility of trees having to be ripped up because of damage to underground services.

Mr. Rex Hazlewood, landscape consultant, of West Pennant Hills, used his expert knowledge in planning the best types of trees and shrubs for the Kingsdene land. Only Australian trees and plants will be used.

When completed, Kingsdene will have a rural atmosphere, but with all the advantages of modern planning, sewerage, and gas, electricity, and water supplies.

The shops will face on to a green which will be used as a children's play area.

All roads in the estate curve gently to provide points of interest, taking advantage of most people's natural curiosity to see what is round the next bend.

The curves also create privacy for the houses.

In two, three, and four bedroom designs, these houses range from the simple, modern streamlined to the softer traditional. There is every type and shape of roof — flat, pitched, skillion — also a great variety in floor plans.

Some houses feature inner courtyards, play areas, galleries, family playrooms. Others emphasise outdoor living with spacious terraces and barbecue areas.

There are designs with separate wings for bedrooms, others with combined kitchens and dining-rooms, open-plan sitting-rooms, special utility rooms. Whatever you want to see, it's there.

Sites also are pleasantly varied. Some are heavily wooded, with the houses set attractively among the trees. Others are sloping and open with views across the rest of the estate.

Before finalising their house plans, the seven architects met to discuss the designs and materials they intended to use. Where necessary, they adapted the plans so that each house would blend with its neighbors and with the estate as a whole.

At Kingsdene all the roof tiles will be in shades of grey and muted tones to blend with the landscape.

The houses will be built in traditional and newly designed materials, such as aluminium sidings. These sidings have a baked enamelled plastic finish and give a timbered effect when erected.

This new material has many advantages. Termites won't eat it and it won't burn. Its insulating properties are good for heat and sound.

There is no maintenance for the first ten years (for which it is guaranteed). Only an occasional hosing is necessary.

Other materials to be used include timber, brick (in its natural state and painted), concrete masonry (natural and painted), and clinker bricks.

Some of the architects are emphasising natural woods and unpainted bricks, others are making adventurous use of the latest building products.

Yet all will blend with the bushland setting and produce an estate that combines the best in the architecture and planning of yesterday and today.

THE ENTRANCE to Kingsdene Estate is dominated by two sandstone boulders. They were chosen by Mr. Gerry Lewers the sculptor, who also supervised their placing on the site.

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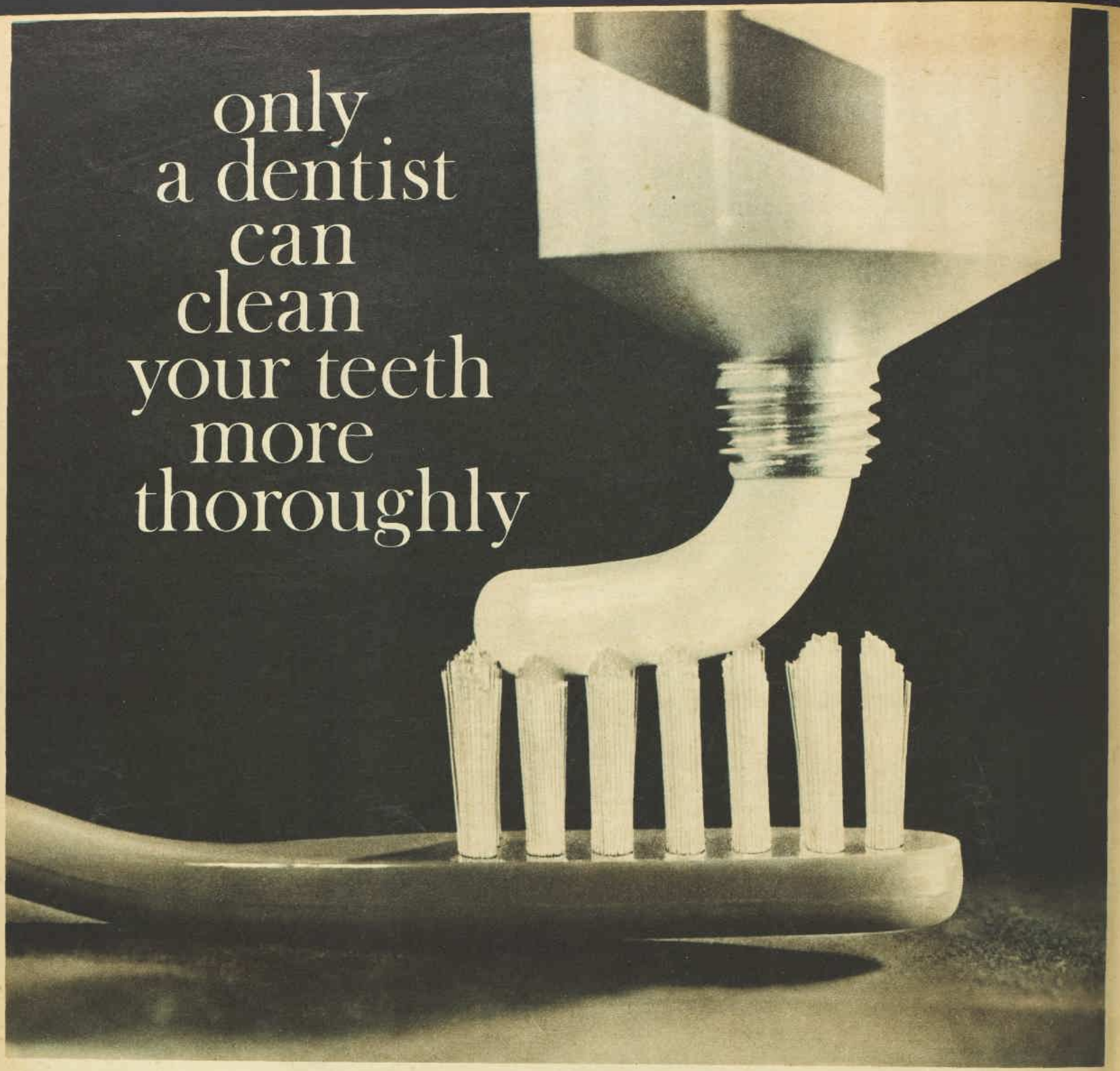

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Bobby Darin's superb TV show

—plus Sophia Loren

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Put a big red ring round Sunday, March 25, and come what may, be sitting fair and square in front of the TV set at 7.30 p.m. for one of the best hours of TV variety entertainment yet — Channel 9's Bobby Darin Show.

● *Rock and screen star Bobby Darin and his young actress wife, Sandra Dee. Bobby can be seen on Channel 9 at 7.30 p.m. on March 25 in one hour of top-class variety.*

I SAW it at a special sneak preview, and was bug-eyed. If singing, sketches, dancing, and comedy are variety, this surely is it.

Any way you like to look at it, this Bobby Darin Show is good.

The production is slick, smooth, non-stop; the comedy made me laugh out loud; the dancing, like the camerawork, is really something; and the singing is way out.

Not having seen "Come September," the film in which he was such a hit, my mental picture of Bobby Darin was of a knee-bending, gyrating rock man who ran off and married pretty Sandra Dee.

Now I've seen his show, I can confirm that he certainly is a rock man (who happily doesn't go in either for knee-bending or general gyrations), but as well he's a first-class entertainer and actor and sings any type of song so that you want to hear more of it.

JOANIE SOMMERS . . . like Liz Taylor.

Whatever your vintage or musical taste, you'll enjoy this very pleasant hour.

Darin sings everything from the rock ("Splish Splash"), Negro spirituals ("River Stay 'Way From My Door"), to lots of good oldies going way, way back ("Dream Lover," "I Got Rhythm," "Gimme a Little Kiss," "Hooray For Love," "Some of These Days," "Making Whoopee," and "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home").

He sings many more, too, or bits of many more, and he is helped, in part, by new singing star Joanie Sommers, who has a distinct look of Elizabeth Taylor about her.

One of the most entertaining sequences of the show is between Joanie and Bobby, who play the roles of high-school kids at a dance.

Like all teenagers who have just met, they have trouble making conversation for a start. It's a funny scene with just enough truth in it to make it really something.

I thought I'd heard just about all the conversational openings yet, but this was a new one from poor desperate Bobby, who fell back on history: "Too bad about poor Marie Antoinette, wasn't it?" he asked.

He gets tremendous variety into his act, with hats and umbrellas and Mr. Bob Hope.

I haven't seen Bob Hope as funny for ages. He and Darin do one of those old-fashioned fill-in acts. It was hilarious. They asked corny riddles, told gags, sang "Down By The Old Mill Stream," and did a soft-shoe dance routine.

Later Bob joined Darin and Joanie in a more ambitious dance routine, but his 60 and more years showed. He knew it, and turned it into fun.

The Harry Belafonte Show was tops in entertainment of this kind. But I enjoyed the Bobby Darin Show more.

If that is not enough to make you watch, note this:

Mr. Darin looks rather like Ben (Vince Edwards) Casey on the loose from the hospital and all that life and death stuff. And to go with the Bobby Darin Show there are the most fabulous commercials —Bobby Rydell and Chubby Checker doing the twist.

The rise of Sophia Loren

IMMEDIATELY following the Darin hour at 8.30, Channel 9 shows an N.B.C. special, "The World Of Sophia Loren."

I haven't seen this, but I understand that it is exceptionally interesting and a surprising film of the life of a famous star.

For instance, using clips of her early films it shows how her acting has improved right up to the present day, when she has been nominated for the Academy Award Best Actress Oscar for her role in "Two Women," currently showing in Sydney.

The men in her life are mentioned, too, all by Sophia, who does most of the talking. I'm told that her husband, Carlo Ponti, emerges as a tremendous force in her life.

This was the comment from a hard-bitten type who is cynical about movie stars:

"She comes through as a very nice, sensible sort of person," he said. "She strikes me as having both scruples and morals as well as glamor."

I suffered agony from
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FILM REVIEW AND GOSSIP

With MIRIAM FOWLER

★★★ THE INNOCENTS

Are the governess' evil apparitions real or are they the monstrous fancies of a frustrated spinster? That is the teasing question posed by this suspense-charged psychological chiller, based on Henry James' classic, "The Turn Of The Screw." Deborah Kerr, as the governess to two angel-faced children, at first perplexed, then terrified, gives a spine-tingling performance. In the peaceful setting of an isolated English country estate the governess discovers that her charges (Pamela Franklin and Martin Stephens) are possessed by evil spirits. Her distracted attempts to free them lead to a grim climax. Under Jack Clayton's skilful direction, the children's expressions of bland innocence are horrifying.—**Century, Sydney.**

In a word . . . SHATTERING.

★ ★ ★

JAMES MASON'S 14-year-old daughter, Portland, is busy writing her autobiography!

★ ★ ★

FRANK SINATRA has installed a ticker-tape machine in his new suite of offices in Hollywood.

★ ★ ★

NATALIE WOOD has her heart set on playing Eliza Doolittle, the heroine of the hit musical "My Fair Lady," in the film version planned by Warner Bros. She has begun practising her cockney accent, although Warners haven't yet started casting for roles.

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Crestknit Aywon mix and match in Bon-Bon coloured Wool

Bye bye dull colours — hi there, Bon Bons!
See what happens when two great Australian names get together
and make all their wool separates in Bon Bon colours.
See how wonderfully inventive you can become
when you mix Crestknit wool knits with Aywon slacks and skirts.
Wear them for sweet warmth in wool.

WOOL

Left to right: Pullover £5.5.0 and slacks £5.15.0 — Jacket 99/11 and skirt £6.6.0 — Pullover 99/11 and skirt £6.19.11.

Crestknit & Aywon were awarded ***8 Gold Medals*** *in the 1961 Wool Awards.*

CAW 2

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Fanny and the Regent of Siam

SECOND OF THREE PARTS

SHE FOUGHT FOR THE LIFE OF HER HUSBAND

● Fanny Knox, the dainty young daughter of the British Consul-General in Bangkok, dared to offend powerful interests when she married a member of the high nobility of Siam. The Regent, the nation's ruler, had wanted her for his grandson.

Only 18 days after the wedding her husband, Phra (Baron) Preecha, was seized and gaoled. The date was March 28, 1879.

The accusations were ominously vague. Preecha was Governor of a province, and there was mention of corruption in the provincial capital and of cruelty to employees of the State goldmine.

Fanny believed that the arrest was an act of vengeance and the accusations were untrue. Her husband was known everywhere as an enlightened idealist.

ABOVE: Fanny Knox, who became Baroness Preecha, from an old drawing. LEFT: Fierce sculptured guardians near the beautiful Temple of the Dawn suggest the strange atmosphere of Bangkok. The city has always had hundreds of temples.

A true narrative by R. J. MINNEY

THE shock of her husband's arrest was almost more than Fanny could bear. The tiny, fragile bride collapsed, moaning and sobbing, in the palace of her father-in-law, Phya Kesab, in Bangkok.

She was a girl of strong character, however, and soon she and Kesab were casting around for allies in the struggle to have her husband set free.

Her first thought was that she must hurry to see the First King, the young titular ruler of Siam who had always been a close friend of Preecha's. The King had been the boy prince whom Anna Leonowens, the widowed governess from England, had gone to the Royal Palace to teach. Now it was nine years since Anna had left Siam, but her son still lived here, and surely her influence had not vanished from the Palace.

The King's servants refused to admit either Fanny or her venerable father-in-law. Clearly the young man had failed to meet this new challenge by the Regent, who, by ordering the arrest of a leading courtier, was further delaying the King's exercise of power.

Fanny felt desperate. All this time she had not once seen her parents.

Papa, elderly, bearded, had been angry with her at the time of her marriage. He liked Preecha, but had wanted to delay the wedding as long as possible because of the Regent's opposition; then the Consul-General's Victorian sensibilities had been shocked by Fanny's innocent indiscretion in spending a night in Preecha's houseboat, looked after by servants in the cabin while her sweetheart slept on the deck.

It was, in fact, the dignified Knox who thereupon had given instructions for the marriage to take place. But neither he nor Mama had attended the ceremony.

Now, however, Papa himself was furious with the Regent for arresting his new son-in-law, and he and Mama privately grieved for their daughter. The affair was taking on an international significance. The Consul-General had to act firmly but carefully.

He decided to try to find out what the charges were. He made a formal demand through the normal official channel, addressing the note to the Foreign Minister, who was the Regent's half-brother:

I understand that Phra Preecha has been arrested and, as he is married to my daughter, I shall be glad if you can furnish me with particulars of the charge or charges on which he is being held.

FOR two days there was no news; then on March 31 Knox received a reply. He was officially informed that the Council of State and Privy Council assembled had heard the following charges:

While the King was residing at Bang Pa In, engaged in the consecration of the monastery Nivet Tham Pravate, attended by great numbers of noblemen of all ranks, His Majesty and the Senabodi observed that Phra Preecha Kolakan took the daughter of Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General to live with him there, without her father's consent, in his steam yacht, letting all men and all ranks see that he had neither fear nor respect for anyone, trusting to the British law that a woman over twenty-one years of age is her own mistress.

Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General, proceeding to Bang Pa In to have audience of His Majesty, became aware of this and was deeply shamed and grieved.

Again, Phra Preecha Kolakan, acting on his own will, takes as his chief wife the daughter of a foreign official, without first submitting the matter to the King, or informing the great nobles and asking their consent. Is this presumptuous conduct an offence to the State?

Phra Preecha Kolakan, manager of the Kabin goldmines, has drawn from the Treasury more than 15,500 catties and has rendered only 111 catties, 8½ tamplungs, and three cwt. of gold.

Now that he has behaved in this publicly vain and foolish manner, let the Council of State advise what shall be done.

The official statement added that the answers given were "that he has committed these offences, namely (1) of contemptuous and censurable behaviour in his yacht with the daughter of a foreign official; (2) contempt of Royal authority; (3) mismanagement of the goldmines at Kabin." Judges were to be appointed to audit his accounts.

There followed thirty signatures; eleven of these were of members of the Royal family. The sentence was appended:

For such irregular, contemptuous, and outrageous conduct, let Phra Perim Worathep take Phra Preecha and cause him to receive thirty strokes, so that other officials may not follow his example.

"Monstrous!" burst out Knox to Gould, his deputy. "This is a foul slander on the good name and honor of my daughter, which is an insult to me. To have flogged Preecha is an assault on the dignity of my office as Political Agent and Consul-General, and, therefore, an insult to Her Majesty. I must deal with this at once."

To his secretary Knox began to dictate a reply to the Minister of Foreign Affairs:—

I am in receipt of the official report of the proceedings against Phra Preecha, and note:

(1) That the court passed sentence without even seeing the defendant or hearing what he had to say, and that afterwards he was given a severe flogging which was accorded the utmost publicity.

(2) That my daughter is assumed and publicly declared to have been guilty of a great impropriety, without any inquiry having been made as to the truth or otherwise of this allegation.

To proceedings such as these it is impossible for me to submit. How far they were intended to be injurious to me is a matter with which I have not to deal, but insofar as they have taken place and that great publicity has been given them, I am obliged to call on His Majesty and the Royal Council for a written apology.

If no apology is forthcoming, I shall proceed to take such measures as may secure the redress to which no impartial person can doubt that I am justly entitled.

Knox instructed his secretary to make two extra copies of the letter, as well as of the Foreign Minister's official note. One copy was to go to the Foreign Secretary, Lord Salisbury, together with a covering letter setting out the facts. The other was to go to Fanny without any covering letter.

"I shall, of course, inform Lord Salisbury," Knox said to Gould, "that the Regent wanted my daughter to marry his favorite grandson and was furious at her choice of another suitor. I shall also mention that her many suitors included some other royal princes, for Lord Salisbury must see this incident in

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Nina Ricci's captivating two-piece suit, above, in pink. Focus of attention are the bell sleeves.

Designer Crahay at Nina Ricci switches to a slim skirt for a sophisticated man-tailored suit, above.

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AUTUMN SUIT VIEWS

by
BETTY KEEP

● ***Suits this season have never been more varied in silhouette, more engaging in looks. Jackets have more shape, skirts new dimensions. A stole, a fur trim, a fresh color are all newsmakers in a year when a suit is part of a planned ensemble.***

Suit in yellow wool (rt.) from Laroche.

The planned look (right) by Laroche.

Dior fit and flare is seen in suit, left.

SHAPES

THE new suit designs follow the shape of the body more closely than last year's. The entire fashion realm has become body-conscious.

"Fit and flare" is an expression that has gone around the world, as waistlines have moved closer to the figure and skirts have begun to swing out with a flip and a flare.

All skirts are not flared. There is, too, the skirt suspended straight from trouser pleats and the Chanel skirt with centre, back, and front seams, and the skirtline that narrows slightly at the hem.

Skirts all have one thing in common — they're short from now till spring.

Overleaf: Three suit patterns

ACCESSORIES

FEW and far between are the suits that can be separated from their own hat, stole, or hood.

Suit shoes, in a variety of leathers, have lower heels and squared or slightly rounded toes.

The newest gloves are in fine glace kid, contrast with the suit in color, and are in meet-the-sleeve lengths. Handbags are flat and elongated, although Chanel shows plump handbags slung on long gold chains. Fur blossoms out in handbags, too, forming bands and/or handles on narrow envelope shapes.

COLORS

CHANEL surpasses herself in a collection of suits in every possible shade of pink. Red wines flow freely through all autumn couture collections. There are two blues — a true navy and a bright plum. A warm yellow is established. Dior uses a color like milky-cocoa.

White is another Dior special; an extra special eye-catcher is the shapely side-buttoned suit in white cloth with a black mink circular hood.

Patou's suit (above) in heavy matt velours with black Persian lamb revers.

Dior — white suit with black mink hood.

Chanel cardigan suit (right) in pink tweed.

Plum-blue wool chosen (left) by Nina Ricci for a cape suit.

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HANDY ANDY

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HA.31.WW143g

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● Here are three new autumn-winter suit shapes chosen for the number of readers who have written asking for something new in a suit design. Paper patterns are available in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Each pattern includes an easy-to-follow instruction sheet with every detail of how to draft and sew. With each illustration are price and yardage details. Patterns from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

No C.O.D. orders accepted.

7483.—Two-piece suit (above) designed with one of the new side-buttoned jackets. The skirt has interesting pleat grouping. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

7482.—New companions, the suit (above) worn with a matching stole. Other details to note are gentle jacket shaping and trouser pleats in the skirt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

7481.—Smart trio of cardigan-type jacket, flared skirt, and sleeveless blouse. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires: Suit, 3yds. 54in. fabric, 3½yds. grosgrain ribbon; blouse, 1½yds. 36in. fabric. Price 4/9.

COVER SUIT

7493.—Belted two-piece suit. Features of the design are the welt seaming, three-quarter sleeves, and collarless neckline. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

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AS he walked toward her, Linda guessed that he was one of the newer Hollywood stars who had been selected for his dark, rugged handsomeness and unsmiling truculence. He had come to pick up Julie Levore, no doubt. Julie would climb out of the pool, pick up her monogrammed bathrobe, and drive away with him in his spectacular foreign car.

But Linda saw that there was only a middle-aged Detroit monster of a car in the driveway, and she saw that his eyes were of the variety that burned with intelligence rather that passion.

She realised that he was not the latest Rory McGlory, and that the leather satchel was not stuffed with Press clippings. He was the doctor for whom she had telephoned.

She rose and walked toward him across the silky, deep-pile carpet. "Doctor Vlasek?"

"Yes. Where is the patient?"

He followed her across the patio, where ladies were receiving their regimented sunshine. A careful examination of skin had determined their ration; there was one silvery snowflake of a female who was permitted precisely ninety seconds.

Linda led the way past the pool and then the exercise hall, which was appropriately marked "Building Number Thirty-six." The lovely little cottages were next. The door of one was open, and Linda walked in. Mrs. Marshall, in trim shorts and halter, lay on the bed looking very frightened. Her friend Mrs. Cantwell stood nervously watching

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Silence is sometimes a virtue . . . a story

By VINA DELMAR

LADY WITH A SECRET

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDSON

Linda sipped her cup of coffee while her husband watched her quizzically.

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This scene might have happened anywhere in the world — a wilderness in Borneo, a plantation in Brazil, a sheep ranch in New Zealand, a back yard in the U.S.A.

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Castle Dor

Linnet blindly follows her heart's bidding . . . part three of our serial

MISTRESS of a Cornish inn, pretty young LINNET LEWARNE hears a Breton sailor say his name is AMYOT TRESTANE, as her maid, DEBORAH BRANGWYN, is speaking to him. His captain, FOUGEUREAU, appears and berates him, just as a new guest, MONSIEUR LEDRU, a notary from France, arrives. He suggests that Amyot leave the employ of Fougeureau, a known criminal.

Monsieur Ledru then asks Amyot to row him upstream, as he has come to the locality seeking the facts behind the legend of Tristan and Iseult. He is delighted when they find the old site of Castle Dor, but at that moment the Lewarnes' carriage horses take fright and bolt from the nearby race meeting. Amyot is knocked unconscious as he stops them, saving Linnet and her elderly husband, MARK. DR. CARFAX then arrives and sends Amyot to the Bosanko farm.

The doctor has a mutual interest in the legend with the notary, and after arranging for a patient of his, MR. TREGENTIL, to teach Amyot English, they meet at the inn, where Linnet gives them an unusual drink. The same night Deborah serves Monsieur Ledru a nightcap, and he dies in his sleep.

Later at FARMER BOSANKO'S harvest celebrations, Linnet deliberately falls from the top of a load of hay, knowing Amyot is near enough to save her. Their growing interest in each other is noticed by MRS. BOSANKO, who asks the Collector of Customs, MR. McPHAIL, to send Amyot to sea again. Linnet begs him to stay, but he promises to return.

The next morning he meets Fougeureau as he reports to Mr. McPhail. There is a fight, Amyot knocks him unconscious and leaves before the police arrive.

Later that day MARY and JOHNNY BOSANKO find Amyot in the woods, but Linnet meets them and asks them to keep the secret, saying she will look after Amyot. NOW READ ON:

"You're as bad as the rest of them, spying on me," Linnet said as Dr. Carfax tried to stop her hitting out at him.

DR. CARFAX, having lunched late after completing his morning rounds and with no message to take him out again before evening surgery, had promised himself an afternoon of comparative tranquillity in his garden.

Therefore, on this particular August afternoon, the doctor was considerably irritated when Mona, the good woman who "did" for him, announced the fact that the front doorbell had rung.

"It's not a bit of use ranting at me, Doctor," she said. "By the time I'd got myself as far as the front door he'd walked inside, and I couldn't deny you were here, seeing as he'd watched you go to the hut from over the garden wall."

"Confound it!" Dr. Carfax exploded. "Who, pray, is this ill-bred intruder who thrusts his way into my private apartments, which, as everyone knows, are sternly forbidden to all my patients?"

"It's Mr. Lewarne, sir, from The Rose and Anchor."

"Lewarne?" Anger turned to astonishment. "And what in the world would he want with me? He's not even one of my patients."

"I couldn't say, Doctor. He asked for you, walked straight past me, and that was that. But I couldn't help noticing he looked uncommon whisht."

"H'mph . . ."

Carfax had no great use for the landlord of The Rose and Anchor, who had bought his way into prominence through the years and was both bully and boaster combined; indeed, if it were not for the fact that Lewarne kept an uncommonly good cellar and had the good fortune to be married to the loveliest young woman in Troy, the doctor would have barely exchanged ordinary civilities with the fellow.

He climbed the garden steps and entered his library by the bow window with the intention of startling his man and throwing the daylight upon his face at the same time. His intention succeeded. Mark Lewarne lumbered to his feet without the time to compose his features had he been able to do so. Mona was right. The man was indeed "whisht." A sorry spectacle, with head poking between slack shoulders, sick-dog eyes, and hands clamped awkwardly to his side.

"Well, Lewarne, and what can I do for you? I take it you're not ill or you'd have found out my surgery hour is from six to seven."

Dr. Carfax was brusque. Courtesy was hardly due to a fellow who plainly, by his behaviour, had no manners himself.

The landlord shuffled his feet. "I'm sorry to disturb you, Doctor," he said, "but it's a personal matter, nothing to do with my health—that is, nothing directly, though what with worry and loss of sleep I shouldn't wonder if I'd dropped a bit of weight."

"No harm if you did," snapped the doctor. "More men of your age die of overweight than from any other cause. Come to the point, man. What's the trouble?"

Mark Lewarne looked first at the ceiling, then at the floor.

To page 34

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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 33

"It's the wife," he said. "She's breaking my heart and I'm at the end of my tether."

Dr. Carfax sighed. The afternoon meditation, spy-glass in hand, seemed infinitely remote. He was used to confidences, and this one had all the appearance of becoming prolonged.

"Sit down, then," he said, pushing forward a chair, "and if you want to smoke by all means do so."

Mark Lewarne shook his head. He lowered himself into the proffered chair and stared earnestly at the doctor.

"She'll hearken to you," he declared; "that's what I tell myself. She thinks the world of your opinion. And a word from you as to her conduct would set all to rights. She'd never dare go against it."

"Are you complaining of your wife's behaviour?" asked the doctor, "or merely that she is following some course of treatment that might prove injurious to her health?"

It took the landlord a moment or two for the question to penetrate. "Her health's all right," he answered, frowning. "Never looked better. It's the way she treats her husband that goes against nature."

"Oh!" It was not the first time, by any manner of means, that Troy's senior medical man had heard similar complaints. "She sends you packing, I take it, at those times when you most desire to pay her compliments."

"Packing?" echoed the landlord. "I tell you, Doctor, she'll hardly speak to me civil. And haven't I given her the best in the world, a good home, gowns, and fal-lals, anything she cares to ask for? I don't know another woman in Troy enjoys such a position. And all I get for it is cold looks and a sarcastic tongue. Not only alone, mind, but before company. Soon I'll be the laughing-stock of all my customers and won't dare show my face in my own bar."

The discomfiture of the man was such that tears were starting up in his eyes, which he had not the pride to wipe away. Dr. Carfax considered his reply. Linnet Lewarne was at fault, no doubt. She had no business to treat her man thus, whether alone or before the world. As to her husband, the fellow was a fool in the first place to marry a girl young enough to be his granddaughter.

"Now listen here, Lewarne," he began, "I've never played go-between yet and I don't intend to begin now. Get that into your head right away. What goes wrong with you and your wife is your business, not mine. I may have brought her into the world and seen her through a number of childish complaints, but that doesn't put me in the place of father confessor. If you want me to diagnose your trouble I can do so, but you won't thank me for it. It's this: there's more than forty years between you."

"I've told myself that a score of times," Lewarne said, "but she was as sweet as honey when we were first wed. I thought myself the luckiest man alive. No. I tell you what it is, Doctor." Lewarne leant forward and lowered his voice. "There's someone else, and if I knew who it was I'd wring his neck."

So that was the lay, mused Carfax. Well . . . well . . . It only proved his diagnosis the more correct. "And what do you expect me to do about it?" he said aloud. "Gain your wife's confidence and then betray it to you?"

"No, Doctor," returned the landlord. "I've others who'll do that for me. I want you to speak to her so she sees the error of her ways before it's too late."

"Bless my soul!" Carfax rose from his chair in disgust.

"I'm sorry, Lewarne," he said shortly, "but it's none of my business. Your wife is old enough to know what she's about, and if she misbehaves you must deal with her yourself. Good afternoon." He walked pointedly toward the door and threw it open. The landlord of The Rose and Anchor watched him in dismay.

"But how am I to handle it, Doctor?" he cried. "She swears one thing and acts another. She has been out walking in the moonlight with some chap or other. My own barman declares he spotted her last night, but when I taxed her with it this morning she laughed me to scorn."

CARFAX knit his brows. A husband who listened to gossip got what he deserved. So that was how Ned Varcoe came by his twisted ankle: playing spy on his employer's wife. Lewarne, unable to ignore the open door, rose to his feet reluctantly.

"Very well, Doctor," he said, "if you won't speak to her I can't make you. But her quick tongue wouldn't get the better of you as it does me. 'Oh, yes,' she tells me, 'of course I've lain in another man's arms. I fell off the hay-waggon at Mr. Bosanko's and if the farm-hand hadn't caught me I'd have broken my ribs, so I can't swear no one's touched me but you, can I?' And with that she laughs and shuts the door in my face. How would you answer that one, Doctor?"

"Good afternoon, Lewarne," repeated Carfax grimly. The landlord hesitated, half offered his hand, then withdrew it again. A moment later he was through the hall and out of the house, and the doctor, uttering a "pheugh!" of disgust, threw open the low window of his library to cleanse the air.

He retraced his steps toward the garden hut, but already in the brief time he had absented himself the sky had grown overcast, and his mind, disturbed by the unwelcome visitor, could no longer drift into pleasant reverie. "Oh, damnation!" he muttered in irritation. "Linnet Lewarne must manage her own affairs."

Nevertheless, the landlord's parting speech had recalled a certain incident in the hayfield when Linnet Lewarne, as harvest queen, had tumbled from the waggon and might in truth have had a nasty fall but for the resourceful arms of the Breton lad who stood nearby.

"Intent or accident, it was neatly done," remembered the doctor, and then, on the instant, he stood motionless, struck by a sudden memory. Had not he described just such a tumble, a year ago, to poor Ledru? Did not a queen, centuries past, cover her guilt in the selfsame fashion?

"Well, I'll be . . ." The doctor turned on his heel and hurried toward the house. It was only when he reached his bookshelves that he remembered all the volumes relating to the incident in question — which certainly never took place on any hay-waggon — had been in the care of Mr. Tregentil, of Penquite, for several months.

It was obvious what had happened. Tregentil, like other patients who had found a tonic to their liking, had exceeded his dose of research into the Tristan legends, and, what was more unethical still, must have related them afterwards with gusto to his innocent pupil.

Be that as it may, the English lessons must be nipped in the bud before further translation by master and pupil was thoughtlessly discussed in the presence of the romantic-minded hostess of The Rose and Anchor.

. . . . .

"Tell me; tell me the first moment when——"

"When?——"

"— When it first happened to you— the very first."

Asked the inevitable question, old as love itself, or but a few minutes younger, Amyot lay back, his shoulders crushing the bracken, his eyes half-closed, watching the spirals of a lark that sang in the dazzle above.

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A charming short short story complete on this page

Mothers' Meeting

By MARJORIE EDMUNDS

As she answered the phone Debbie's mother was dismayed to hear Mrs. James' voice.

MRS. PRESTON said triumphantly: "That's the caterers, the flowers, Dad's tie, extra chairs—all taken care of." She put quick neat ticks against her list. Then sighed.

Actually she was tired, deadly tired, but she had to keep busy to stop herself thinking how empty the house was going to be after the wedding. Debbie was their only child. She was going to marry a boy they both liked and they were going to live only five miles away. Nevertheless, she and John were going to feel the loss acutely. In the midst of their happiness for Debbie they had to prepare for that.

The front door slammed.

"Deb?"

"Yes, Mum?" Debbie, her young face warm from the sun and the sea spray, came into the kitchen. "Ted's out with Dad in the garage. I'll never get him away now."

"Did you have a good day, dear?"

"Lovely." She picked up the list from the table. "I should have been helping you with this, shouldn't I? I wish you wouldn't do so much." She looked at her mother contritely. "We really only wanted a quiet wedding."

"Weddings are for mothers—not brides. Didn't you know that by now?" Mrs. Preston smiled. "Don't worry, I'll let you know if I need you." The phone rang. "Oh, that'll be Mr. Dexter about the plates. I'll get it."

It was not Mr. Dexter. It was Mrs. James, Ted's mother. Mrs. Preston wished she had let Debbie answer it.

"Oh, hello, Mrs. Preston." The thin, rather high-pitched voice grated in the receiver. "I'm so sorry to bother you when you must be so busy, but I wondered if Debbie and Ted were there. I was hoping they would drop by here on their way back from the beach. I do hope they won't forget they're having dinner with us tonight."

"She's . . ." began Mrs. Preston, but Mrs. James ran right on. "Now, please don't forget, Mrs. Preston, that if there is anything I can do to help I should be only too glad. Address invitations or make phone calls or anything like that. Oh, there was one thing; I've got plenty of glasses and plates—rather nice ones, too—if you're short."

"Well—" Mrs. Preston was about to say that she was, in fact, very short of plates, when she changed her mind. "That's very kind of you, but I think we're managing nicely. Just a moment, Debbie is right here." She put her hand over the phone. "Ted's mother wants you to go there for dinner."

"Oh, gosh!" Debbie pulled a little face as she took the phone. "Oh, hello, Mrs. James. Oh, that's awfully nice of you, but as a matter of fact we had fixed up to join some of the others at the barbecue tonight."

Listening, Mrs. Preston felt her spirits sag. She had spent the morning preparing Chicken Maryland for dinner that night for the four of them.

"Oh, dear," said Debbie, putting the phone down. "Now she's hurt. It's really very difficult. I mean, she's awfully sweet and all that, but she is a bit possessive. Ted says it's because she's lonely. His father doesn't like going out much."

Mrs. Preston quickly hid her own disappointment. Not for anything did she want to be classed with Mrs. James as a possessive, interfering mother.

"Don't worry," she said. "It'll all work out."

"She's always asking if she can help," went on Debbie quickly. "I wondered if it mightn't be a good idea. For you, that is. With all this sort of thing." She held up the list Mrs. Preston had been working on.

"No," said Mrs. Preston decisively. She did not know Mrs. James very well, but she was quite sure that she did not want her interference in the wedding preparations. This was her affair. Hers and Debbie's.

Together, with amiable chatter, they made some lemonade and took it into the garden.

The two men were busy in the garage, bending over the Prestons' car. Ted straightened up as they approached.

"Hello, Mrs. Preston. Gosh, that looks good. I think we've just about licked this trouble here." He indicated the car, and Mr. Preston's face, preoccupied and grease-smeared, came into view.

"It's going to be useful having an engineer in the family," said Debbie's father happily.

As Mrs. Preston looked from her husband to Ted, she wondered involuntarily how much John had missed in not having a son. It had been so wonderful for her having Debbie. Supposing the position had been reversed and Debbie had been a boy and she had had no one to share her feminine interests with, no one with whom to discuss new chair-covers and clothes and hairdos.

No one to plan a wedding reception for.

In short, if she were Mrs. James.

"Oh, Ted," said Debbie, her troubled look returning. "Your mother just called. She wants us to have dinner there tonight."

"Ch-eee . . .!" Ted let out a slow, whistling breath, his young face clouding. He and Debbie looked at each other helplessly.

Mrs. Preston, watching them, thought this is an age-old problem. Their happiness is clouded because his mother is hurt. His mother is hurt because they are not eating her dinner tonight. If it comes to that, I am a little hurt, too, because they will not be eating my Chicken Maryland. And if we are not very careful, all of us, these little hurts will multiply and we will lose them altogether, Mrs. James and I. She the daughter she might have gained, I the son John has needed.

"I was wondering," she said slowly, "do you think your mother and father would care to have dinner with us tonight, Ted? I've made some Chicken Maryland and . . ."

The relief of his grin touched her. "I'm sure they'd love to, Mrs. Preston."

"Then I'll go and ring her right now. As a matter of fact, I want to talk to her about borrowing some extra plates that she kindly offered . . ."

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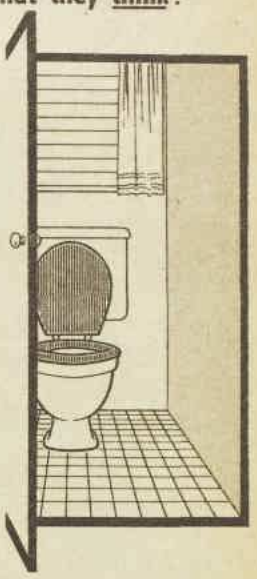

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Mirror of hope

Their faces reflected their innermost thoughts . . . an appealing short story

By JEAN MACKENZIE

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

SEEING them was like seeing the sun. Hearing them was like hearing a message of hope. They were everyone's image of spring and they walked down the corridors of that great business house like slim tulips with proud bright heads.

Mostly they walked in the corridor known as "the golden mile," where the directors of the company had their luxurious offices. They were the two youngest of an envied, well-paid group of secretaries working for the youngest directors.

In the same week of April both had flown back from lunch impossibly late. Lindy on Tuesday, Helena on Friday. Both were radiant with the same news, the best news.

"I'm engaged!" . . . "I'm engaged!" They almost sang: their discreet secretarial voices were gone for ever.

The news of Lindy went buzzing round the inter-office telephone. The Overseas Director's secretary told the Marketing Director's secretary and she told the Research Director's secretary . . . and so on.

But when Helena told her news on the Friday, the double event was too much for everybody. Notebooks were dropped, telephones left to ring, and, just as people move toward the sun, so they all converged round Helena and Lindy.

"What a spring! What a week!"

"How did you keep it so quiet?"

"Is he tall, is he dark?"

"What a beautiful ring."

"We're being married in July," Lindy said.

"We'll be married in September," Helena said.

"We'll live in town" . . . "We'll live in the country" . . . "I'm giving up my job right away" . . . "I'll leave a month before my wedding; frankly I need the pennies!" . . . "David is an architect" . . . "Michael's in advertising."

"What is he like?"

"What's he like? Oh! What can I say? I'm going to marry him—that's what he's like!"

Then they drifted away, the ones who had offered the congratulations, asked the questions, been the spectators of radiance.

Ruth Lambert, married and the oldest of them, was the first back at her desk. The desk was scrupulously tidy; Ruth had done her job for so long that she was utterly in command of it. Beside her telephones she had one red rose in a slim glass. She touched the rose. She remembered how, more years ago than she cared to count, she had brought to the office the news of her own engagement.

There had been no "golden mile" then. The company had been housed in a narrow, dark building. There had been no space, no slickness, not even inter-office phones—but a lot of democracy, and the chairman himself had heard about Ruth's engagement hot-foot from the office boy. Someone had produced champagne and they had still been drinking it when, for the first time, Phil came to call for Ruth.

He still called for her sometimes at the end of the day. There was something very unchanging about Phil; something about the way an overcoat hung on his shoulders, a slight unease when he had to wait in a reception hall exposed to all eyes that passed. He wasn't a very impressive man and, recently, even Ruth sometimes thought that as she walked toward him; but always the love she felt for him had overcome the thought before they were close enough to speak.

Through the years Phil had had several mediocre jobs and Ruth only one, a good one; it was she who really provided their security. Phil adored her, but Ruth's marriage had always been shadowed by her fear of having a child. She had felt that she must keep on working, keep on providing, and it had seemed to her the moment would never come when she could afford to walk happily out of her office for the very last time, the beloved, wanted child under her heart.

And yet now, almost when it seemed too late, Ruth knew that she was going to have a baby. She had told no one, not even Phil. Instead of rejoicing, she was worrying desperately as to what Phil's reaction would be when, soon, he had to know.

Staring at the rose, Ruth seemed to see Helena's face, Helena's young and confident face turned toward her future of love and progress and children. I hope she's marrying a man strong enough to make a success of his life, Ruth thought, and her own heart seemed to be breaking at last.

She didn't try to work. Work had long been an escape as well as a necessity. But now she made herself think honestly about Phil. It came to her, not abruptly but more clearly than ever before, that Phil might be stronger if he had to be; more able to provide if she did not; more ambitious when proud.

The next moment was a flash of joy (radiant as Lindy's or Helena's) as Ruth realised that her secret was wholly good, wholly right. She would tell Phil that evening, and suddenly she knew that he was going to rejoice with her. Their child would be born before another spring, their marriage would become all she wanted it to be.

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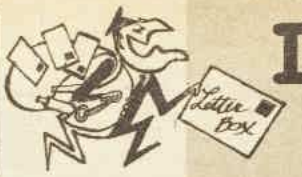

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Clock-twiddler

AN intelligent businessman, my husband puts the clock forward as much as one hour 20 minutes to ensure early rising. He likes to rise at 6.15 a.m., so he sets the alarm for 6.40 (clock time), which means it actually rings at 5.20. He then goes back to sleep, while I lie awake to make sure he doesn't sleep past his normal rising time, 6.15. Has anyone else this early-morning mental arithmetic problem?

£1/1/- to "Mrs. J.R.M.," (name supplied), East Ivanhoe, Vic.

Too familiar too soon

TO call folk by their christian names on first acquaintance is, in my opinion, a presumption. Surely the person concerned has the prerogative of saying whether people may do so. A woman of 60, I'm frequently affronted when "bright young things" insist on my using their christian names, and then, without so much as a by-your-leave, address me by mine. I feel it's undignified, to say the least, and I'm not the unfriendly type.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Lambert, Mount Pleasant, W.A.

Early domestic training

THE question whether early domestic training makes girls better or worse housekeepers in later married life divided guests at a women's luncheon in a stimulating debate. One group contended that early trainees coped with household tasks as an easy, natural matter of course. The opposition argued such trainees grew to hate housework so strongly in their youth that they avoided it in adulthood. What do other readers think?

£1/1/- to "Interested" (name supplied), Epping, N.S.W.

All-Australian family

HOW does the following list of christian names appeal to the modern parent? This family—Sydney, Victoria, Adelaide, Maitland (Maysie), Queensland (Queenie), Oceana (she was born on the ship), and Hobart—lived close to my home many years ago.

£1/1/- to "A.J.C.," (name supplied), Moorebank, N.S.W.

A little way to heaven

WHEN he first started school, my little brother and some friends buried a toy plastic man in the schoolyard, planning to return later to see if their toy man had gone to heaven. When they returned they became very excited because —convinced that they'd buried him in a slightly different position from the one in which they'd found him—they concluded he must have gone up a little way.

£1/1/- to G. Adcock, Nunawading, Vic.

Nursing at 53

"R.J." (Vic.) asks whether she is too old at 53 to begin nursing training, and would she, as her married sons argue, be out of place among teenage trainees. I trained during the war with teenagers, married women, war widows, and many other elderly trainees. My experience was that the elderly trainees were the really good nurses. When a person does what she feels she must, rarely does failure follow.

£1/1/- to "Ex-Matron" (name supplied), N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

YOU are only as old as you feel, so go nursing—I did. I didn't train in an A Class hospital but went to a C Class—where I began by making beds, dusting, etc. Very soon it was my job to wash and give out medicines, etc. I found the work most satisfying.

£1/1/- to "H.D.," (name supplied), Perth.

★ ★ ★

I AGREE with "R.J.'s" sons that taking up nursing would be rather foolish. At 53 the body and mind are beginning to slow up, and nursing is a very exacting training. Once past the half-century, one should be able to put one's feet up occasionally and enjoy the more restful way of life.

£1/1/- to "Not Yet 53" (name supplied), Manly, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

YOU would feel out of place among the nurses of today, "R.J." Why not compromise and try to obtain a position as a nursing aide in a maternity hospital, where an extra pair of hands, no matter what age, are always welcome.

£1/1/- to "Ex-Trained Nurse" (name supplied), Cairns, Qld.

★ ★ ★

I RECENTLY inquired about completing my nursing training (which I started about 29 years ago) and was advised that it might be better to do a nursing aide course, as the competition in nursing is strong and the course very technical. The nursing aide course is only one year, at the end of which a certificate is issued entitling you to be employed as a nurse.

£1/1/- to "Another Old One" (name supplied), Terang, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

CLOCK-WATCHER

IT is 10.30 in the morning—one of my favorite times of day.

I haven't got much work done yet, but it is not late enough to matter seriously. At any moment the secretary of whom I have .1 share will bring in a cup of tea . . .

10.45: Still no tea. What's happened to my .1 of a secretary? Oh, dear! They say her mother just rang up, and she has flu. I'm terribly sorry for her, of course, but it's no fun without any tea.

11 o'clock: Don't like this time. There is something uneasy and ominous about it.

Unless I get busy fast I'll have nothing done by lunch.

I don't know whether everyone has such feelings about the different hours of the day. To me they are like personal friends and enemies. I meet them regularly with a pleased or gloomy look, as the case may be.

The early ones are nearly all bad.

Take 6 a.m., when baby yells "Appeee!" to signify that she wants an apple. A bleak, joyless hour, full of yawns and resentment.

7 a.m. is no better. Rush hour of bathroom-grabbing, lunch-cutting, searches for lost socks. Cries of "He's making faces at me!" and "I don't like peanut-butter sandwiches now." Baby's apple core to be fished out from behind cot.

8 a.m. is an improvement because

you are eating. But not eating at ease — time signals on the radio are causing alarm and despondency. "I'll miss the bus!" "Where's my plastic raincoat?"

In office at nine o'clock things seem brighter. Feeling of virtue for arriving on time. Whole day ahead to catch up with work.

Alas, except for cheerful moment at morning tea, morning hours grow less friendly as they slide away.

1 p.m.: A decent sort of time, this. Lunch ahead, and a bit of talking shop. Mustn't eat or drink too much, though—makes you dopey in afternoon.

2 p.m.: Horrible hour. Feeling dopey—got caught up in Horrie Donkling's birthday lunch.

3 p.m., 4 p.m.: Atmosphere growing desperate. Editor says can wait for story till 6 o'clock deadline —not a minute later. Emergency secretary makes weak tea, no biscuits.

6 o'clock; Hour of relief, homecoming. "Did you have a nice day at the office, Daddy?" Reply with stiff upper lip.

7 o'clock: Not out of the wood yet—dishes to be dried.

8 p.m.: Bliss. Feet up, reading magazine and watching TV at same time through bifocals.

9.30: Slump: Fall asleep just as best TV programmes come on.

Go to bed, to prepare to do the same thing tomorrow. A pity; but that's the way the time-ball bounces.

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This Autumn, for the well-dressed man, shirts and slacks are easy-to-care for . . . and 'Terylene'. Slacks look better, wear longer, thanks to the wonder-blend 55% 'Terylene' 45% Wool. Shirts stay white and wash easily. These clothes always look fresh, keep tailored creases, need little ironing.

'TERYLENE' & WOOL give a fine performance

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

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June Daily-Watkins, Australia's best known fashion and beauty consultant, and head of the June Daily-Watkins Organisation, talks about **Kleenex** *and* **beauty:**

"Often my models have to remove different kinds of make-up seven or eight times a day for as many as seven days a week! When this happens any girl's complexion is threatened. That's why I always advise the use of soft, kind Kleenex tissues. They are the only way of removing cosmetics safely and gently. And at the same time Kleenex removes make-up with complete thoroughness — and with ease."

Every beauty kit needs

KLEENEX* TISSUES

—the softest, gentlest tissues made!

Even kiss-proof lipstick, eye shadow and heavy evening make-up are quickly wiped off by Kleenex. Just cream your face, reach for a tissue, wipe gently and every single trace is absorbed. Kleenex tissues are so kind to your skin and so easy to dispose of! Keep a box on your dressing table, in the bathroom, and at work. *Only Kleenex tissues dispense one at a time!*

Beauty-care hints with your Kleenex tissues!

To stop eye shadow creasing, *blot with a Kleenex tissue; pop on another coat . . . blot again. If your skin is greasy use a stick type shadow.*

Hair sprays *are wonderful — but not all over your face. So hold a Kleenex tissue against your forehead, then spray! Take away and you have a neat clean hair-line.*

For smooth lipstick, *apply one coat, blot with a Kleenex tissue, and powder your lips gently. Now add another coat. This you can leave, or blot again for a matt finish.*

Always Kleenex for colds. *So soft, so soothing to tender noses . . . and so much more hygienic. Saves hankie washes, prevents family infection!*

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And remember, always buy SUPER WET STRENGTH Kleenex* tissues for the heaviest colds, for cleaning car windscreens . . . and for so many household uses!

* *Registered Trade Mark — Kimberly-Clark Corp.*

KK633R

Fanny and the Regent of Siam

From page 27

its true light and must recognise that my daughter is not a person of flighty or loose disposition. Far from it—very far from it."

TO Fanny, after days of anxiety and scarcely any sleep, the papers sent by her father brought information but no relief; indeed, the news that her beloved husband had been flogged—the extreme indignity for a nobleman — caused her to become hysterical.

When she was able to think again she sent a message to her younger sister, Caroline, who was with her husband, Louis Leonowens (the son of Anna), at a teak timber concession in northern Siam. Once it had been Fanny whom Louis had wanted to marry. Her message read: "P. arrested. Must see Louis urgently. Please ask him to return to Bangkok quickly. Desperate.—F."

Fanny read the message to Phya Kesab. "If only Louis can see the King I think it may help."

The old man shook his head. "It won't help," he said sadly. "There's much more behind this plot than you imagine. Your marriage is only an excuse. There is animosity against my family which has been fostered for long by the Regent and his supporters. And even that is not the root of the matter."

"I think I'll send the telegram, Phya Kesab. The King is now of age. If Louis talked to him it might give His Majesty the chance he has been waiting for — to assert himself and get rid of the Regent."

Fanny did not know that her father had only just begun to fight. He was writing again to Lord Salisbury:

After looking carefully into this matter, I cannot take any other view than that the Regent's motives are in part a desire to revenge himself upon Preecha and in part a determination to make an irreparable breach between myself and the King.

I cannot desert Phra Preecha. Were I to do so no Siamese would ever dare to come near me in the future and my position would become intolerable—and indeed that of any other persons who might be appointed to succeed me would thereby be rendered extremely difficult.

Preecha is one of the King's favorites and probably among the most faithful of them. This being so, it is clear that in punishing him the King acted under compulsion, for he is certainly aware that one of the principal motives actuating the Regent is a wish to frighten all his faithful followers so that the King may fall wholly into his power.

Having got so far with his letter, Knox paused, and sat trying to think of some way of strengthening the King's position. After a time a light came into his eye.

"I've got it," he said to Gould. "I'll send for a gunboat, I'll telegraph to Singapore for one. Its sudden appearance will give them a shock. Can you imagine what they'll think when it comes up the river bristling with guns and anchors just off the Grand Palace!

"Now, to go on with the letter." Knox turned again to his secretary:

I am sending for one of H.M.'s gunboats, and on her arrival here I will make a final demand for an apology and for the release of Phra Preecha.

If I find that there is a prima facie case against him on the new charges, I shall place no difficulties in the way of a fair trial. On the other hand, if he has committed no offence, and I find the King wishes it, I shall have him sent out of the country.

I am convinced that on the arrival of the gunboat I shall at once obtain compliance with my demands.

Beaming, Knox turned to Gould. "I think that ought to settle it," he exclaimed.

FOUR days later Fanny had a reply from Louis: "Setting out at once. Hope to be with you by the end of April." It was just like Louis, she thought, always kind and ready to help. He was leaving Caroline even though her child was almost due.

She knew that new charges were to be brought against Preecha. Though her father neither wrote nor came, nor would allow Mama to visit her, she realised that this was due now to a strict sense of preserving his complete personal detachment from the affair, which he could only handle as an official matter.

Mama sent many messages. They were brought by Princess Chandr, who defied the Regent's disapproval and called on Fanny repeatedly. She could not provide information, she could not help in any way, but she was able to say: "I saw your mother. She is thinking of you and sends her love. She feels very deeply about all this, but thinks it better not to come herself for the time being."

On April 10, Fanny, who could bear inactivity no longer, decided to go and fetch her husband's two small children from his provincial capital—he was a widower when they married.

She set out in a houseboat with only her servants to accompany her. When she arrived, the people of Prachin gathered round her with sad faces and eager inquiries about their beloved Governor. Many asked if they might return with her to plead for his release.

To page 79

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4913108

Eight-page baby book

• It's natural for a young mother to want to give her baby the things that make him lovable and good—a happy nature, good health, and comfortable clothes she can afford. This baby book will help her.

BABIES are HARD to SPOIL...

• Nobody wants a spoiled child. In fact, one of the first dampers on new parents' pleasure and self-confidence is probably a nagging doubt: Are we spoiling the baby?

AND it doesn't help much when friends and relatives troop along, each one with a quite different remedy for spoiling.

A young grandmother's "Let him cry a while—babies need a little discipline," contradicts the older grandmother's. "He'll be as good as gold if you give him plenty of cuddling."

A neighbor volunteers, "I started all mine right off on a schedule—if you don't, they'll run you ragged."

But the doctor advises, "Let baby set his own schedule—and don't worry about spoiling him."

Sometimes a mother and father think they've found all the answers, then a second or third baby comes along—a little monkey who defies their system from the start.

The truth is that babies — even the very young ones to whom this article refers—are all different. What works with one may have no effect on the next.

As a general rule, an infant whose needs are satisfied gradually becomes less demanding, happier, more good-natured, and independent; a baby who doesn't get his little wants looked after continues to cling to others, grows fretful, less tolerant of frustrations, and more shrieking in his demands.

Right from the start a baby begins to be affected by outside influences—what you do, or fail to do, influences his behaviour.

Inborn temperament as well as physical differences play a part in a baby's reactions to his handling and routine care.

One infant is complacent, easily satisfied; another is highstrung and demanding; one eats and sleeps; another eats and cries.

The point to keep in mind is that no baby can help being exactly as he is when he is born.

But you can make things more tolerable for him.

And when you do—when you hold him and feed him and rock him and entertain him and soothe him through long days and nights—you're not being weak-willed and foolish, and you're not spoiling your infant. You're being strong, sensible, and kind.

You're ensuring your baby against hurts and fears and loneliness.

You're teaching him, gradually, to trust you and to want to please you.

It's true that all this catering to a baby's needs is sometimes hard on his parents, but the things you do to comfort the baby are good—not bad—for his character, and will help him become less demanding, in time.

You can, of course, drive yourself beyond what's good for either you or the baby.

If loss of sleep and aching bones play havoc with your disposition, the baby will sense the change.

Then he may pick up nervous tension rather than comfort from your handling and your voice. That's why parents of a "difficult" infant should spell one another and occasionally even get outside help, if they can.

Don't let anyone tell you that your young baby is trying to "run" you. He may very well be disrupting your life temporarily, but he certainly doesn't know it.

For what can this little mite —scarcely seeing, unreasoning, utterly inexperienced — possibly know about his parents' needs or feelings?

As yet, he knows nothing about himself.

He doesn't even decide to cry for attention — he was born with a crying reflex which is set off by discontent or pain.

Good discipline

Since a young baby has no control over his feelings or his needs, your only means of controlling him is to keep him satisfied.

Control is, after all, discipline — so the better you satisfy the baby the better your discipline is.

This may sound paradoxical if you've always thought of discipline as denial or punishment.

But the best kind of discipline does not leave a child feeling angry or miserable.

You've heard it said of a baby who delights everyone with his laughing and loving:

"Oh, we've spoiled him so! The whole family dotes on him. But we just can't help it —he has such a happy disposition."

People say this with mingled pleasure and guilt.

Perhaps they actually don't connect the fact of this baby's good nature with the loving attention they have given.

Or perhaps they cling to the misnomer "spoiling" because they hold the idea that, in general, what a child likes is bad for him, what he dislikes is good.

Another kind of reasoning that is slightly awry comes from parents determined to organise their baby.

And because the baby happens to conform to a schedule, and is good right from the start, they think they have proof that firmness with no nonsense is the best preventive against spoiling.

Of course there are conformists among infants — but their parents can't rightly take the credit.

Such babies simply have no problems to interfere with their physical well-being.

The demanding, hard-to-satisfy baby may not have reached quite the stage of physical equilibrium that his placid nursery mate had at birth.

When he cries he is telling his parents in the only way he can that discomfort or pain won't let him relax into sleep.

Or he may be a troublesome infant because of certain inborn characteristics.

A baby who is dynamic by nature will probably never have a really serene disposition.

The same traits that make him a difficult newborn will continue to keep him alert and lively — wanting, striving, doing.

His energy and drive are so intense that unless he's allowed his fill of reasonable satisfactions, he'll be constantly fighting for impossible ones.

But, given generous attention, freedom and fun, he'll become as good-natured and lovable as more easy-going babies.

During infancy, then, the best kind of discipline is reasonable indulgence of a baby's needs.

The baby doesn't understand orders or restrictions, and if he wants something he clamors for it.

Sooner or later, of course, a child must begin to co-operate, for his own good as well as for others.

But the scene must change gradually.

If you don't force the change, if you let it take place slowly and naturally, you'll see that co-operation is not only perfectly acceptable, but also enjoyable for the baby.

Actually, he's making a small beginning when he stops crying at the sound of your voice.

Later on, he compromises again by accepting toys or a change of scenery as a substitute for your attention.

"Fusses, whines"

But he couldn't use such a substitute until his eyes could see and his mind had developed to the point of taking an interest in the sights and sounds around him.

Still later, he makes even fewer demands on you when he's taken out of his cot to enjoy the larger freedom of a playpen.

Yet this freedom meant nothing to him until his muscle and nerve development began urging his body to try new feats.

In time, however, the playpen represents not freedom but confinement.

"He fusses and whines and finally yells at the top of his lungs," goes the common complaint, "if I leave him in the playpen more than 15 minutes."

Is the baby spoiled from having had too much freedom?

No — it's really a baby's good healthy development that makes him want to get out of the playpen.

Once he's reached the crawling stage he needs regular workouts for both his muscles and his mind.

You can't blame him for wanting to exercise, and if he's regularly granted freedom to roam he'll be better able to accept some confinement when you can't watch him.

With the run of the house comes the "into-everything" stage, and, of course, new problems. For even though the baby's curiosity is normal and natural, what it leads him into isn't always safe or pleasant or right.

Now you face the question: How stern should you be?

Remember, his mind is much more developed now.

He is ready to understand gradually that some things must not be touched, some things must not be done, how to obey, and many others of life's lessons. Only you can teach him.

So take it lovingly, firmly, watchfully. He's not a little baby any more, but he'll still be dependent on you for many years to come.

—By MAJA BERNATH

. . . if their basic needs are satisfied and they are comfortable and healthy

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KEEP THE HOME SAFE

● *It's only commonsense to take every care to prevent home accidents, for, when these occur, they can cause great distress.*

● *Be careful of power points.*

UNFORTUNATELY, home accidents bring about more deaths of very young children than any other single cause.

So, the following points strictly observed will prevent much heartache:

1. Don't leave medicines and drugs where the toddler can get at them. (Keep them in a cupboard out of reach and safely locked. Hide the key.)

Be sure that caustic soda, or any kerosene, or any detergents or insecticides are not in a cupboard that a crawling baby can open.

2. Don't leave baby in a room where a fireplace or radiator is not properly screened.

3. Don't use flannelette clothing, as a spark often causes bad accidents.

4. Don't leave a toddler by himself in an upstairs room if the windows and top of a stairway are not guarded.

5. Don't put the teapot or hot-water jug on a table where a toddler can pull a tablecloth and scald himself.

Be careful of electric power points and leads for an electric jug, iron, etc.

6. Don't let a crawling baby or toddler be in the kitchen when you are cooking. Always turn handles of saucepans or frying-pans inwards and not outwards from the stove.

7. Don't forget to put cold water in baby's bath first and never add more hot water when baby is in the bath.

8. Don't leave an older baby or toddler alone for even a few minutes in a bath, as drowning accidents have occurred in 3 or 4in. of water.

9. Don't leave plastic bags about. They are too easily pulled over the head. Don't have plastic anywhere where a baby can bury his face in it, for he may smother.

good things come in glass

Jams store safely, stay fresh, promise goodness at your table when they are protected in glass. That is why manufacturers proud of their products bring them to you in glass.

AUSTRALIAN GLASS MANUFACTURERS COMPANY PROPRIETARY LIMITED *A subsidiary of* ACI *Australian Consolidated Industries Limited*

How fears begin

● ***Scientific observation has proved new - born babies show fear from only two causes—a sudden loud noise and when support is pulled from under them.***

NOTHING else induces fear at this age. For the baby has not learned to be afraid.

Hundreds of very young babies have been put into dark rooms, have been shown frogs, furry animals, slimy worms, and not been at all disturbed.

Later fears of these and other objects are caused by experience and environment.

For example, a healthy nine-month-old baby was shown a rabbit. He reached for it fearlessly and pulled its ears.

When he was again shown the rabbit there was a bang behind his cot and he hesitated to touch the rabbit. After this happened three or four times he cried when he saw the rabbit, even without the noise.

Fear of the Dark: No child is afraid at first of being put to bed alone in the dark, but if a sudden loud noise, such as a slammed door or a clap of thunder, wakes him he is frightened and will scream in the dark next night, for he now associates darkness with fright.

This needs sympathetic handling to eradicate the fear from the child's mind. Leave the door partly open and a dim light in the hall for a few nights.

Then gradually dim the light more each night until the child goes to sleep peacefully in the dark as before.

Stories of bad fairies, etc., just before bedtime often cause fear of the dark.

Fear of Water: A fall in the bath, or a plug quickly pulled out while the baby is still in the bath, can cause this.

It would be unwise and cruel to try to force him into the bath the next day.

Stand him on the bathmat in his own room and sponge him over, then next day stand him in a little bath with very little water, and in two or three days sponge him in the bathroom.

In less than a week he will probably be cured of his fear.

Fears are often suggested to the child by adults. If mother is afraid of dogs, cows, or spiders she will communicate her fears to her toddler.

She sees him go to pat a dog and she calls out suddenly and pulls him back. He screams and for a long time is afraid of all dogs.

Toddlers, of course, do need constant supervision, but it should be of an unobtrusive kind. They must be guarded from real danger and taught what things are not to be touched.

A free leaflet on safeguarding the toddler can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. NOTE: A stamped, addressed envelope for the leaflet is requested.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4913110

8-page baby book

BREAST-FEEDING and its benefits

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

● It has been proved that "breast-fed" is "best-fed." And, indeed, breast-feeding gives a baby a flying start in life, and benefits the mother both physically and mentally, as well as financially.

● The cuddling and intimacy associated with nursing a baby bring about a wonderful mother-child relationship.

THE majority of mothers are anxious (some over-anxious) to fully breast-feed their babies.

Some may be reluctant because they have heard of failures and early-feeding difficulties from well-meaning friends.

[It is a strange fact that there are always some who delight in letting expectant mothers know of any distressing complications of pregnancy and failures in breast-feeding.]

A young mother may have heard certain fallacies—that a woman's figure is ruined—that often the "milk does not agree with baby"—that natural feeding will put restrictions on her personal freedom and the social life of herself and her husband.

To a few women, the thought of breast-feeding may actually be repugnant.

This is probably tied up with unconscious attitudes toward their own bodies—perhaps due to a lack of wise early teaching about the body's functions.

Or it may be due to some unforgotten crude incident.

Is breast-feeding losing priority in the modern trend of introducing other foods besides milk much earlier into the diet of infants?

We are living in an era when early artificial feeding is made easy by a variety of scientifically prepared baby foods finely homogenised, easily digested, and widely advertised.

Yet the mother who breast-feeds her baby has many real benefits.

1. **Economy in both time and money.** This is a big factor.

No bottles

No **time** has to be spent in cleansing and sterilising bottles and rubber teats (which need special care), or in accurately measuring and making the special formulas suitable for the age, size, and appetite of the individual baby (both of which must be done under the rules of strict hygiene).

No **money** has to be spent on special equipment for early artificial feeding, special graded measures, strainers, saucepans, and a full supply of feeding bottles and rubber teats (often difficult to regulate properly).

As the milk of another animal was not meant for a baby, it needs to be "modified" and extras—such as lactose (sugar of milk), cod liver oil, or an emulsion, or any special vitamin concentrate that doctor has ordered—all add up to extra money each week.

2. **Greater convenience.** When travelling or going out to spend the day, there are no bottles to prepare and carry at a set temperature and no need to hurry home to prepare another feed.

The only need is a plentiful supply of napkins and perhaps an extra warm garment in case it turns chilly.

3. **Physical, mental, and moral advantages** are of even greater value to the mother.

She recovers from her confinement more quickly if she breast-feeds her baby. The big blood supply to the uterus during the pregnancy is diverted to the breasts, where it is now needed.

Thus the enlarged uterus can more quickly "involute" or contract down to its former size, shape, and position in the pelvis.

It is a fallacy to think that breast-feeding puts too much of a strain on the nursing mother (although under certain conditions this may sometimes be so, and the doctor may advise early weaning).

The fact is many a delicate woman has improved in health and got stronger because of the regular life and the rest intervals she has while nursing the baby.

The intimate relationship of mother and child during the act of breast-feeding creates a very close bond between them, and an emotional satisfaction is shared by both mother and babe.

From the mother's point of view, she knows that her baby is entirely dependent on her, that she alone can soothe him and satisfy his hunger.

She feels a sense of achievement — that she is playing her part in the scheme of creation—that she is creating the food nature planned for her baby.

Most women take by instinct to natural feeding, untroubled by doubts and difficulties, but others less fortunate find it hard to decide what to do, and a few may be advised by their doctors not to nurse their babies for health reasons.

Emotional factors play a part, for anxieties and mental disturbances may lessen and affect the milk supply.

Breast-feeding, although a natural process, sometimes has to be "learnt" by both mother and baby, and it may take a little time, patience, and faith to get it right.

However — and this is most important — no mother should feel guilty or frustrated or feel that she has "let her baby down" if, for a perfectly legitimate reason, she has not been allowed to breast-feed her baby; or if she has honestly tried and has failed.

Brain tissue

Here are some of the advantages breast-feeding offers the baby:

1. **It is the natural food,** created within the mother's body for her particular baby. Having the same source (the mother's blood stream) from which the baby's body was built during pregnancy, there is a continuity of nourishment before and after birth.

A well-known child specialist once said:

"Human milk alone can produce the proper growth of brain tissue and capillary structure during the first three months of life."

It has been proved that a month or even a week of breast-feeding is better than none at all.

2. **A sense of security.** The act of breast-feeding with the cuddling and love the mother gives to the baby, who has to make many adjustments in the strange new world into which he has been born, makes a baby feel secure.

Psychiatrists have suggested that an abrupt weaning in the early months can so shatter this sense of security that years later strange "behaviour problems" can result.

3. **Safety.** Breast-feeding has been proved by statistics to be safer than very early artificial feeding. Many more bottle-fed babies die in the first year of life than breast-fed babies.

4. **Good dentition.** The strong and active sucking exercises the muscles of the jaws, tongue, and mouth, thus preparing for well-shaped jaws and well-spaced teeth.

Successful breast-feeding is therefore a two-fold blessing, benefiting both mother and child.

"I didn't fall for a formula"

● The author of this article lived in an area where breast-feeding was "old-fashioned" even in her doctor's view. And just when the birth of her baby was due, a blizzard began. She writes . . .

WHEN my son Omar was brand new, lobster-faced, and squalling in the nursery of Cambridge Hospital, Massachusetts, U.S.A., the G.P. sat on my bed for a refresher briefing about looking after my second baby.

The subject turned to feeding formula. "That's O.K. I'm nursing," said I.

Doctor: What!

Me: I'm nursing.

Doctor: Oh-ho, no.

Me: Oh-ho? Why not?

Doctor (staring at me with fixed, horrified expression): Don't you know that your baby could STARVE to death that way?

Me: Samia (our first, born in California)—**she** didn't starve!

Doctor: Well, do what you like, but it has been proved that babies do far better on a bottle. Anyway, it's pointless after three months.

Me: Why?

Doctor: Nobody does it!

"Nobody does it" . . . that sums up the whole story, how, when, and why, about nursing your own baby in many parts of the United States.

In the 70-bed maternity hospital, five minutes' walk from the best budding brains in the country — Harvard University—I was the only nursing mother.

I was definitely "odd."

It seems strange that in the modern, go-ahead West Coast breast-feeding was encouraged, and in fact everyone regards it as perfectly natural.

But here in the more old-fashioned, conservative East Coast such "old-fashioned" ideas are "nonsense."

I had my way, and Omar, at nine months, was 20lb. of gurgling contentment. And I was only sad that he would soon have to be weaned.

Having a baby in the cruel climate of New England has its drawbacks.

Omar was due in mid-March, when winter usually ends in Massachusetts.

After an overnight false-alarm in the middle of February my doctor said to be ready at any moment . . . "I'll carry you round in my pocket," he said (i.e., my card).

A week later the blizzard came, the worst snow-storm in the history of New England, a region noted for its freak weather.

(From heatwaves, hurricanes with winds of 150 m.p.h., to blizzards — in one year we had them all. New Englanders say if you're tired of the weather, wait a minute.)

I knew a fire officer at the nearby station, and he, knowing the birth might be soon, stopped me the evening before the storm.

By
MARGARET KHUDARI,
An Australian now living in U.S.A.

"Snow coming," he said. "You know what to do?"

Our car had chains. We were ready, I said. When the snow was 5ft. or 6ft. deep, he asked me, what car could get through that?

"Only a SLED! Call us! We'll pull you out on a sled.

"You may laugh . . ." he warned, "but we've done it before!"

Next day when the snow was 6ft. deep and still falling I thought much about the fire station's sled.

The phone was dead. No doctor. No husband, either.

Work had to go on, and he'd dug out the car and trudged off for the 1½-mile walk to the subway.

Driving was impossible, but everyone had to dig out their cars, or next day the snow would pack down into ice, and you might wait days for it to melt in temperatures around 10 degrees.

Children, bundled up in snowsuits, scarves, mittens, and boots, cheerfully helped their parents shovel snow, clearing paths to buried cars.

As shovels heaped up the snow other children packed them down into hills of ice—marvellous slides!

But I sat at our windows, bit my fingers, and thought of the sled.

How many of those children were born in a snowstorm? How many . . . which ones . . . were "delivered" on a sled?

Happy doctor

I tried the telephone every five minutes until the line came through.

It was midday, the sky was black, all our lights were on, and the radio blared lists of schools that were closed, while the wind and snow screamed outside.

My doctor was snowed in, too. A tired G.P., he sounded almost happy!

"There's nothing to worry about," he soothed. "If anything happens, the police and firemen are used to these cases. They have all the equipment, snow-ploughs and sleds.

"DON'T WORRY!"

The snow had gone, the ice was melting, when Omar arrived two weeks later.

But I still remember that terrible three-day storm, and the way I felt about the sled.

My neighbors expecting their babies here in the next few months may lack some convictions about the benefits of nursing their children. But that's probably their doctor's fault.

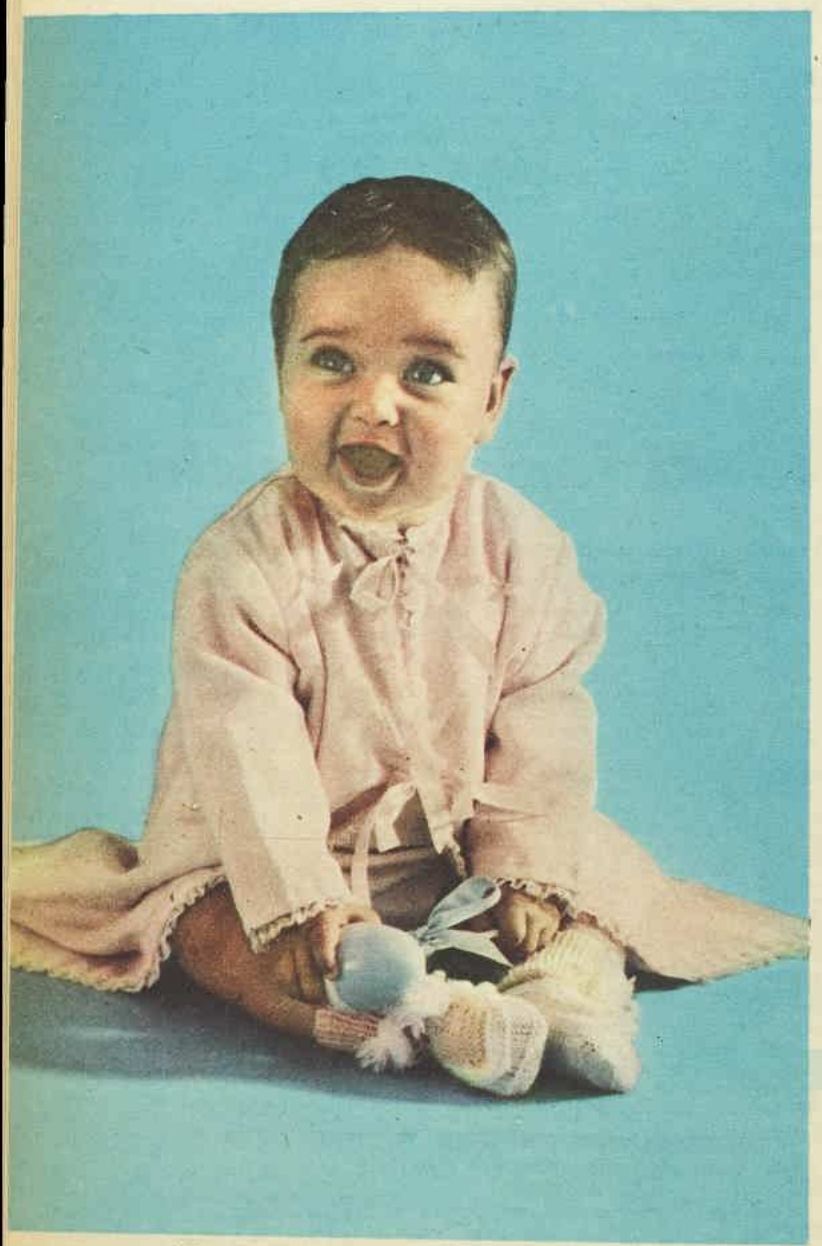
I know they take snow-storms and sleds for granted — and that takes courage.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4913111

Eight-page baby book

JACKETS FOR GOING PLACES

● Special-occasion jackets for very important visitors are easy to make from our patterns. Each has a pretty trim.



COAT can be made from our Fashion Pattern No. 4694 — see particulars below. Bootees' directions are also below.

MATINEE JACKET is Fashion Pattern No. 4695. Particulars about materials required and how to work embroidery are below.

COAT

The coat photographed above is Fashion Pattern No. 4694. It requires 1½yds. 36in.-width material, 1⅛yds. 36in. lining, 4yds. ⅜in. lace edging, 1½yds. ⅛in. ribbon, ½yd. ¼in. ribbon. It comes in infant's size only and costs 3/- from address given in panel far right.

TWO-COLOR BOOTEES

Materials: 1 ball white, 1 ball pink Patons Beehive Baby Wool; 1 pr. No. 10 knitting needles. This quantity makes 2 pairs of bootees.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in. measured over st-st.

SOLE

Using white wool, cast on 31 sts.

1st Row: K 1, inc. once in next st., k 11, inc. once in each of next 2 sts., k 1, inc. once in each of next 2 sts., k 11, inc. once in next st., k 1 (37 sts.).

2nd Row. Purl.

3rd Row: K 1, inc. once in next st., k 12, (inc. once in next st., k 1) twice, k 1, (k 1, inc. once in next st.) twice, k 12, inc. once in next st., k 1 (43 sts.).

4th Row. Purl.

5th Row: K 1, inc. once in next st., k 13, (inc. once in next st., k 2) twice, k 1, (k 2, inc. once in next st.) twice, k 13, inc. once in next st., k 1 (49 sts.).

6th Row: Purl.

7th Row: Knit.

8th Row: Knit

9th Row: Purl.

Rep. 8th and 9th rows once.

Rep. 6th and 7th rows twice. Rep. 8th and 9th rows twice. Break off white.

20th Row: Join in pink wool, purl to end of row.

INSTEP

21st Row: K 28, k 2 tog., turn.

22nd Row: P 8, p 2 tog., turn.

23rd Row: K 8, k 2 tog., turn. Rep. 22nd and 23rd rows 7 times, then 22nd row once.

39th Row: P 9, k 10, inc. once in last st. (32 sts.).

40th Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1 (42 sts.).

41st Row: * K 1, p 1; rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 41st row 12 times. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Using a flat seam, sew up foot and back seams. Using three strands of wool, make two twisted cords. Thread cord through holes and finish off with tassel on each end of cord.

MATINEE JACKET

THE jacket photographed above is Fashion Pattern No. 4695. It requires ¾yd. 36in.-width material, 4yds. bias binding. It comes in infant's size only and costs 3/- from address given in panel far right.

Poplin or linen would be a good choice for a lightweight jacket for the warmer months, preferably in blue, pink, or pale yellow. For cooler days, lightweight washable wool is a better choice.

The embroidery could be worked in a darker shade of the material used or in definitely contrasting colors.

Only simple embroidery stitches are used.

Diagram at right shows the actual size of the embroidered border.

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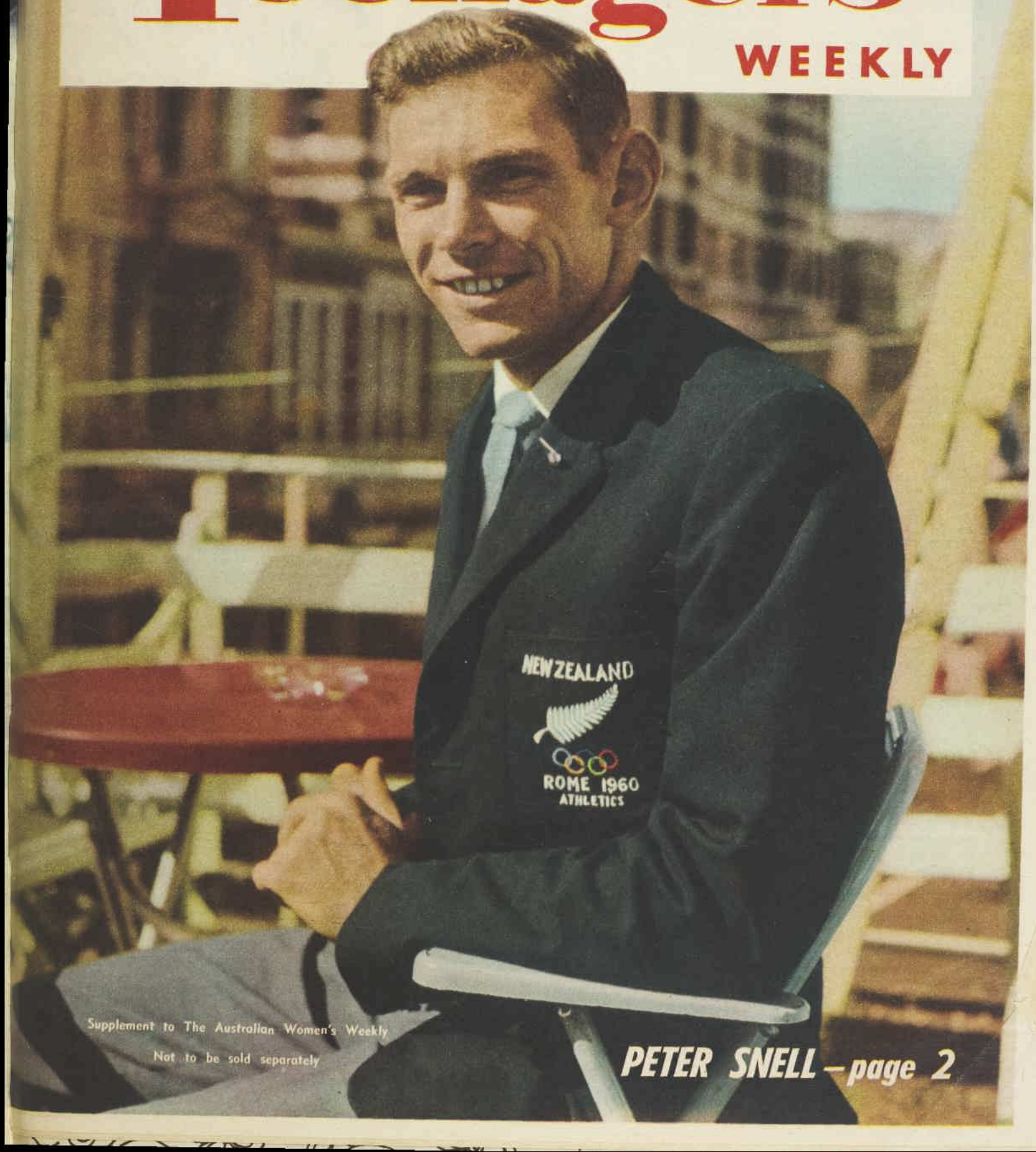
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

March 28, 1962

Teenagers' WEEKLY



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

PETER SNELL – page 2

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4913113

LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Getting to know father

AT 16 I realised the awful truth that I had no affection for my parents.

Although we were an average family with a good home and everything we needed, we began quarrelling more than usual. It was impossible for us to get through a day without an argument.

My father hardly ever had time for us because of his work and golf. Whenever we were all together we were bickering about something.

I decided that as soon as I had my Leaving I would become a nurse or something that would take me away from home.

Then, one day, Dad told me he was going to teach me to drive. Every morning we went out driving before work, and we had time to discuss current events and domestic problems.

I realised how interesting my father's work and pastimes were, and I encouraged him to tell me about them. From that day I have not had one quarrel with my father.

I have learnt to love and respect him, and thus how to handle his moods. Now I live in a very happy home. We have all started playing sport together and making time to talk to each other. I am not going to leave home.

I have learnt that a great deal of the responsibility for maintaining a happy home lies in the hands of the children.—*"Miss J.," Lane Cove, N.S.W.*

Food packs

IF any young people want to start a promising business, I suggest they produce food packs for hikers and bushwalkers. Having just completed my first hiking trip, it has occurred to me what a terrific task our leader had in organising rations for each person.

Why has no firm catered for this fast-growing hobby? I am sure it would be profitable to produce a scientifically balanced ration in a one-day package.—*"Ulysses," Walpa, Vic.*

Next week

TWIST parties are the order of the day, and next week we have some simple ways to change a plain frock into an eye-catching party dress—with a twist! There are some easy-to-make recipes, too, with a twist theme. ALSO, we have pictures of the colorful clothes worn by young TV singer Gino Cunico, AND our pin-up is Maynard G. Krebs, the TV pal of Dobie Gillis.

OUR COVER

NEW ZEALAND'S Peter Snell is the world's fastest middle - distance runner. In January he ran a mile race in 3min. 54.4sec., taking one-tenth of a second off Australian Herb Elliott's long-standing world record. Snell, 24, lives at Pukekohe, near Auckland, and is a cadet quantity surveyor. He is 5ft. 10½in. tall and weighs 12st. 3lb.

Indian marriage

THE Indian marriage custom is very interesting. As with many other Eastern countries the marriages are arranged by the parents. Some promises are made in infancy while others may be made just before the marriage. The Indian bride does not see her husband until after the ceremony, but may get a glimpse of him during it.

They believe that love grows after marriage, not before. The bride does all she can to please her husband and make their life happy. She belongs to her husband's family after marriage, and she must be obedient to him.

Their belief is that because love grows after marriage, the partners do not expect too much of marriage and are not disappointed in each other. Divorce is almost unheard of in India. — *"New Aspect," Pemberton, W.A.*

Remember!

HAVE you a bad memory? It gets so tiresome, doesn't it? Well how about a change? To cure it, start with small things. When you get up in the morning, try to remember what you had for breakfast, dinner, and tea the day before. Oh, that's easy, you say. But no, no! Try something else; for instance, what color was the last car you passed on the side of the street. A bad memory is usually the result of laziness.—*Stephen Hoey, Greenmount, W.A.*

Double pedestal

MY "Mr. Right" must (a) put me up on a pedestal, and (b) not leave me there alone, but climb up and join me. — *Judi Russell, Yeerongpilly, Qld.*

Informer freed

PEOPLE ask what has happened to the ideals of freedom and self-sacrifice in Australia. This issue was brought to light in the editorial of a newspaper a few months ago. It said, "Why hasn't Australia more men like Britain's Bertrand Russell, ready to sacrifice for their beliefs?"

I'll tell you why . . . A group of nine boys in a class were throwing an apple about while the teacher was out. It hit a wall and shattered. As a boy was picking it up, the teacher came in and caught him. Knowing others were involved he gave the boy the chance of telling who the others were and going free or taking double punishment.

The boy then turned and called out eight names. The eight boys were punished and the "informer" got off scot-free. Surely this is not the way to train future leaders? — *"Mystified," Ermington, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK

"He doesn't know me yet, but like it pays to advertise."

Against censorship

IT is high time that teachers of 11-year-olds and over started to allow pupils to read what literature they choose during recess, dinner-hour, and private-study periods.

It has nothing to do with the teachers what the pupils read during these times, as long as they are reasonably behaved. If certain types of literature have a bad effect on pupils, then they must have weak characters.

Many other things during the course of life will have a bad effect on them, too. — *"Indignant," Devonport, Tas.*

Ways to end loneliness

● "DESPERATE" wrote (T.W. 21/2/62) of the terrible loneliness of her life in the country. "I cannot describe what I feel as I sit on the edge of my bed trying to think of something to do, or even something to think about!" Readers send her this advice:

I BEGAN a vegetable and flower garden, planting those which needed little water, as this is a problem in most country areas. There is great satisfaction when you see the first bud appear and when you pick your first vegetable.

And, most important of all, you don't have time for loneliness—the garden always needs something doing to it.

Also, find a penfriend with the same interests. I married mine!—**"Amron," Maroochydore, Qld.**

YOUR letter takes me back many years to my own young days in the outback. I, too, felt a prisoner, and the surrounding hills seemed like walls that shut me away from the big wonderful world outside. My once - a - year holiday in the city was the only thing worth living for.

But it isn't forever. Make the best of it, and do what you can to prepare yourself to take your place in the world. Study for a good job.

Penfriends are a help—their letters are something to look forward to on mail days.

And don't blame your parents. Their livelihood is in the country, and to them it is probably a good life.—**Mary Needham, Balgowlah, N.S.W.**

SURELY you know another teenager in the town 20 miles away who could stay with you at weekends — and who would in turn invite you home.

Have you a penfriend you can write to?

Photography is another good pastime if you learn to develop your own prints. Stamp collecting is another and, for a boy, woodwork is good.

You could breed such birds as pigeons, budgies, canaries, and finches. Gardening is fun, too. I do all these things and am never lonely. — *Kevin Parker, Shields, S.A.*

WHEN I was 17 I entered a TB sanatorium, where I stayed for nearly three years. I had to lie flat and had only one pillow. I nearly died of loneliness.

I started writing to interstate and overseas penfriends and it was wonderful when the mail came tumbling in. I wrote serious letters to some and silly romantic letters to others. In one letter I even received a proposal! What a boost to the morale! — *"Lettuce," Airport West, Vic.*

YOU are lucky to have the time to do many things which other teens can't do. Join the library and read books about anything from the care of dogs to ethics.

Take a dressmaking course. I spend many hours designing and making my own clothes.

If your bedroom is just ordinary, get to work with a paintbrush. Make scatter cushions for your bed.

Gardening is absorbing if you specialise in one thing—indoor plants or bulbs, for instance. — *"Lonely Once," Penshurst, Vic.*

TRY writing next time you have nothing to do. Write a short story, or an article, or even a novel. This may sound rather hard, but it isn't. The main character can be yourself, thinly disguised.

This character can be all that you wish to be; can have all you want — all your emotions can be reflected in this novel. No one need read it. You can tell if it's rubbish or worth working on. Read a lot until you know what standard you have to reach to have it published.

Grab travel booklets and atlases so that you know how and where others live. Whatever you do, don't dread tomorrow. Maybe you will go for a long walk and meet someone you don't know; maybe your parents will decide to move to town.

Best of luck, whoever you are, and try to be tolerant of your parents. They don't realise how you feel.—*"Young 'Un," Ivanhoe, Vic.*

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LOOK SLIM IN (almost) NO TIME

● ***Meet a teenage girl when she's wearing a full, flowing skirt and bulky jacket, with her feet shoved into flat shoes and hair hanging all around, and she looks pudgy. But see her in the evening in a slimming dress and high heels, and with hairdo and make-up just so, and she looks like a walking fashion-plate.***

By Carolyn Earle

***TYPICAL** teenage girl in popular casual outfit looks cute, young, and rather fat.*

***SAME GIRL** looks slender, poised, largely because of the slim dress and accessories.*

HOW on earth does she manage it—this quick switch from typical casual teenager to slender young miss?

The answer's fairly exciting—it's all done with simple dressing tricks to fake instant slenderness, and with ways of standing (and walking and sitting down) that fool the eye and win admirers by the dozen.

The beauty of the scheme is, of course, that it can be carried out in almost no time at all. Like to try it for yourself? Here's how it works.

Casual clothes are fun and tops for the young. But they tend to pad out round figures and give an illusion of width where it isn't needed (see picture above left). Watch out, girls, for horizontal stripes and plaid skirts cut on the straight if you yearn to look skinny.

A simple little dress, on the other hand—in a solid, preferably dark color—takes pounds off the figure the minute you slip it over your head. The fit should be snug enough to show off your lines, but not so close that it draws across the hips and bustline.

If you're lucky enough to have a tiny waist, show it off with a neat belt or waist-tie. If your bustline is pretty, choose a style that moulds it gently. Princess lines are slimming; so are vertical effects.

Always avoid tightness over a bulge; it's fat-making.

Hem-lengths are important. The worst possible choice for a girl with heavy legs is a skirt cropped above the knee. It's far better to find the most flattering length—usually it covers the thickest part of the calf—and stick to it, no matter what current fashion dictates.

And if your legs frankly aren't the kind that make boys whistle, watch those stocking seams. A crooked seam looks sloppy, can make legs look either bowed or knock-kneed.

Study the picture above right to get an idea of how the right dress slims a girl down and changes her whole appearance.

Not only the right dress—shoes count, too. Avoid fancy, dressed-up shoes. They may be glamorous in themselves, but they don't look slim.

Instead, take a stand on plain, high, or medium-heel court shoes that are well fitted to your foot. The added height and extra length of leg they give are flattering.

Watch your accessories

Don't go glamorous with spectacular costume jewellery, heavy handbags, fussy gloves—they look heavy. Try scaling accessories way down—small pin at the shoulder, or tiny scatter-pins, narrow bracelets, a plain clutch-purse, short gloves.

The same principle applies to hairstyles. Fussy, all-over-the-place hairdos tend to make a girl look fatter. Sweep your hair up or comb it down, but keep it smooth and neat—not necessarily flat—for a slimmer effect.

Good posture can make you seem slimmer and taller by inches in less than a minute, so check yours by standing straight in front of a mirror with your weight evenly distributed on both feet.

Awful, isn't it? Not a curve in sight.

Now slowly strike an angle by turning your hips slightly to one side while keeping your torso straight. Place feet quite close together, one pointing straight ahead and slightly forward, the other turned sideways and neatly disposed at the back. Flex knees so they are not stiff.

Try hard to copy this stance. It's based on a classic model attitude that streamlines the figure beautifully.

If you'd like to lift your bust and flatten your stomach, simply stretch up as much as you can through the middle. The ground rule is ribs out of waist, head out of the back of the neck.

And if you tuck your hips under and contract the buttocks you diminish, in one easy movement, the spread of your hips.

Teens tend to flounce around a lot, and sitting prettily is not exactly their long suit. However, sheath skirts and low chairs spell trouble unless a girl remembers to sit and rise properly.

When lowering yourself into such a chair, slide one leg in front of the other in a cross-step. This provides enough slack in the skirt so that you can glide into position.

Once seated, keep the knees close and the feet together, moving both legs a little to one side with the outer slightly forward.

This way the waist looks slimmer, and legs appear slim, long, and pretty.

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VIVID red wool blouson frock takes gold-figured red clutch-purse, a glittery gold-heart pin, and chamois - color nylon gloves.

SAME DRESS with new look, headed with fake leopard-skin beret, black-quilted Chanel bag, gold bracelet, and natural gloves.

ANOTHER choice of accessories with red suedette hat, bone soft-leather bag, Chanel gold chain with tassel. Gloves natural.

WAYS TO KEEP CLOTHES "AL

GREEN basket-weave wool frock with easy-going skirt and yellow clutch purse to pepper it, coral-and-pearl bracelets, green gloves.

CHANGE the scene with gold-stitched velveteen hat, natural gloves, natural leather Florentine bag, gold rope with tassel.

MIX green velvet beret, dark-quilted Chanel bag, and natural gloves. Add Chanel gold chain and rose pin, two gilt bracelets.

1; 1 pr. No. 10 knitting sts.).

21st Row: K 28, k 2 tog., foot and back seams. Using

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NEW-BLUE wool blouson frock with black patent belt and bow. Sparking it—gold-figured blue clutch-purse, matching gloves. Add to it—gilt chains, bracelet.

COLOR PLAN TWO: Red pretend-leather pillbox hat, red hessian and black patent bag, white cotton gloves. Added glamor: Medallion, silver bracelet.

TIE IN hot-pink velvet beret with black patent bow with a black patent Chanel bag with gold chain handle and white cotton gloves. Pearl rope by Chanel.

IVE"

-it's all done with accessories

● *Every girl has at least one dress (or suit or coat) in her wardrobe that needs a pep-up if it's to be kept "alive" and attractive enough to wear for another season. After all, there aren't too many people around who can afford to buy a new dress every time they'd like one. This is where the art of figuring out accessories comes into the picture. The right accessories can give difference and distinction to clothes without involving too much time or cost. But choose them with care—accessories should mix well with the clothes they accompany in every way. Just to give an idea how it's done, here are three different outfits (in tempting new colors that will, by the way, make a splash this season), each with three lots of accessories. Hats are small and perky, bags mostly medium size.*

Fashions and accessories from David Jones, Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4913117

Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Older man wins

"FOR the past 28 months, I have been keeping company with a girl of 18. I am 19. This girl was all that any man could wish for. She is a very respectable girl with a high standard of morals and very well thought of by all. My troubles and worries started before Christmas when a chap of 29 asked her if it would be all right for her to join him and two tourists from another State on a sightseeing tour. My girl-friend asked me how I felt and I said it was up to her, but I didn't mind if this was the only time. Not long after the outing she told me she was going out with him again. This made me very jealous and I began to think someone else was sharing my girl with me, so I asked her with whom she wished to keep company. She said this other fellow could introduce her to nightclubs, jazz bands, and lively night places. She wanted both of us and couldn't see the complications it would lead to. We came to a mutual agreement to part for three months and I agreed to go back to her then if she wanted me. Should I go back to her; wait for two years when her mind is turned more toward marriage; or forget her?"

"Tear Drops," Vic.

Thinking it over, I am afraid the sad fact is that you must try to forget her. She would have been in touch with you before this if her feeling for the older man was just a passing excitement.

You are better off now without her. The worst pain of being without her is over, and it seems to me too awful for you to have to approach her again, find out who comes first in her affections, and probably have to retire again unhappy. I'm sure if you were the No. 1 man in her life, she would waste no time letting you know.

Forget her and find yourself another girl.

Must prove himself

"I AM a girl of 17 and recently my boy-friend did something very foolish and was sent away, which meant leaving me. Since he has been gone, I have found out that I love him very much and cannot forget him. He still loves me and would like me to wait, which I am quite willing to do. My parents will not allow me to see him when he comes home."

"Confused," Vic.

I take it from your remarks that your boy-friend has broken the law in some way and is now paying off the breakage. If this is the case, he has a hard row to hoe with your parents. He may have the best intentions in the world, but he will have to prove them over and over again to make your parents believe he is sincere and is a worthy person for you to go out with.

I'm sure you can see their point of view. Your happiness is what they want, and are fighting for, when they forbid you to see this boy again.

When he does come home, if you feel the same, and so does he, I think he should see your parents and talk to them. He should ask their permission to see you after a certain time, if he fulfils any reasonable conditions they may demand.

I know this sounds a difficult thing to do, but, believe me, unless you are both quite open with your parents and his, too, nothing but unhappiness in some form can come to both of you. If you have a sneaky courtship without your parents' permission, he will be blamed. Don't let this happen.

Ring for a suitor

"I WILL be getting engaged soon and would like to give my boy-friend a ring also. I have heard of this being done; is it correct to do so? If so, could you tell me what sort of ring and approximately how much it would cost?"

"Unsure," N.S.W.

I have never heard of a girl giving her fiance a ring as an engagement gift or, indeed, any engagement gift. That is the time when he gives her a ring as a gift and public pledge; her gift at that time is her promise to marry him.

In these days of informality I don't think it would matter a hoot if you gave him an engagement ring, although I must say I wouldn't. I think it seems a bit peculiar. Why not save up and give him an extra good present for a wedding gift? Something you know he really wants — like a super watch, a stereogram, or a transistor radio?

Divorce problem

"I AM getting engaged very soon and I want to know how I would put it in the paper. My mother and father are divorced and my mother has remarried and I live with my mother. Would I have to put my father's name in it at all?"

"Wilhelmina," N.S.W.

You have two choices in announcing your engagement. The more formal one is to say: The engagement is announced of Wilhelmina, daughter of Mr. Will H. Mina, of Sydney, and Mrs. David Brown, of Warraroong, Vic., to William, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Huffentuffer, of The Park, Minestrone, N.S.W.

If you really have a thing about not mentioning your father, you must make a clean sweep and not mention parents. In this case a formal but more simple announcement is correctly made: "The engagement is announced and the marriage will shortly take place between Mr. William Huffentuffer, The Park, Minestrone, N.S.W., and Miss Wilhelmina Mina, of Warraroong, Vic.

Ready for marriage?

"WE are five girls living in a flat. One of us is engaged. After seeing her with her fiance and testing her in many quizzes, we have come to the conclusion she is not ready for marriage and is only in love with love. Should we mention it to her? We are all 18."

"Worried Four," N.S.W.

Now I've heard everything. You four girls just keep yourselves to yourselves, right out of your friend's engagement.

She is the one who knows whether or not she is ready for marriage. Psychological quizzes done in public for all to see don't generally reveal what is really in the heart. Not if the person concerned likes her privacy, and your friend obviously does.

Long absence

"IN four months' time I will be leaving my home town for three to four years to continue studies for my profession. I am 19, and have been going with a girl of 18 for two years. She says she loves me and I am certain that she is the perfect girl. We have often talked about becoming engaged, but this long separation offers a great problem. Do you think it advisable to become engaged before I leave? Both sets of parents have given consent."

"Wondering," N.S.W.

I think it would be wiser not to become engaged. In a situation like yours, it is much better to finish your studies before you marry, and an early engagement often means you marry before it is actually wise to.

You both seem very sure of one another, and I can't see the need for a ring on the finger to keep one another's love. I'd say, don't get engaged.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Serviettes

"A LETTER from a grandmother may be a novelty. My granddaughter is at high school, and during a lesson in the cookery course the class was asked, 'Who uses serviettes at home?' My granddaughter was the only child who stood up. The class was then told, 'Serviettes are old-fashioned.' As a family we are distressed to find children being taught thus, and we would be interested to hear your views. What should you use instead?"

"Old-Fashioned," Vic.

I'm sure I don't know what should be used if mannerly eating is to continue as an approved social custom.

I cannot imagine such a thing being taught in school. Perhaps the teacher meant those very large double-damask highly starched serviettes that you don't see about much now.

Housewives must be delighted that serviettes made of easier-to-launder unstarched materials have become so fashionable and that paper serviettes are now acceptable on many occasions. There is nothing to equal them for barbecues, eating corn off the cob, asparagus, or other finger-food.

I'm all for serviettes. Primitive eating involving the use of the back of the hand doesn't appeal to me.

A question of sex

"WHICH sex are you, please?"

"Curious Cat," Qld.

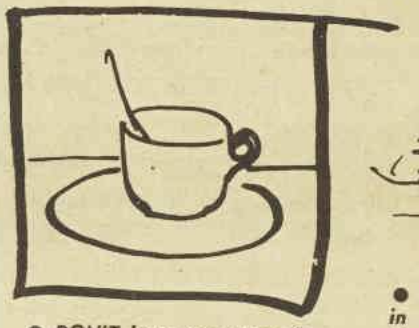
Female. Which are you?

TABLE MANNERS — SOME DON'TS

● From "Tiffany's Table Manners For Teenagers."

● DON'T let your elbows stick out like flying buttresses. Keep them close to your sides.

● DON'T eat with your elbows on the table. It restricts your movements and it looks unattractive. You may rest your elbows on the table while you're not eating.



● DON'T leave your spoon in your coffee cup.

● DON'T put too much in your mouth at once. It looks as if you were brought up in a kennel.

Wool; 1 pr. No. 10 knitting sts.).

21st Row: K 28, k 2 tog., foot and back seams. Using

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LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker

Boys' new billing, for more cooing

● Those two likeable, singing, guitar-playing Hall brothers, who've won so many fans with their appearances on teenage TV shows, say that they're going to change their billing to simply Ken and Chris.

THEY feel that the brothers-act field is a bit overcrowded and that "Ken and Chris" sounds nice and friendly.

Though they're real brothers, Hall isn't their real name, but was adapted from their correct surname of Higgs, which they felt was a bit unglamorous for professional use. The family agreed, so no feelings were hurt.

Ken, now 19, and Chris, 17, both went to school in Sydney at the Marist Brothers' College, Randwick, where two of Ken's pals were Colin Loughnan and Mike Downs, who, with Kel Palace, later formed The Crescents.

Though they've done well in the ten months since they got their TV start on the old "Teen Time," Ken and Chris are still keeping on with their jobs as automotive mechanic (Ken) and commercial artist (Chris).

They're also doing commercial art courses at East Sydney Tech. two nights a week. When Chris did his entrance exam, his elder brother went along to keep him company, found the exam lasted for two hours, and, to kill time, decided to sit for it, too. He passed, then decided to do the course.

Though they do quite a lot of dance dates around the Sydney Eastern Suburbs, they feel that they aren't ready to try a recording just yet. The ex-Hall Brothers, now Ken and Chris, will be on the "Johnny O'Keefe Show" on March 23.

DURING the past weeks 19-year-old Sydney singer **Sharon O'Brien** has had lots of news to pass on to her pen-friends in Hungary, Canada, and Brazil.

Her first record has been cut and is due out soon; she has recently made her first interstate trip—north, for "In Brisbane Tonight"; an unknown admirer sent her a portrait in oils copied from her Teenagers' Weekly pin-up in our January 31 issue, and, to top it all, she has just made her first appearance on a national TV show — "Revue '62."

Sharon began collecting pen-friends when she was still at Sydney Girls' High School—because she wanted to improve her letter-writing — and now exchanging letters with them is her favorite hobby.

Her other interests are reading (both she and her brother read a book a night) and acting. She's still a member of the East Sydney Technical College Dramatic Society, which she joined last year when she was doing an advanced secretarial course at the Tech.

THE folk-singing **Sapphires** have lost their all-bachelor status, girls. First to weaken was fair, stocky **Duke Finlay,** who recently married Margaret Rothwell, of Mascot, Sydney. Fellow Sapphires **Ned Hussney** and **Tony Garrick** rallied round wholeheartedly, Ned as best man and **Warren Lucas** (of **The Delltones**) and Tony acting as groomsmen. They think Margaret's a wonderful girl.

After a Surfers' Paradise honeymoon, Margaret and Duke are settling into a flat at Maroubra. With Tony about to announce his own engagement, that leaves Ned what he calls "bachelor father" of the group. But probably not for long, I'd guess.

Local talent: Latest teenage TV show to come on LP is a recorded re-creation of **"The Johnny O'Keefe Show"** (Leedon). Johnny introduces and heads a cast that reads: **Warren Carr, Barry Stanton, Lonnie Lee, Ian Crawford, Warren Williams, Paul Wayne, The Fauns,** and **The Crescents.** Most of the numbers have already sold well as singles.

Pops: Just in time to please those still in the grip of the '20s kick comes **Enoch Light** and **The Charleston City All Stars** with "Sing a Song With the Original Roaring Twenties" (Grand Award LP). As nice a collection of '20s numbers ("Marie," "Who?" "Carolina in the Morning") as I've heard.

FOR anyone with a stereo, R.C.A. has something out of the box with its Stereo Action LP, "More Double Exposure." Musically interesting (two tunes are played simultaneously by different sections of the **Manny Albam Orchestra**), this is no novelty ear-shocker, but a versatile disc for background music or straight listening.

IF you think some of the rock era boys belted a song, a new Festival EP, "Swanee," proves that they didn't have a thing to teach famous old-timer **Al Jolson,** star of the first sound film, "The Jazz Singer." Apart from curiosity value, with "For Me And My Gal," "Swanee," "I'm Just Wild About Harry," and "Avalon"—a set of songs that could hardly be bettered—it's a good collector's buy.

MIXING plenty of teen appeal with an adult romantic approach, **Paul Anka's** away again with a new LP. This one's called "Young, Alive, And In Love!" (R.C.A.) and carries a bunch of first-class pop standards such as "Aren't You Glad You're You?" "Falling In Love With Love," "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries."

WORTH HEARING

HAYDN: "Salomon" Symphonies

SOME of the most delightful music ever written is contained in the 12 symphonies that Haydn wrote for his two visits to London between 1791 and 1795 — the "Salomon" Symphonies, so named after the impresario who brought Haydn to England.

Two of these, the ninth and tenth, are linked in a new release by the World Record Club. They are played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and conducted in typically polished and aristocratic style by the late Sir Thomas Beecham.

Haydn is one of the relatively few great composers of whom one can sincerely say that he would have been a nice man to know. He was a genial, uncomplicated man with a sense of humor, and thanks to a fairly successful career he was able to live on good terms with the world.

These qualities show up clearly in his music; he is the composer for those who feel that music must not always be storm-tossed or soul-searching in order to be great or "important." These two symphonies (the first is the well-known "Clock" Symphony, nicknamed after the tick-tock accompaniment of the slow movement) show him at the height of his powers.

—Martin Long

HALL BROTHERS, Ken (right) and Chris.

THEY BACK THE FAVORITE (DISC)

● I see that Britons will soon be able to gamble each week on the top 20 disc placings.

LONDON disc jockey Kent Walton and a businessman will run pops pools in which people will bet on music by forecasting what tunes will make the Top Twenty charts for the coming week.

Now, I don't want to attack the idea. There are already in Britain football pools, and the new one seems to be an even more **sound** scheme. But I foresee problems.

For instance, a lot of the fun will go out of fans' appreciation of performers when there's **dough** re mi.

They will be gamblers instead of gambollers—and doubtless many will find chancing (as well as dancing) to hits a very serious business.

As in horse-racing there will almost certainly be demonstrations by angry punters whose favorites have been beaten.

Disc jockeys will fear being accused of "pulling" records (no, that's not how they make extended plays!).

Fans will take more interest than ever in their idols.

Special writers will prepare form on performers—and advise bettors on their fitness.

I suppose if Elvis broke his pelvis they'd have to shoot him!

Of course, once there is legal betting on pops there is bound to be unofficial punting.

Presumably there will spring up the equivalent of racing's S.P.—L.P. betting shops.

These sly businesses might not have the traditional "cockatoos"—but many adults say the pops business has plenty of galahs!

Let's hope that a criminal element doesn't enter into any possible illegal pop punting.

I can picture them—tough guys, with 45s.

Because of all these pitfalls I'd suggest that the British hit parade business now needs people—similar to, say, the racing game's stewards—to control the game.

And, because of all the technical trickery that can go on, to look at a rock-'n-roller's guitar—and make sure there ARE strings attached!

These stewards, of course, would have to be people other than performers.

No brightly jacketed singer could officiate. He could be accused of having vested interests. Nor could an official be plump. One Chubby Checker is enough!

- Robin Adair

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AUSTRALIAN PAINTERS

By Douglas Watson

Influence of English art

2. JOSEPH FOWLES: 18— to 1879

NEARLY all the early Australian artists came from England and were inclined to view the Australian scene with a strong English bias.

Most of the work done in Australia in the 19th century, therefore, shows a dominant English 18th- or early 19th-century influence, stemming mostly from artists such as Turner (1775-1851) and Girtin (1775-1802).

Joseph Fowles was no exception. The painting reproduced at right, "Horse and Jockey, Hyde Park Racecourse," is a typical 18th-century equestrian portrait and the landscape is not particularly Australian.

The horse and rider dominate the picture, and that is what Fowles intended. Probably the horse had won a big race and the owner had commissioned Fowles to record the victory.

"HORSE AND JOCKEY, HYDE PARK RACE-COURSE," by Joseph Fowles.

This painting has been handled with great care and all the details delightfully treated. The mood of the picture is sunny and happy and the gum tree on the left superbly drawn. It is a poetic and charming painting.

Joseph Fowles, whose birthdate is unknown, came to Australia in 1838 and later became famous as a painter of celebrated Australian racehorses. He was a teacher, too, giving art lessons at The King's School and Sydney Grammar School.

This is the second of our new series of articles on famous painters. NEXT WEEK we will deal with another early Australian, Conrad Martens.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4913120

ROCK-A-BYE-BABY matinee jacket is pattern No. 7247. See how to order below right. The words are written on in your own handwriting and then embroidered with chain-stitch or fine stem-stitch.

THIS baby's pretty but simple matinee jacket requires ⅝yd. 36in.-wide material and about 3yds. lace. The pattern is No. 7247 (in infant's size only) and costs 3/- from the address in the panel below.

The embroidered lettering provides a charming and unusual touch and can be drawn on to the fabric with a colored pencil. Spread the fabric out on a table and anchor edges firmly so that fabric will not stretch when written on.

Chain-stitches in daisy shapes are decorated around the lettering.

Chain-stitch or fine stem-stitch or running-stitch can be used to embroider the lettering. If you prefer a bolder line, ordinary stem-stitch can be whipped over, spacing the whipping-stitches at regular intervals.

If preferred, baby's name can be written instead of Rock a Bye Baby.

HOW TO WORK EMBROIDERY

ALL the stems are worked in fine stem-stitch, using a single thread. This is the most useful of embroidery stitches. During the working always throw the thread to the same side of the needle, either to the right or to the left.

The needle should pick up a little piece of material in a slanting direction each time. The stitches should be equal in length and with the same slant each time and slightly overlapping.

An eyelet pierced with a stiletto forms the centre of the bud and the flower. Begin with a run-stitch round the centre, then pierce the hole with the stiletto, and lastly cover the edges of this hole with fine overcast-stitch.

The petals of the bud and the flower should be worked as follows: Start in the centre of the bud or flower and using a fine overcast-stitch gradually widen out as you work toward the outer edge of each petal. After reaching the centre of the petal, reverse the graduation, continuing down toward the centre again. Repeat this method on all petals.

When working leaves, make a fine running-stitch around the outside edge. Starting at the top point of the leaf, work a fine satin-stitch, beginning with a very small stitch and graduating from the point for about ¼in. down the leaf. From the centre of the leaf, continue satin-stitch down one side first and then continue on the other side, forming a vein effect in the centre of the leaf where the two lines of satin-stitch meet.

Overcast-stitch: To work this stitch the line to be covered must be run-stitched over. Then work over this running-stitch, picking up the smallest possible amount of material and making the stitches very close together to present a firm raised line. Much embroidery makes use of this stitch, but it is used mostly for working stalks, stems, and outlining floral shapes.

A variation of overcast-stitch which produces an even more raised appearance is worked over a foundation formed of two rows of stem-stitch. The stem-stitches should be long and loose and the second row should pick up the material alternately with the first row. Work the overcast-stitch over the stem-stitch in the usual way, but without taking the needle through the material.

Satin-stitch: This appears simple but is difficult to work neatly. The longer a satin-stitch becomes the more untidy it appears, so any large shape to be filled with satin-stitch should be split up as much as possible. The stitch consists of carrying the thread across the space to be filled and returning underneath the material to the starting point again.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

EACH of the patterns on this page costs 3/- and can be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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THIS YEAR IT'S THE TWEED LOOK!

Peacock Tweed

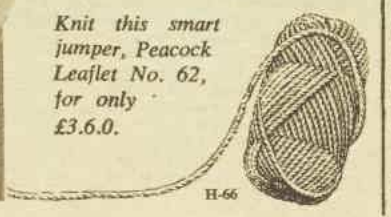
With an air of hand-spun cottage-craft Irish tweed about it, this delightful new wool by Peacock knits beautifully (and, on No. 2 needles, so quickly, too!) into smart warm cardigans, jumpers, car coats and suits. And, to give Tweed its wonderful feel, Peacock have added softest-of-all Kid Mohair! Knit "Tweed" . . . in quick simple stocking stitch . . . while you watch TV!

Her cardigan, Peacock Leaflet No. 60, will cost you only £5.5.0 to knit.

FASHION FLECK

In a wonderful range of new-season shades . . . flecked with a myriad of gay little colours to give it such a distinctive look . . . Peacock Fashion Fleck knits quickly into a warm "tweedy" finish. It's fashionable, and so practical . . . a regular all-round family yarn that's ideal for kiddies but smart and glamorous for you, too. Choose *your* Fashion Fleck pattern from the new 1962 Peacock leaflets.

Knit this smart jumper, Peacock Leaflet No. 62, for only £3.6.0.



H-66

PRETTILY patterned layette for a young baby. Knitting directions below.

Four-piece layette

• Delicate lace knitting stitch makes this a light-weight outfit for a baby. Nine balls of wool are used.

Materials: 9 balls Woolworths Nylo baby wool—dress 4, coat 3, bonnet and bootees 2; 1 pair each Nos. 12 and 10 knitting needles; 1 fine crochet hook; 4 small buttons; 1yd. of 1in. and 3yds. of ¼in. wide ribbon; a stitch-holder.

Measurements: Frock—length 17in., width round underarm 20in., sleeve seam 3in.; matinee jacket—length, 10in. width round underarm 22in.; sleeve seam 5in.

Tension: 8 sts. equal 1in.

Lace Pattern: A number of sts. divisible by 7 plus 5.

1st Row: K 5, * m 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 5, rep. from * to end of row.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 3, * k 2 tog., m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

5th Row: K 2, * k 2 tog., m 1, k 3, m 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 3.

6th Row: Purl.

These 6 rows form pattern.

FROCK

FRONT

With No. 10 needles cast on 159 sts. Work patt. 5 times. Work st-st. for 2in. Work patt. 3 times. Work st-st. for 1in. Work patt. twice. Work st-st. until skirt measures 10in., finish on wrong side of work. Dec. for waist as follows:

Next Row: K 2 tog. all along row to last st., k 1 (80 sts.).

Next Row: K 29 (k 2 tog.) 11 times, k to end of row (69 sts.).

Change to No. 12 needles. Work k 1, p 1, rib for 4 rows. Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row: K 25 sts., work patt. over next 19 sts., k 25 sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows once.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., k 22, patt. over next 19 sts., k to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., purl to end of row.

Next Row: K 22, work patt. over next 19 sts., k 22.

Next Row: Purl.

Cont. in this way, having 19 sts. in centre in patt. with 22 sts. each side in st-st. until there are six complete patterns.

Next Row: Work over 26 sts., cast off next 11 sts., work to end of row. On last 26 sts. work in st-st., dec. once at neck edge every row until 21 sts. rem. Work 2 rows without shaping and cast off. Join wool to other side of neck and work to correspond.

BACK

Make exactly as for front until ribbing at waist is complete. Divide sts. in half and work straight up until armholes match front. Cast off all sts. each side.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 40 sts. Work k 1, p 1, rib for 6 rows.

Next Row: K 2, inc. once in each of the next 35 sts., k 3 (75 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles. Purl one row, then work patt. 4 times. Still keeping to patt., cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row for 3 more patts. Cast off all sts.

Make another sleeve.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves seam to seam, easing any fullness at top of sleeve. Work 2 rows of d.c. down back opening, making 4 loops on right side. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Finish neck and lower edge of frock with 1 row of d.c. and 1 row of picot. Press carefully. Sew a rosette of ribbon to front left-hand side of frock.

MATINEE JACKET

BACK

With No. 10 needles, cast on 89 sts. Work patt. 14 times. Change to No. 12 needles and work patt. 7 times more. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 10 needles, cast on 53 sts. Work patt., keeping 6 sts. at front edge in g-st. for border. When 14 patts. have been worked, change to No. 12 needles. Work patt. 5 times, and on next row cast off 12 sts. at neck edge, k 2 tog. at same edge every row until 32 sts. rem. When 7 patts. have been worked on the No. 12 needles, cast off all sts.

LEFT FRONT

Make to correspond with right front with shapings reversed.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 31 sts. Work g-st. for 10 rows.

Next Row: K, inc. once in every st. until there are 61 sts. Purl 1 row. Change to No. 10 needles and work patt. 8 times. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder seams. Fold sleeve in half, pin centre of sleeve to shoulder seam, sew in sleeves. Join sleeve and side seams in one.

With No. 12 needles and right side of work facing, pick up 83 sts. round neck, work g-st. for 3 rows.

Next Row: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1. Rep. from * to last st., k 1. Work 4 rows of g-st. and cast off.

Finish neck and lower edge of jacket with 1 row d.c. and 1 row of picot. Press carefully, thread ribbon through holes at neck.

BONNET

With No. 10 needles, cast on 89 sts. Work patt. 4 times. Work 8 rows of st-st. Work patt. twice, work 6 rows of st-st., dec. once at end of last row (88 sts.).

To Shape Crown—1st Row: (K 8, w.fwd., k 3 tog.) to end of row.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: (K 7, w.fwd., k 3 tog.) to end of row.

5th Row: (K 6, w.fwd., k 3 tog.) to end of row.

7th Row: (K 5, w.fwd., k 3 tog.) to end of row.

Cont. dec. in this way until 14 sts. rem.

Break off a length of wool, thread a darning needle, gather up rem. sts., and sew up back seam.

Finish with 1 row of d.c. all round bonnet, then 1 row of picot. Press carefully. Sew on ribbons.

BOOTEES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 39 sts.

1st Row: K 1, k twice into next st., k 16, k twice into next st., k 1.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Knit.

3rd Row: K 1, k twice into next st., k 18, k twice into next st., k 1. K twice into next st., k 18, k twice into next st., k 1. Cont. in this way, knitting 2 more sts. between the increases in the odd rows until the 11th row is reached.

11th Row: K 1, k twice into next st., k 26, k twice into next st., k 1, k twice into next st., k 26, k twice into next st., k 1 (63 sts.).

Work 12 rows in g-st. Proceed as follows:

Next Row: K 38, turn, sl. 1, p 11, p 2 tog., turn, * k 5, m 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 5, k 2 tog., turn, sl. 1, p 11, p 2 tog., turn.

K 3, k 2 tog., m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 4, k 2 tog., turn, sl. 1, p 11, p 2 tog., turn.

K 2, k 2 tog., m 1, k 3, m 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 3, k 2 tog., turn, sl 1, p 11, p 2 tog., turn.

Rep. from * until 40 sts. rem., k to end of row.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row. Work 4 rows in g-st.

Next Row: K 20 sts., leave rem. sts. on a stitch-holder. Work 12 rows in g-st. on these 20 sts. and cast off. Return to sts. on stitch-holder, work 12 rows in g-st. and cast off. Join seam, thread ribbon through holes and tie in a bow.

Make another bootee.

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8-page baby book

Smart tops to knit

● Traditional knitted matinee jacket is a must in every well-dressed baby's wardrobe. The one pictured below has flowers embroidered round the neck.

Materials: 3 balls Patons Baby Wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 4 small buttons; small quantity of white and yellow wool for embroidery.

Measurements: Width at underarm, 22in.; full length, 12½in.; sleeve seam, 6½in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in. on No. 10 needles.

LACE-STITCH

1st Row: K 1, * k 1, wl. fwd., k 4, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 4, wl. fwd. Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 1, * k 2, wl. fwd., k 3, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 3, wl. fwd., k 1. Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

5th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., * wl. fwd., k 1, wl. fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, wl. fwd., k 1, wl. fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o. Rep. from * to last 11 sts., wl. fwd., k 1, wl. fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, wl. fwd., k 3.

7th Row: K 1, * wl. fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, wl. fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, wl. fwd., k 3. Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

9th Row: K 2, * wl. fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., wl. fwd., k 1. Rep. from * to end of row.

10th Row: Purl.

Small Lace-Stitch:

1st Row: K 1, * wl. fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., wl. fwd., k 3, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 1, * k 3, wl. fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., wl. fwd. Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: Purl.

BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 110 sts., k 2 rows, work the 10 lace-stitch rows 3 times, then the 4 small lace-stitch rows 8 times.

Change to No. 12 needles and proceed as follows:

1st Row: (K 2 tog.) 3 times, * k 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 4 sts., (k 2 tog.) twice (80 sts.). Work 7 rows in garter-stitch.

Change to No. 10 needles and shape raglan as follows:

1st Row: Cast off 2 sts., k to end of row.

2nd Row: Cast off 2 sts., p to end of row.

3rd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, p 2 tog., p to last 3 sts., p 2 tog., t.b.l., k 1.

5th Row: Knit. **6th Row:** As 4th row. **7th Row:** As 3rd row. **8th Row:** K 1, p to last st., k 1.

Rep. rows 3 to 8 incl. 6 times (20 sts.). Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

* With No. 10 needles cast on 67 sts. K 2 rows. Keeping a border of 5 sts. in garter-stitch at end of row, work the 10 lace-stitch rows 3 times, then the 4 small lace-stitch rows 8 times. *

Change to No. 12 needles and proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 2, * k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 5 (47 sts.).

Work 7 rows in garter-stitch.

Change to No. 10 needles and shape raglan as follows:

1st Row: Cast off 2 sts., k to end of row.

2nd Row: K 5, p to end of row.

3rd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k to end of row.

4th Row: K 5, p to last 3 sts., p 2 tog., t.b.l., k 1.

5th Row: Knit. **6th Row:** As 4th row. **7th Row:** As 3rd row.

Rep. rows 2 to 7 incl. 4 times (25 sts.).

To Shape Neck:

1st Row: Cast off 9 sts., p to last 3 sts., p 2 tog., t.b.l., k 1.

Cont. dec. at armhole edge as before, while at the same time dec. one st. at neck edge on next 4 rows. Cont. without further dec. at neck but still dec. at armhole edge as before until 2 sts. rem. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as given for left front from * to *, but work border at opposite end of row. Change to No. 12 needles and proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 5, * k 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 (47 sts.).

Work 7 rows in garter-st., making a buttonhole in the 4th row and foll. 12th rows twice.

To Make Buttonhole: K 1, k 2 tog., wl. fwd., work to end of row.

Change to No. 10 needles and shape raglan as follows:

1st Row: Knit (finishing at side edge).

2nd Row: Cast off 2 sts., work to end of row.

3rd Row: Work to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, p 2 tog., work to end.

5th Row: Work all across. **6th Row:** As 4th row. **7th Row:** As 3rd row. **8th Row:** As 5th row.

Cont. dec. at armhole edge as before until 25 sts. rem.

To Shape Neck:

1st Row: Cast off 9 sts., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. Complete to correspond with left front.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 36 sts. Work 12 rows in garter-stitch.

13th Row: K 2, * inc. once in next st., k 3, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 (44 sts.).

14th Row: Purl.

Change to No. 10 needles and work the 4 small lace-stitch rows twice. Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every foll. 4th row until there are 66 sts. on needle. Work straight until sleeve seam measures 6½in.

Shape raglan by working rows 1 to 8 incl. of raglan shaping as given for back, then rep. the 7th and 8th rows until 6 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Join raglan seams.

Neckband: Using No. 12 needles and with right side of work facing, knit up 80 sts. round neck. Work 3 rows in garter-stitch.

4th Row: Knit.

5th Row: K 5, p to last 5 sts., k 5.

Rep. 4th and 5th rows once, making a buttonhole in 4th row.

8th Row: K 5, * k 2 tog., k 8, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 5.

9th Row: Knit. **10th Row:** Knit.

Cast off (wrong side). Sew side and sleeve seams. Sew on buttons. Embroider white lazy daisies on neckband with yellow centres.

MATINEE JACKET. See directions above.

● First cardigan for my lady is a simple raglan-sleeved design. Directions are below.

Materials: 3 balls Patons Baby Wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 13 and 11 knitting needles; 5 buttons.

Measurements: Width at underarm, 20-22in. chest; full length, 11in.; sleeve seam, 7in.

Tension: 8½ sts. to 1in. on No. 11 needles.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; inc., increase; dec., decrease; cont., continue; rem., remain; w.o.n., wool over needle; foll., follow(ing); tog., together; st., stitch; patt., pattern; rep., repeat; beg., beginning; t.b.l., through back of loop; alt., alternate.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 13 needles, cast on 42 sts.

Work 22 rows in k 1, p 1 rib, inc. 1 st. at end of last row.

Change to No. 11 needles and work patt. as follows:

* **1st Row:** K 5, * p 1, k 7, rep. from * to last 6 sts., p 1, k 5.

2nd Row: P 4, * k 3, p 5, rep. from *, ending p 4.

3rd Row: K 3, * p 5, k 3, rep. from * to end of row.

4th Row: P 2, * k 7, p 1, rep. from *, ending p 2.

5th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

6th Row: As 4th row.

7th Row: As 3rd row.

8th Row: As 2nd row.

9th Row: As 1st row.

10th Row: P 5, * k 1, p 7, rep. from *, ending p. 5.

11th Row: K 5, * p 1, k 7, rep. from *, ending k 5. *

Rep. 10th and 11th rows until work measures 6in. from beg., ending with 10th row.

To Shape Raglan and Front Edge.—1st Row: Cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work straight.

3rd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., t.b.l., work to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Keeping patt. straight, cont. dec. in this manner at armhole edge every alt. row, while at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge every 4th row until 2 sts. rem., p 2 tog. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as given for left front until work is same length to underarm, ending at side edge.

To Shape Raglan and Front Edge.—1st Row: Cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: K 2 tog., work to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

3rd Row: Work straight.

Cont. dec. in this manner at armhole edge every alt. row, while at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge every 4th row until 2 sts. rem. p 2 tog. Fasten off.

BACK

With No. 13 needles, cast on 82 sts.

Work 22 rows in k 1, p 1 rib, inc. 1 st. at end of last row.

Change to No. 11 needles and work patt. as given from * to * of front.

Rep. 10th and 11th rows until back measures same as front to underarm, ending with 10th row.

To Shape Raglan.—* 1st Row: Cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

3rd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., t.b.l., work to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

4th Row: Work straight. *

Rep. 3rd and 4th rows until 29 sts. rem., ending with 3rd row.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog. Cast off.

SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles, cast on 46 sts.

Work 20 rows in k 1, p 1 rib, inc. 1 st. at end of row (47 sts.).

Change to No. 11 needles and proceed as follows:

1st Row: * K 7, p 1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 7.

2nd Row: * P 7, k 1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., p 7.

3rd Row: As 1st row, inc. 1 st. at each end of row.

4th Row: * K 1, p 7, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Keeping patt. straight, inc. 1 st. at each end of the 7th and every foll. 8th row until there are 59 sts. on the needle. Work the raglan shaping as given from * to * of back until 7 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Sew raglan seams.

FRONT BAND

With No. 13 needles, cast on 9 sts.

1st Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) 3 times, k 1.

2nd Row: (K 1, p 1) 4 times, k 1.

Cont. in rib until band is sufficient length to go round fronts and neck of cardigan, making a buttonhole in the 5th and every foll. 14th row 4 times (5 buttonholes).

To Make Buttonholes: K 2, p 1, k 1, w.o.n., k 2 tog., p 1, k 2. Sew on front band, sew side and sleeve seams. Sew on buttons.

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YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED ABOUT INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

Q. *Is internal protection a new idea?*

A. It may surprise you to learn that it isn't! Modern women of every era, as far back as ancient Rome, have used various methods of internal protection. But it wasn't until a doctor invented Tampax a little more than 25 years ago that internal protection became *truly* safe and sanitary; easy and practical for *all* women to use.

Q. *Can you bathe while wearing Tampax?*

A. Emphatically yes! Because Tampax cannot absorb water from the outside and remains in place for full protection during showers, baths or swimming. This is an advantage of internal sanitary protection. It lets you do everything you normally do. Lets you be your own sweet self — fresh, neatly groomed *at all times*. You feel *so* free, cool and comfortable, you're scarcely aware it's your time of month!

Q. *Can unmarried girls use Tampax?*

A. Of course! Remember Tampax was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women, married or single. This means that Tampax serves its purpose of absorption safely and comfortably. When inserted correctly, Tampax is unfelt and perfectly secure. While wearing Tampax you can feel free to engage in even the most strenuous sports.

Q. *Is internal protection really adequate?*

A. In most cases yes, depending upon how frequently it is changed. The very principle of internal sanitary protection makes it fully adequate to use from the very first day. You'll find Tampax in two different absorbencies to meet your individual need: Regular and Super. Many women use different absorbencies on different days to ensure the right protection at all times.

Positive relief from - RHEUMATISM

is within your grasp, too! People unable to lead normal lives, because of Rheumatic pain, find A.R. TABS soon have them walking and working easily. Quickly and efficiently A.R. TABS spread relief to all parts of the body stricken with Rheumatism. Buy today the positive Rheumatism relief — 8/6 and 15/- at all Chemists. WA8126

A.R. TABS

SOLVE YOUR GIFT PROBLEMS WITH SUBSCRIPTIONS TO
The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY
Rates on application

BABY'S FIRST CLOTHES

8-page baby book

(and how to plan them)

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

● Every mother loves to dress her baby as nicely and daintily as possible, and as soon as the first baby is expected she spends much time, thought, and money in planning and making the layette.

● First clothes must be comfortable.

BUT most new parents make the mistake of getting together a too elaborate and too expensive trousseau.

Friends and relatives often like to contribute, but, alas! some of their gifts are impractical and useless.

Many a young mother has admitted that she made the first layette far too large and elaborate, secretly hoping for a little daughter.

When, however, a little son is the first to arrive, and then perhaps two or more baby boys in a row, she finds she has never used any of the dainty little dresses and petticoats which cost so much time and money.

Because a baby grows so rapidly, it is wiser and more economical to have only necessary, fundamental clothes at first.

Only two plain little magyar dresses and a couple of petticoats are needed in the layette until the sex of the baby is known.

Mothers so often request a list of the essential first garments needed for the layette that the following may be a useful guide:

Four singlets—fine-woven cotton to be worn next to the skin.

Four singlets — woven silk and wool, or cotton and wool, or nylon and wool, or fine-knitted wool. (Do not get singlets with draw-string around the neck.)

Four dozen napkins —3 dozen soft Turkish towelling, 1 dozen butter-muslin (3 or 4 thicknesses). Note: Napkins can be made of old soft sheeting.

Four to 6 nightgowns.

Two dresses, 2 petticoats—more can be made for a baby girl.

Four matinee jackets. (In winter, small knitted cardigans which fasten up to the neck are warmer and more practical.)

Three pairs of flannel pilchers or 3 pairs of knitted woollen pilchers.

Two bonnets.

One small shady poke-bonnet or 1 small shady linen hat.

Four pairs of bootees. (These are popular gifts.)

One large shawl.

Two smaller shawls or carrying blankets.

Six bibs.

Six small handkerchiefs.

Details of the choice of the garments depend on individual taste.

Every mother who spends her time and money wisely should be able to provide a completely satisfactory and dainty outfit for her baby.

Modern hygiene and up-to-date manufacture methods all tend to simplicity in a baby's first clothes.

The mother who buys her layette ready-made not only misses a great rewarding pleasure but will find it much more expensive.

Important points to observe in clothing a tiny baby:

1. Materials used should be soft, non-irritating, and porous to admit air.

2. Clothes must be simply and smoothly made, without thick seams and hems, and they must be loose enough and short enough to allow baby's every movement to be unhampered.

3. They should be warm, yet light, so that they are not a burden to tiny bodies with bones not yet hardened.

4. Sleeves of nightgowns and dresses for the early months should be either magyar or raglan to allow for baby's rapid growth and gain in weight. (With a deep hem these will still fit baby all the second year.)

5. A very important point not always observed is to plan clothes so that they are easy to put on and take off—handling a very young baby need never be awkward then.

This saves nervous strain for both mother and baby.

Clothes which are open right down the front, or down the back, or have a large enough neck so that they can be slipped easily over the feet or over the head will obviate the necessity of forcing baby's head through a narrow-necked singlet or nightgown—a pull-over which is very frightening to a tiny baby.

6. Bootees and mittens must be loose enough and long enough never to cramp baby's fingers or toes. Both are best fastened with woollen cords instead of satin ribbon, which tends to slip.

7. Big bows of ribbon should not be tied under the baby's chin. They soon look untidy and are unhygienic, as baby may probably suck them or vomit on them.

8. When baby becomes increasingly active and wants to kick or roll, rompers will be found to be a better type of garment than a dress.

9. Toward the end of the second year baby will show signs of independence and take an interest in his clothes and attempt to dress or undress himself.

So it is important to encourage this spirit of independence and plan "self-help" clothes, easy to button and unbutton (or zip), with the openings where the child can reach them, so that he can soon learn to put them on and take them off.

10. It is well to remember that the length of time a dress or nightgown can be worn will depend on the size of the hem, as the width will fit for some time, especially with some tucks on the shoulders to let out.

An extra-deep hem should be made, or if buying these garments a size longer than actually required should be bought and the extra length turned up.

Clothes should be planned for economy as well as for attractive appearance.

● And take care of yourself!

● Sometimes a young mother does not have help or thoughtful co-operation from relatives and friends in the early days of her motherhood, although during pregnancy she was the centre of interest and had every consideration.

But all interest is now focused on the little newcomer.

The young mother has probably far too many visitors, and perhaps all the work and care of the household before she is really fit to cope with it, as well as the feeding and care of her new baby.

A leaflet stressing some important factors in proper post-natal care can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: A stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

problem:
Last year's swimsuit pinching?

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makes you fit—keeps you slim

YR722

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Two wives write:

LOSE HIM *or* KEEP HIM?

● The authors each faced the unhappy problem of the "other woman." The circumstances were not exactly the same (they never are) and the two women found different solutions . . .

● There's *no man in my house.* Once there was. A tall, good-looking man with nice teeth, a strong chin, and a soft reassuring voice which never failed to enchant me.

HE was my husband, the father of my four children, and popular both as a man and as a medical practitioner until . . .

Until, what a horrid word! It means the ending, the beginning of something else, a conclusion drawn afterwards . . . it means many things, some good, some bad.

He was my husband **until** he told me about her; he was the father of my four children **until** we left him.

I was a happy, smug, and rather socially overbearing doctor's wife **until** she took my place . . .

"Home without a man"

What happened? Which one of us was the first to remove the bricks of our house until it came tumbling down?

I don't know. I've had plenty of time to think about it, but so far there has not been a suitable answer, not a concrete one to make me understand **why** it happened.

Perhaps we married too young, when war was still fresh in our minds, and houses, rooms, flats were obtainable only with a lot of luck, knowing somebody, or paying out "key" money.

The strain of living with an over-possessive mother-in-law, of continued pregnancies with the same old maternity outfit doing duty, tension of exams —"My husband is a medical student under Rehab."

The long, lonely evenings with him locked in his study, his nose deep in text-books . . . the moments when he was certain that he had failed and would never make the grade.

Then suddenly the exams were all over.

I was again pregnant, but this time I had a decent wardrobe of dresses and shoes and more than one handbag.

I could afford a hairdresser once a week. I was "that nice young doctor's wife," and I was invited to many parties and made a lot of friends.

The children and I were close. Our house became lonely as he became more popular and busy in his practice, and so we five "inferiors" learned that success also had its drawbacks.

Birthday parties glowing with lanterns and sumptuous with many goodies were celebrated without daddy because he had been called to the hospital or to a house patient.

The glamor began to wear thin, for what was the good of having a wardrobe filled with nice clothes without him around to wear them for?

And where, asked our elder son, was the fun in winning a prize at school when dad didn't make speech day? And the winner had to walk home clutching the book he won to his young chest all alone?

Did it begin during the hard lean years? Or when the larder was full?

I'd complain to my friends: "H— is never home." "H— was too tired to make the party, so we stayed home and he fell asleep over his supper."

Did I nag him about these things?

I don't remember. I think I must have done a certain amount of complaining from time to time, but how deeply it went in I'll never know, because he never told me where I went wrong (if it was my fault).

I do remember a certain evening a few years ago—even the date. "I want a divorce. I've done the wrong thing and I'm sorry, but I cannot leave her like this."

Leave her like this? Like what? And who was this woman?

"I've been a fool. She's pregnant. For heaven's sake try to understand!"

My whole world crashed around my ears.

I struck him then. I was hurt, angry, and shocked. He stood before me, his eyes dull.

"Did you have to do that?" he asked me.

There was a sob from the doorway and, turning, I saw our eldest son, standing white and strained.

"You nasty, dirty man!" the child shouted. "What a father you turned out to be!"

Then he was gone and we both heard the slam of the front door.

That slam was the period mark ending a sentence. The four cruel words uttered by our son, "You nasty dirty man," marked the end of the 15-year-long story.

How did my husband feel at that moment? He must have died a little. I know I did.

How to explain to my son about his "step-brother?" How to tell him that this small baby who didn't ask to be born was the reason why we no longer have a man in the house, even if asleep over his supper.

How to tell my son: "Your father only did what he considered was the right thing to do, to honor his own mistake."

And when told, how to listen when he in his turn tells me that by standing by one small baby his father has left four children still small, and also badly in need of a father's voice, and hand, and smile, and good-night kiss . . .

I have to make my son forgive, for I cannot stand the hatred he still has for his father.

I have to make him forgive, but how? When, to be perfectly honest, I have never forgiven my husband myself!

Nor have I ever really been able to understand.

Should I, for the sake of our four children, have told my husband not to take his problem so seriously?

How many children are born each year without a legal father?

Do they suffer more than do the children of divorced parents?

Do they weep at night, as mine do, because there is no man in the house? Not just any man, but the man who helped give them life . . .

My husband tried to right his wrong to the unborn child.

Had he not done so, would he not have saved his and my marriage and the future welfare of our children?

Who and what is the most important in the final analysis?

And did I do right? By letting him go? Did I?

● Just after our third child was born, I became aware of a married woman from over the way who had occasion to call on us now and again, arriving "done-up" as if she might be going a-courting.

I DID not take much notice of this, however, until one night by sheer accident I discovered that my husband was visiting her unbeknown to me.

The shock could not have been greater had the end of the world suddenly come upon me.

I had been conventionally brought up, and had believed every word of the sweet nothings he had whispered in my ear in our courting days. I certainly had never expected this to happen.

Luckily, I can generally manage to show a calm front to the world, and when my husband came to bed I taxed him with what I had discovered.

"A tall order—but I won"

He tried to bluff his way out, and as he had also been drinking I eventually went outside, where I cried myself back to some sort of a calm.

Then I walked and walked, and finally just sat and thought.

Years before, our family doctor had told me the stories of two women whose husbands had gone astray.

One had gone home to mother and sought a divorce, but the other had gone to the other woman, talked with her, and then come home and thought out where she had failed her husband, and worked on this until she won him back.

When I was told these stories I certainly did not expect ever to need their advice, but, recalling them now, I decided that I would fight for my husband, too.

He had lied to me, I knew, but he had seemed anxious to continue with our marriage, and had promised that to spare my feelings he would keep right away from the other woman.

Our children deserved a father, and, moreover, I knew that I would never be happy without my husband—even though I hated him pretty much at the moment.

I made up my mind that I would put aside my injured feelings, and there seemed no need to go to the woman—I would just try to understand my husband's needs and make him happy.

I realised I had been very unworldly in thinking that just our love would carry us through, and I would have to use my head and work at the problem as well.

It was not really hard to see where I had failed.

Owing to the housing shortage, our living conditions were awful, and, as we were both used to better things, I had to slave to keep things even reasonable.

Also I wanted to be a perfect mother to three small children.

This was a tall order, and there was not much left of me for a fun-loving man who wanted to "play a bit."

"Hub," I knew, could not see how difficult I found life. He was busy starting out in business himself, too, and actually we both needed help.

At first it was very hard. The injured feelings crept back at the slightest pretext. But I slew them each time by consistently looking at things from my husband's point of view, and gradually it became easier.

There were people who thought I was walked on, but I learned a secret way.

If I accepted my husband's impatience and thoughtless ways quietly and with good grace an attack of conscience would hit him, and he would come around of his own accord.

One day, five years later, the subject of the other woman came up unexpectedly, and my husband admitted his guilt, apologised, and said he now had no desire ever to go to anyone else.

I realised that I had succeeded in putting the whole thing securely behind me, but that "Hub" had kept worrying about it all these years, and feeling guilty.

After this talk things became much easier, and he was so much easier to live with.

Now, ten years later, we are happy together, in love, and have four interesting children, a nice home, and the knowledge that when problems come up we can face them together.

Many a time I bless that doctor who gave words of wisdom to a young lass.

● The writers live in different States, and each wishes to remain anonymous

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No Hollywood star ever faced such extreme close-ups as *you* face every day . . . nobody was ever on stage so long! Will the face you turn to your fans be flawless? Yes — if you use gentle, mild, creamy-smooth Lux Toilet Soap. This is the soap of the Hollywood stars, the soap with the cream-enriched lather that beautifies and purifies — leaving your skin so lovely to look at . . . so lovely to touch. No other soap can match the purity of Lux — no wonder it's the choice of 9 out of 10 glamorous stars. *And you . . .*

In four pastel shades and white

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EMBARRASSING HAIR GONE

Superfluous hair can be so offensive — unglamorous, too. But don't remove it the harsh way. Avoid razor rash and scratchy stubble — use *new-formula* VEET instead. New VEET is whiter, daintier than ever — *faster*, too! It's the modern cosmetic cream which stops quick regrowth by dissolving hair *below* skin level. Apply VEET, leave, then simply wash the hair away. Feel how soft, how smooth your skin becomes! Don't be without this special beauty cream. It's safe for facial hair, too. 3/6 a tube; large size, 5/6

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Everybody's

AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● Early last week, on a morning when all good housewives were doing their washing and cleaning up the weekend wreckage, I went off with a friend who shares my interest in animals to spend a day at the zoo.

WE were very quiet about this and didn't tell anyone where we were going.

The plan arose when we discovered in conversation that we had never taken **ourselves** to the zoo—we had always gone along as ticket-buyers, ice-cream providers, and raincoat-holders for hordes of children.

As it turned out, we were wise to be secretive about it. I've never heard such howls of protest as there were from the children that evening when we admitted where we'd been all day.

Obviously they thought it was dastardly, shifty, and very eccentric behaviour for two middle-aged women.

We took all the bread that we could find in the house (what adult is ever allowed the fun of feeding the animals when children are about?) and arrived at the zoo in a heavy downpour of rain which was driving most of the early visitors away.

The rain cleared up, but the weather stayed rather grey and uninviting all day, which kept the crowds away, and gave us a chance to see all sorts of things I'd never seen before—the shy, sparsely covered albino water buffalo from the Northern Territory, for instance, and the brindled gnus, extraordinary creatures clothed in dove-grey cunningly marked with black, with the most patrician profiles and the most ridiculously snooty expressions I've seen.

We found the otters, too—something we might have missed if we hadn't each recently read Gavin Maxwell's "Ring of Bright Water."

These were enchanting creatures of one of the smaller varieties, each about two feet long, with a bristle of whiskers, large expressive brown eyes, and an insatiable appetite for stale bread, which they retrieved with wonderful grace, whether we threw it on the ground or in the water.

Strong lions, gentle giraffes

THERE'S a wonderful litter of lion cubs—cuddly looking creatures with enormous feet which foretell what their strength will be—and two very young giraffes, which appear to bring the zoo's total now to 11.

My most important appointment at the zoo is always with the giraffes. I adore their lofty gentleness, and I'd love to find somebody who knows about them, and could tell me what sort of a fellow a giraffe is when you get to know him. Once, when there were fewer giraffes, the children and I were leaving the zoo just at sundown in winter, after the crowds had gone, and we saw them running—floating would be a better word—a quite unforgettable sight.

Coming home, my friend and I decided we both would like to work at the zoo, or, failing that, to live close enough to make it worth while to have a season ticket so that you could go in and out when you liked, and keep tabs on what was going on with your favorite animals.

I wouldn't go as far as the man who said, "The more I see of people the more I like animals," but I've always been very fond of the American Walt Whitman's poem, which goes . . .

I think I could turn and live with animals,
they are so placid and self-contained.
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition.
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins.
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.
Not one is dissatisfied. Not one is demented with the mania of owning things.
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago.
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

Problem — a friend who can't take a hint

WHERE do you draw the line between encouraging your children to bring their friends home and having the friends practically move in to live with you?

Mike has a friend known to everyone as Groucho. I presume because of his unusually sunny and easy-going temperament.

Groucho has wonderful manners. He opens doors. He clears away dirty cups without being asked. He fetches and carries for anyone who wants things fetched and carried. In fact, Groucho will do **anything**—except go home.

If he hasn't been asked to stay for a meal I always hope that when his nose and his ears tell him that the food is almost ready to go on to the table, he'll tactfully remove himself. Not Groucho!

Having given him lunch and dinner on Saturday, plus a second breakfast on Sunday morning when he turned up before we'd had ours, I decided to be firm about lunch and let his own family feed him.

"You'll have to go home for lunch today, Groucho," I said firmly, feeling rather mean about it.

"That's O.K., I don't mind," he said with a sunny smile. "See you later, Mike. I'll be back soon," he said, and shot out the kitchen door.

Half-way through lunch I saw a movement at the bottom of the back garden—Groucho reclining under a bush and amusing one of our cats with a piece of string.

"Have you been home for lunch and got back already?" I called out.

"No, I'm all right. I wasn't hungry. I'm just waiting for Mike," he said.

I weakened, of course, and for a boy who wasn't hungry he had a remarkably good meal.

Tired of being "the eldest"

GROUCHO has four smaller brothers and sisters, and I suspect that the attraction of our place is that here he's one of the **youngest,** instead of being the eldest with lots of nursemaid duties to perform.

"Haven't you got a home to go to?" Hugh growls at him out of the side of his mouth, more than half-meaning it, I suspect.

Groucho regards this as extremely witty, and stays and stays, waiting for more of the same.

In the end we'll probably have to draw up a Groucho-roster, making the house "off limits" to him at certain hours.

Let BUDS do it!

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Use new JOHNSON'S COTTON BUDS . . . for baby's eyes, for nose, for ears — hygienic, ready to use — made specially for baby's most delicate cleansing needs.

For Treating Colds . . .
Use new JOHNSON'S COTTON BUDS . . . to cleanse nostrils, apply drops or ointment safely, accurately.

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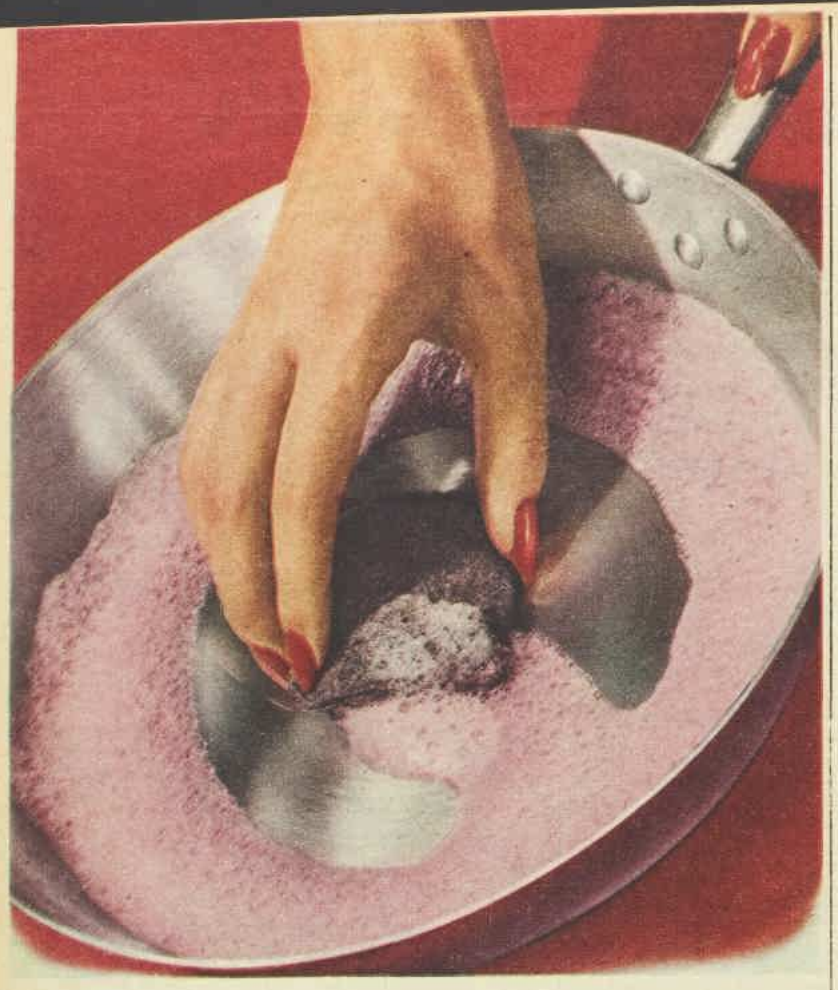

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KY 504

POTS FOR

ENGLISH IVY trails from below a well-established adiantum (maidenhair fern). These twin urns (and cocker spaniel Kim) give a note of welcome at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lennox Bode, Point Piper, N.S.W. The tiled porch makes an ideal position for the plants, which need plenty of shade.

GARDENING

MANY decorative plants can be grown in pots or troughs out-of-doors provided they are given good moisture-holding soil and are not forgotten or neglected, especially in hot weather. They make most decorative patio, terrace, step-side, and verandah furnishings.

Kurume (dwarf) azaleas do very well in semi-shady, protected positions and may be repotted when in full flower, because then they are as nearly dormant as most azaleas ever become.

Select your soil carefully for azaleas. They are lime-haters. Acid soil made of rotted oak leaves, some sand, and good-quality medium loam suits them. An inch or so of the old topsoil in troughs, tubs, or pots can be carefully scraped away each year and renewed to the benefit of the plants.

All containers should be well drained, the drainage holes covered with a concave crock (broken flower-pot), and plenty more crock added. Well-washed cinders or small coke, stones, or brick fragments may also be used.

Fibrous-rooted begonias, agatheas (blue daisy-like plants), junipers, and other dwarf conifers also make hardy pot or trough plants for selected outdoor positions.

Even the dwarf pomegranate, although deciduous, never outgrows its popularity, for it rarely exceeds 2ft. in height and width, it produces innumerable bright red flowers in summer and small fruits in autumn, and it's pest free.

Geraniums and pelargoniums, if pinched back to keep them shrubby, will stand up to most outdoor conditions. Disease control is important with these plants, as they suffer from rust and leaf-spot troubles, which can be controlled by lime sulphur or Bordeaux-mixture sprays.

Iresine, a foliage plant (in several color combinations), does well in sunny spots in troughs and pots. It will also flourish in half-shade, where the colors are often best. English ivy and some of the American hybrid ivies thrive in pots out of doors provided they get some shade. There's no dark secret about their main potting requirement — well-drained medium to sandy loam. Few pests or diseases bother them.

Many of the small bulbs and corms give no trouble. Several fine varieties of lachenalia — yellow; yellow and red; yellow, red, green, and maroon; bright green; and a peculiar brick-red variety — are available at this time of the year.

Cover them with an inch of soil. Pests rarely bother them. Plant 6in. apart.

CAMELLIA-FLOWERED BEGONIA is one of the new hybrids from Germany. The flowers are true doubles and the foliage, when grown in half-shade, is a rich plum color. This begonia is not fussy about the soil as long as it's not allowed to dry out.

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OUTDOORS

AZALEA and AUCUBA JAPONICA (gold-dust bush) make good companions in this container. The azalea needs acid soil, to which its companion doesn't object. Spray azalea with D.D.T. for lace-bug control. This picture was taken at the home of Mrs. J. Mander-Jones in Greenwich, N.S.W.

LACHENALIA VIRIDIS, the green variety which usually tops off with bright red, makes a gay pot (left) for patio or porch. Needs sandy loam and sun until the bells appear; then some protection should be given to sustain flowering.

GOLDEN CYPRESS in an urn (above) adds to the charm of the stone-walled garden at the Lennox Bodes' home. Many ornamental conifers can be used in this way, but be sure to get a dwarf variety.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

• Our Home Plan—No. 940—this week has three large bedrooms, and the master bedroom has its own dressing-room with built-in cupboards.

THIS dressing-room leads directly into the toilet, which opens on the other side to the bathroom.

The bathroom is accessible from the hall and convenient to the second and third bedrooms.

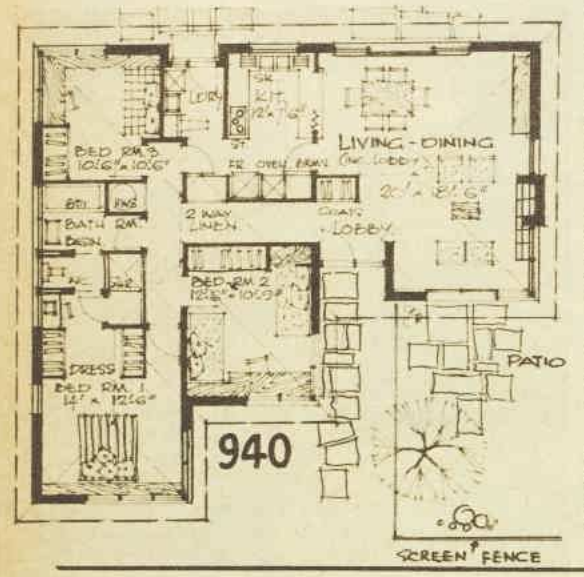
A practical feature of Plan 940 is the two-way linen cupboard in the hall opposite the laundry (see floor plan). This means that clothes can be put into the cupboard from the laundry side and taken out when required from the other side, which is close to the bedrooms.

This linen cupboard is incorporated in a cupboard wall, which includes space for refrigerator, oven, broom closet, and cloak cupboard.

The kitchen is ultra-modern and efficiently planned, with a wall oven and hotplates built into the bench. A servery on the dining-room side saves steps at mealtime.

The living-dining area is spacious. Including the lobby, it measures 20ft. by 18ft. 6in. Sliding glass doors open to a terrace, made private by a high back fence.

Plan No. 940 is suitable for brick or timber construction. In brick, it will have an area of 12.8 squares; in timber, 12 squares.



FLOOR PLAN shows master bedroom with its own dressing-room leading directly into toilet and bathroom.

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows sliding doors opening from living area to an outdoor terrace. Corner windows are an attractive feature.

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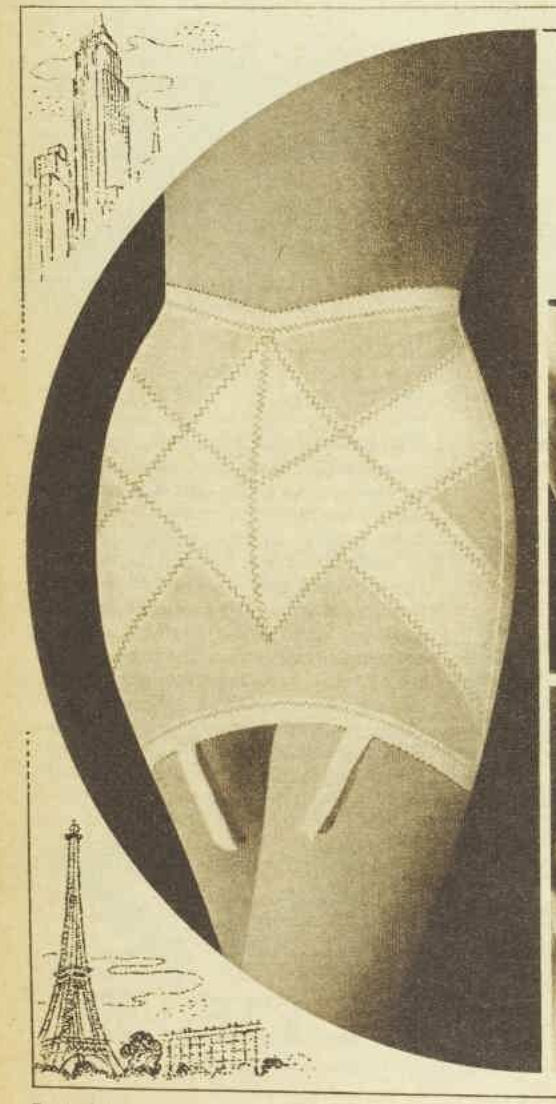

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SOUR CREAM SORCERY

● Introduce the sharp, tangy flavor of sour cream to family-style dishes and produce some magical results to delight adventurous palates.

COMMERCIALLY soured cream is now available in larger districts, but should you wish to prepare your own, one teaspoon of lemon juice or vinegar added to each cup of fresh cream, top milk, or evaporated milk will give satisfactory results.

In these recipes featuring sour cream, all spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure is used. Quantities are sufficient to serve four to six persons.

BEEF STROGANOFF

Two pounds sirloin or similar steak, 3 tablespoons butter or oil, 2 large thinly sliced onions, 1lb. small mushrooms (washed and sliced), 1 tablespoon flour, extra butter, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup sour cream, ½lb. egg noodles (cooked and drained), poppy seeds, extra 2 tablespoons melted butter, parsley for garnish.

Cut steak across grain into narrow strips. Heat 2 tablespoons of the butter in heavy frying-pan, add meat and onion slices. Stir over heat until browned all over, reduce heat, add mushrooms and more butter if necessary. Cover, cook 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove meat and vegetables from pan, place in top half of double-boiler over boiling water to keep hot. To pan juices add remaining 1 tablespoon butter, stir in flour and seasonings. Add sour cream slowly, blend well to keep smooth. Add meat mixture, place over low heat until everything is piping-hot. Do not boil. Toss hot cooked and drained noodles with melted butter and poppy seeds. Spoon on to heated platter, top with meat mixture. Serve garnished with parsley.

PINEAPPLE IMPERIAL

One pound cottage cheese, 1 cup sour cream, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 teaspoons vanilla essence, 1 large can pineapple pieces (drained), mint sprigs.

Blend cottage cheese with cream in basin until a smooth consistency. Add sugar, vanilla, and drained pineapple pieces; mix well. Chill. Serve small quantities in individual dishes because this is a very rich dessert. Top each dish with mint sprig.

CAULIFLOWER MOUNTAIN

One large cauliflower, salted water, 1½ cups diced cooked ham or ham sausage, 2oz. butter, 1 large onion (finely chopped), 1 cup sour cream, ½ teaspoon paprika, salt, pepper, pinch nutmeg, 2 egg-yolks (beaten lightly), 1 cup grated tasty cheese.

Trim off outer leaves from cauliflower, cut into flowerets. Cook in salted water until nearly tender. Drain and cool. Grease casserole and fill alternate layers of ham and cauliflower into it. Dot with butter. Combine onion, sour cream, paprika, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and egg-yolks; pour over casserole. Bake covered in moderate oven 30 minutes. Remove cover, top with grated cheese. Bake further 15 minutes or place under hot griller to brown. Serve piping-hot.

CHOCONUT ISLANDS

Two cups plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3oz. grated chocolate, ¼ cup hot coffee or ½ teaspoon instant coffee and ¼ cup hot water, ½ cup butter or substitute, 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup thick sour cream, 1-3rd cup desiccated coconut.

Frosting: One and a half ounces grated chocolate, ¼ cup sour cream, 1 tablespoon butter, 1½ to 2 cups icing-sugar, ½ cup shredded coconut.

Sift together flour, salt, bicarbonate of soda; dissolve grated chocolate in hot coffee. Cream butter and brown sugar, add egg and cooled chocolate mixture. Fold in dry ingredients and coconut alternately with the cream, mix until well blended. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to greased biscuit-trays, bake in moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. While still warm, frost with following mixture and sprinkle with shredded coconut. Store in tightly covered container.

Frosting: Heat the chocolate, sour cream, and butter in top of double-boiler, stirring until chocolate melts. Remove from heat, gradually work in icing-sugar until correct consistency for spreading. Use immediately. Thin with water a few drops at a time if necessary.

LAYERS of cauliflower flowerets and ham cubes flavored with onion, cheese, and sour cream form this dish, Cauliflower Mountain.

SUBTLE FLAVOR of sour cream makes all the difference to the attractive dishes above. They are Beef Stroganoff and Pineapple Imperial.

DANISH SEAFOOD DELIGHT

Two ounces butter or substitute, 1 package frozen flounder fillets (thawed), 1 cup dry white wine, ½ cup water, 1lb. fresh or frozen prawns (shelled), 1 cup cooked lobster meat (fresh, frozen, or canned), 1 small can sliced mushrooms, 1 cup evaporated milk (undiluted), ½ cup sour cream, 1 can cream of mushroom soup, ½ cup sherry, salt, pepper.

Melt butter in large saucepan, add flounder fillets, wine, and water. Cover, simmer 10 minutes. Add prawns, lobster meat, mushrooms, evaporated milk, sour cream, mushroom soup, simmer 5 minutes. Add sherry and seasonings to taste. Serve in large tureen with buttered toast pieces.

VELVET SOUP

One onion (thinly sliced), 1 8oz. can beetroot, ¼ cup tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon meat extract, 1 cup sour cream, 1 package cream cheese (4oz.), parsley.

Place all ingredients in container or electric blender in order indicated. Cover container, turn on blender. Run until meat extract is smoothly blended (about 30 seconds). Chill blended mixture. Serve in chilled soup cups garnished with a sprinkling of minced parsley.

Continued overleaf

By LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT

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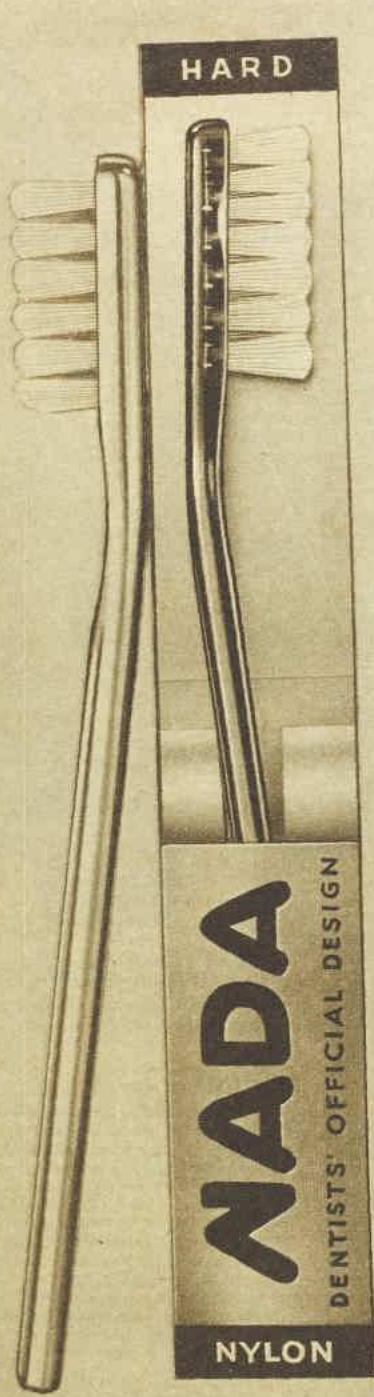
A toothbrush designed for me? . . .



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MORE TANGY RECIPES

SPANISH LEMON CAKE

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 medium-sized lemon, 1 cup dates, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. white sugar, 3oz. brown sugar, 2 eggs (slightly beaten), 1 cup sour cream.

Combine sifted flour, baking-powder, and soda and sift together once. Grind in a food-grinder or blender or chop by hand the whole lemon (from which you have carefully removed seeds) and the seeded dates. Add ½ cup of the dry, sifted ingredients to this and mix lightly with a fork. Combine butter and sugars and cream well together, add eggs, and beat well. Fold in fruit and dry ingredients alternately with sour cream. Blend thoroughly after each addition. Pour into two well-greased 8in. sandwich-tins and bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Cool and frost with the following:

Sour Cream Frosting: Three tablespoons butter, 1½ cups icing-sugar, 3 tablespoons sour cream, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Cream butter until soft, add icing-sugar, and blend thoroughly. Add the sour cream, salt, lemon juice, and vanilla; beat well.

SWEDISH POT ROAST

One 4lb. pot roast, salt, pepper, 2 large onions (sliced), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 3 tablespoons fat or oil, 1¼ cups sour cream, 1 cup water, paprika, cooked noodles.

Sprinkle meat with salt and pepper. Melt fat in Dutch oven or heavy pot with a snug-fitting cover and saute onion slices and garlic until lightly browned. Put them to one side and add meat to pot, turning to brown evenly. Combine sour cream with water and pour over meat. Top with browned onions and cover, cook over low heat 2½ to 3 hours or until tender. The pot roast can be baked in a moderately slow oven for the same length of time.

When the roast is tender remove from pan, make gravy from juices and fat in pan, removing the sour cream and onion mixture from the top of the pot roast to stir into the gravy. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and paprika. Pour gravy over pot roast, scraping every bit from the pan to serve over the meat, and arrange cooked noodles at one side of the platter.

Note: Use 1 cup dry burgundy or claret in place of the 1 cup of water in this recipe for a rich flavor.

SAUSAGE GASTRONOME

One pound potatoes, salted water, little milk and butter, 1lb. sausages, 2oz. fat, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1½ cups stock, 1 teaspoon meat extract, pepper, salt, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, ¼ cup sour cream, 1 cup coarsely grated cheddar cheese.

Cook peeled potatoes in boiling salted water until tender; drain and mash. Add a little milk and butter and beat until smooth and creamy. Place in a well-greased ovenproof dish. Fry sausages in heated fat until browned all over and arrange on top of potato in dish. Pour off all but about 2 tablespoons of fat from pan and stir in flour. Add stock, meat extract, pepper, salt, and tomato sauce and stir over heat until sauce thickens slightly. Simmer 2 minutes, remove from heat, and fold in sour cream. Spoon over top of sausages and sprinkle with grated cheese. Place in a moderate oven and bake until all ingredients are thoroughly reheated (about 20 minutes). Serve hot garnished with parsley.

BUTTERSCOTCH NUT SQUARE

Two and one-third cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ cup butter or substitute, 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup sour cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup chopped raisins, ¾ cup white sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, extra ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Sift flour and salt. Cream together the butter or substitute and brown sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Combine sour cream and vanilla and add alternately with the dry ingredients to creamed mixture. Lastly fold in walnuts and raisins. Fill into a greased shallow lamington tin, sprinkle over the sugar and cinnamon (which have been mixed together) and the extra nuts. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. When cooked, cool and cut into squares.

SOUR CREAM DRESSING

One and a half cups sour cream, ½ cup white vinegar, ¾ cup oil, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 2 tablespoons horseradish, 2 tablespoons capers, 1 teaspoon dill seeds, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon salt, freshly ground black pepper.

Combine all ingredients in a jar and shake well before using. Makes about 3 cups.

INDIAN CURRIED LAMB

Two and a half pounds lamb (cut into 1in. cubes), 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 large finely chopped onions, 3 tablespoons preserved or crystallised ginger (chopped), 2 teaspoons salt, ½ cup sugar, pinch black pepper, 2 or 3 tablespoons curry powder, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves, ½ teaspoon crushed dried mint or 1 teaspoon chopped fresh mint, 2 cups milk, ½ cup coconut (soaked in ¾ cup warm milk), ½ cup lemon juice, ½ cup sour cream.

Melt 1oz. butter in pan, add onions, and saute until tender, about 5 minutes. Add remaining butter and lamb cubes. Brown over steady heat. Add ginger, sugar, pepper, salt, curry powder (more or less, according to taste), cloves, mint, and milk; mix well. Cover and cook over low heat 1 hour. Add coconut and coconut milk and continue cooking further 20 minutes or until meat is tender.

About 10 minutes before end of cooking time, stir in lemon juice, then a few minutes later the sour cream. (Adding them separately in this way prevents them curdling.) Serve on a bed of hot, fluffy rice.

SZEKELYGULYAS

Quarter pound lard, 2lb. pork (lean and cut into small dice), 2 large onions (sliced thickly), 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 green pepper (sliced), 2 large tomatoes (skinned and chopped), 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup water, 2lb. sauerkraut, ½ pint sour cream.

Heat lard in deep saucepan, add sliced onions, and fry until browned lightly. Add paprika, green pepper, and tomatoes, simmer 10 minutes, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon. Season with salt and add pork and water. Cover and continue cooking until pork is half-cooked. Add sauerkraut, mix well, and continue cooking over low heat until meat is tender (about ½ hour). When ready to serve, fold in sour cream.

HUNGARIAN TOMATO SOUP

Three cups tomato juice (chilled), ¾ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, ¼ teaspoon basil, few grains dried marjoram, ½ cup thick sour cream, ¼ cup finely chopped chives.

For this soup the tomato juice must be icy cold; the sour cream thick; and if you put more than a few grains of marjoram into the soup you may spoil it. This recipe is just perfect as it is. Combine everything except the chives in a jar or electric blender, shake or mix until the ingredients are blended. A jar does nicely for this because you can put it back into the refrigerator and chill until serving time. Pour into chilled cups and sprinkle with chives.

SESAME TWISTS

Three tablespoons sesame seeds, 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 cups flour (sifted), 2 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ¾ cup butter, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup sour cream, 1 egg (beaten well), ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, extra 1 egg.

Melt the dessertspoon butter in a pan and add sesame seeds. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until seeds are browned. Drain on paper towels. Sift flour, baking-powder, salt, and nutmeg together. Cream butter with sugar and beat in egg, milk, and vanilla. Fold in dry ingredients alternately with sour cream, beating well after each addition. Take a tablespoon of dough at a time and roll to a thin roll about 8in. long with the palms of the hands. Fold ends of roll together, pinch to close them, and twist to form the figure eight. Place on greased baking-tray, brush tops with the extra beaten egg, and sprinkle with toasted sesame seeds. Bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes.

Note: If desired, the dough can be rolled into balls, coated with egg, and sprinkled with sesame seeds before baking.

SOUR CREAM APPLE PIE

Six tart apples, 12oz. biscuit or shortcrust pastry, ¾ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sour cream, milk.

Core, peel, and slice apples thinly. Line a 9in. pie-plate with half the pastry rolled out thinly on a floured board. Spread a layer of apple slices over base, sprinkle with a mixture of sugar, cinnamon, cloves, and salt. Repeat layers until all apple and spices have been used. Pour the sour cream over the top. Moisten rim of pastry with milk and place other half of pastry on top (rolled out thinly). Press edges well together and trim. Make a few slits in top to allow steam to escape. Bake in a hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderately slow, and continue cooking further 25 to 30 minutes, or until apples are tender and crust is golden brown.

IDEAL for a man without a sweet tooth is this Butterscotch Nut Square. Sour cream in the mixture breaks down the sweetness.

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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 34

"There was no first — oh, yes, there was! When you touched me that day, sponging my hurt back."

"Yes, yes." Linnet leaned over him and nodded. She took the hand he was passing over his forehead and drew it to her: but he pulled it away.

"Let me think . . . And then afterwards, when Monsieur Ledru pointed from the ridge, something seemed to break here" — he touched his forehead again. "It was just—how shall I say? — just as if someone had broken a bottle of essences: but the scent was all of the thyme our feet had been treading, and there was music with it, and a touch on my face and hair just as if fingers were playing the music . . . And with that the word sorang out of me."

"What word?"

"A name. I had never heard it before."

"Mine?"

"No, not yours. The name of a place—of the very woods above us: Lantyan."

Linnet was silent for a while. "That was a wonder," she mused, scarcely aloud: and then quite aloud she said, "But I can beat it. Before ever I saw you — a minute or so before — I heard a name spoken; and it was yours — Amyot. It floated in by an old window I had just opened. No: now that I come to think, it did not float — it twanged rather, it throbbed, just like one of those chords you used to pluck from your fiddle.

"My heart throbbed to it, and sooner than you — yes, sooner than you — I awoke and was alive — yes, sooner than my fingers ever touched you, over the sponge . . . sooner than ever I saw you. But tell me what happened next."

"What happened was that the moment the word sprang out of me I saw a carriage coming down the road at speed; and I was running and screaming. Such a scream, too! I did not know it for my own voice."

"No! That is because in that moment you were born again, born from a boy into a man. Of a sudden — eh? — you could master horses."

AMYOT smiled. "I shall never know how that happened. You see, I was bred up on a tiny island where there was never a horse. But since then I have had a command over horses—I who had never bestridden one. I doubt if, even now, I could ride well a horse of any mettle. But I could command one, I know. I have only to whisper. Mr. Bosanko will tell you. It is all a puzzle to me."

They were silent for a moment, then Linnet turned again to her lover.

"Listen. Lay your head back here in the nook of my arm and listen while I tell you in my turn. When that carriage was swaying and the mad pair plunging right on top of you, I was expecting death. I caught at the rail before me and held it. I heard your scream; I saw a figure — you — standing black against the shine of the road.

"They say that in the last instant of drowning all kinds of memories crowd into the mind. Amyot, look up and answer. Have you ever thought that you and I have lived before—perhaps many times—to be born again, to kiss, to drain one another's heart out through the lips—to possess—to die? Think, my love, and help me if you can."

"I cannot think, Linnet, with my head on your breast. I wonder only and dream."

"Dream a little while only, for I have much to tell you, much more."

She bent over him, touching his lips, and he drew her beside him, gazing in wonder at her troubled eyes.

"You are with me, no matter where I am or what I am doing. There is no one but you, smiling at me as you did across the fire. We drank together, do you remember, and I broke my fiddle across my knee, knowing that from henceforth I had all the strength of all the world and that it came, in some mysterious way, from you, and you alone.

"No man, no woman, no beast has any power over me—I sensed that when I hit Fouguereau—it's as though when we drank something magic had entered into me, and because of the magic we live, you and I. Without it we'd be just common mortals, blind and deaf and dumb. Kiss me again, Linnet."

. . . . . .

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I assure you I did not deviate from your instructions in the very slightest," said the approaching voice of Mr. Tregentil from the Penquite side of the creek, and its tone was high-pitched and querulous. He was plainly addressing Dr. Carfax.

"As to the young woman you mention, I have barely addressed two words to her. In all events, your prescription has come to an end, as I understand Amyot has been discharged by Bosanko and sailed from Troy this very morning. Mind your feet, there is a sudden dip here, where we cross the stream . . . Ah! Mistress Lewarne."

Amyot had dived away, deep into the undergrowth. Linnet sat on a knoll of the clearing, pale, collected, defiant, her arms carelessly enfolding her drawn-up knees.

"What a pleasant surprise!" Mr. Tregentil said breathlessly. "So unusual to find anyone in Woodgets Pyll . . . everything very overgrown . . . so many nettles and brambles . . . but the blackberries are profuse this year. I see you have brought a basket; doubtless you intend to fill it directly . . . well, well, who would have thought it, I was only saying to Doctor Carfax . . ."

Mr. Tregentil left the remainder of his sentence unfinished as Linnet Lewarne, with a fine disdain, looked away from him to Dr. Carfax, whose quizzical expression reminded her only too plainly of the time long since when she had endeavored to hide from him a childish rash, which rash — so she insisted — came from eating strawberries, though both knew well she had developed measles.

"A fine afternoon for meditation," said the doctor, glancing about him, "and nothing like a muddied creek

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bandbox

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Now you can set your hair and spark it with colour, too. With Bandbox TINT·N·SET you do both at once. Not a rinse, not a permanent dye, this new creme lotion gives long-lasting waves and curls with the added glow of a subtle tint. Whatever your natural shade, Bandbox TINT·N·SET gives your hair fascinating highlights. Just comb Bandbox TINT·N·SET through your hair. No mixing! No rinsing! (Shampoos out at once if you want a change of tone.) Fabulous TINT·N·SET! Get a tube today before your next shampoo.*

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● *Chilli sauce on hot dogs. See recipe.*

CHILLI SAUCE WINS £5

● A recipe for a piquant-flavored chilli sauce, sent in by a Victorian reader, wins the £5 main prize this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for recipes for a delicious ice-cream sherbet flavored with rhubarb and a tasty luncheon or dinner dish adapted from an Indian recipe.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHILLI BARBECUE SAUCE

One large onion (finely chopped), 6 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 cloves garlic (crushed), ¾ cup finely chopped green pepper, 1½ teaspoons chilli powder, 4 cups canned tomatoes, ¾ cup red wine, 1 tablespoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons cornflour, ¾ cup stock, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Melt butter in saucepan, add onion, garlic, green pepper, and saute 5 minutes. Add chilli powder, tomatoes, wine, salt and pepper. Blend cornflour with stock, add sugar, and stir into chilli mixture. Bring to boil, stirring constantly, reduce heat and simmer until thickened and soft (about 10 minutes). Cool slightly, fill into hot, clean jars. Serve with hot dogs, ham or pork as filling on sandwiches.

Sauce can be kept covered in refrigerator at least a week.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Snell, 12 Norfolk Ave., Oakleigh, Vic.

RHUBARB SHERBET

Two cups diced rhubarb, ¼ cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 cup milk or cream, 2 beaten egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 egg-whites, extra ¼ cup sugar.

Combine rhubarb, ¼ cup sugar and salt in saucepan. Cover, simmer until tender; cool. Combine milk, egg-yolks, lemon juice, and vanilla. Add rhubarb, mix thoroughly. Pour into refrigerator tray, freeze at coldest setting until firm. Beat egg-whites, gradually add the extra sugar, continue beating until stiff and sugar is dissolved. Turn frozen mixture into chilled bowl; break into chunks, beat until fluffy but not melted. Fold in egg-whites, return to trays, freeze until firm. Spoon into sweets dishes for serving.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. S. Johanson, "Jarran," 115 Victoria Rd., West Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

GIA KADU SKILLET

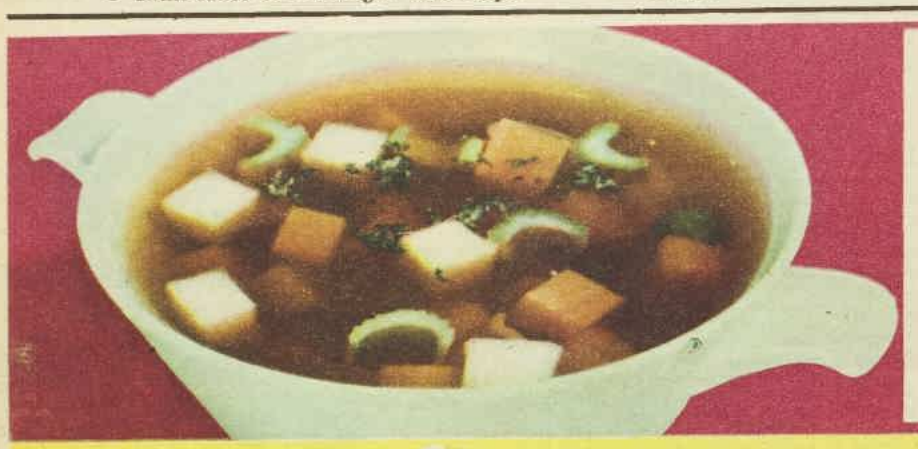
Half pound finely minced ham (cooked), ½lb. minced steak, ½ cup soft white breadcrumbs, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 beaten egg, ¼ teaspoon each salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons oil or butter, 1 small young squash, salt pepper, ½ cup water.

Glaze: One tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, ½ teaspoon prepared mustard.

Combine ham, minced steak, breadcrumbs, chopped onion, beaten egg, salt pepper, prepared mustard; mix well Form into patties, dust in seasoned flour Heat oil or butter in pan, add patties cook until nicely browned on both sides. Cut ends from squash, cut into 1in. rings, slice rings into halves, season with extra salt and pepper. Place meat patties to one side of pan, add the prepared squash. Add water, cover and cook 15 to 20 minutes or until squash is just tender. Carefully arrange patties, squash, and any liquid in hot ovenproof dish (shallow), spread glaze over meat and squash, place under griller few minutes to glaze top (takes about 5 minutes). Serve very hot as luncheon dish or for main meal with creamed potatoes and a green vegetable.

Glaze: Combine all ingredients and use.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Fredericks, 32 Jalan Bintang, Fettes Park, Penang Island, Malaya.



Vegemite on hot buttered toast in the morning and Vegemite on sandwiches are always popular. Now here is a simple Vegemite *soup*, quick and easy to prepare. You and your family will enjoy the zesty flavour that Vegemite brings to this warming soup.

Take 2 pints water; 1 cup diced vegetables, including onion; 1 tablespoon rice; 1 tablespoon Vegemite and 1 teaspoon salt. Bring water to the boil and add vegetables, salt and rice. Simmer for 15 minutes, or until vegetables and rice are tender. Add Vegemite and stir until dissolved. Reheat and serve. Makes 2 pints of soup.

Here is the wonderful way to get the fresh supply of Vitamin B you need every day for happy vitality. Delicious Vegemite is a pure, concentrated yeast extract, and yeast is nature's richest source of precious "B" group vitamins. Vegemite gives you Vitamin B1 for healthy nerves, B2 for firm body tissue, and Niacin for good digestion. Keep up your good health and vitality . . . keep up your Vegemite daily . . . on toast, in sandwiches and as a soup or gravy flavouring.

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Collectors' corner

AUSTRIAN plate of the late 19th century belongs to Mrs. Mawdsley, of Blackburn, Vic.

BLACK - AND-GOLD teapot belongs to Miss C. Martin, of Geelong, and was made about 1870.

ANOTHER plate belonging to Mrs. Mawdsley. Decoration is composed of minute dots of various colors.

• Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers readers' questions about their antiques.

I would like some information about my two plates, please. The smaller one has a very indistinct marking, but it resembles a clover leaf and the letters W.S.S. Ltd. The larger plate, which is one of a pair, depicts Shakespearian scenes and has an Austrian mark. — Mrs. M. L. Mawdsley, Blackburn, Vic.

These Austrian plates are late 19th century. The decoration is transfer in color. This can be detected by examining the plates with a strong magnifying glass. Apart from the delineated parts, you will note that the decoration is chiefly composed of a series of minute dots in stipple-like fashion.

★ ★ ★

Could you tell me when and where my shiny black-and-gold teapot was made, please? It has a dark green, gold, and brown leaf pattern with the markings 1693 and a moulded B. — Miss C. Martin, Geelong, Vic.

This highly glazed pottery teapot with matt enamel decoration was made in England, probably in Staffordshire about 1870. The mark 1693 in gold underneath is the gilders' numeral or pattern number. The moulded B is an unrecorded mark. It is difficult to identify many of the later 19th-century "cottage" wares which do not bear a standard factory mark.

Home Hints

These useful ideas have been sent in by readers and win £1/1/- each.

To clean combs easily, soak them in water to which a couple of teaspoons of bicarbonate of soda have been added. Then rinse.—M. Graham, Kumbia, via Kingaroy, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Cut a small hand-towel in half and insert cut edge under the band of home-made aprons. One towel will do for two aprons.—Mrs. D. Usher, 38 King Street, Innaloo, W.A.

★ ★ ★

To prevent a grubby line developing on the fold of men's shirt collars, moisten a piece of white soap that has been sharpened like a pencil and rub along the fold. The dirt will not penetrate and will wash out easily. Repeat after each wash.—Mrs. D. E. Larkman, 3 Savage Street, Westmere, Auckland, N.Z.

★ ★ ★

If you have any difficulty in unscrewing the tops of your jam jars or bottles, or anything with a screw-on lid, twist a long, strong rubber band two or three times around the lid. This makes a "grip" and the lid will come off easily. —Mrs. A. Simpson, 227 Wyman Street, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Cheese Freeze is a Sunshine discovery—easily made, full of dairy goodness. A cool, delightful surprise of smooth rich creaminess, tantalisingly cheesy. Serve it with salad . . . as a cracker dip . . . or spread on toast or sandwiches. Any way, Cheese Freeze is irresistible.

SUNSHINE
full-cream powdered milk
gives Cheese Freeze a specially rich-tasting creaminess . . . and puts full-cream richness into all your cooking.

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SUNSHINE CHEESE FREEZE
(All spoon measures are level)

INGREDIENTS: 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk, ½ cup water, ½ lb. mild or tasty cheese (grated), 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk.

METHOD: Melt 1 dessertspoon butter, stir in flour and 2 tblspns. Sunshine. Add ½ cup water and stir until thick. Boil 2 mins. Set aside. Cream cheese with 2 tblspns. butter, add sauce mixture. Stir well. Mix 1 cup Sunshine and little water to a thick cream and stir into cheese mixture.

—*To Serve with Salad*: Spoon into wet mould or ice-cream tray and freeze for 2½ hours.

—*To Serve as a Dip*: Add ½ teaspoon grated onion and beat in 4 tablespoons water. Garnish with chopped chives, peppers, olives, or capers.

—*To Serve as a Spread*: Chill, then spread on crackers, sandwiches, toast.

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AS I READ THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting March 21

ARIES
MARCH 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

★ Take the lead wherever possible. You were born to lead and you can carry others along with you on a wave of enthusiasm. In contacts with new people, make friendly overtures.

TAURUS
APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

★ When social life slackens you have more time to think and plan. If you're in love, daydreams are good company until that next date. By advance planning you avoid impulsive action and mistakes.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

★ Weekend trips to unusual places could freshen your outlook. If your job keeps you indoors, you'll find that outside interests will renew your energy and vitality. You might meet your life partner at a picnic.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

★ You are apt to lack confidence in your ability. When the opportunity comes, show what you can do and advertise your gifts. You need a discreet touch of the showman right now.

LEO
JULY 23-AUGUST 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, blue, white. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ Whether you yearn to paint pictures, make pottery, arrange flowers, improve your golf, or some other project dear to your heart, you'll find the hours fly when you are absorbed in your activity.

VIRGO
AUGUST 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

★ If you and your beloved disagree, meet him halfway on any issue. If you can't have that expensive outfit, settle for your second choice. Pride pushed to extremes can spoil everything.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCTOBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, silver, rose. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ For some of you a new personality is coming to your life. Romance hovers over the young and impressionable. A business matter may be hastened through the efforts of a partner.

SCORPIO
OCTOBER 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, tan, green. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ The busier you are, the less time you'll have for brooding over emotional angles which are of merely temporary importance. In the midst of action, clouds will disappear.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

★ Now is the time to try your luck in love or money. It could pay off handsomely. Whether you are eager to attract a member of the opposite sex or increase your nest-egg, your chances are bright.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21-JANUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ The closer you stick to your home, the more fortunate you will be. If the world has been unsympathetic, there's a lift for your morale in your own familiar surroundings.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20-FEBRUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.

★ Some of you read an article which inspires you to embark on a new undertaking. Others find help with a social question, while some find an advertisement which brings interesting developments.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MARCH 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

★ Nearly all of you come out on the right side of the ledger, more through good management than painful economy. There could be a gift either for the one you love best or for yourself.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 59

"How remote you are here, from all the trials and turmoil of the world," she exclaimed. "I don't wonder you seldom move beyond it. But are you never lonely?"

Such waves of sympathy, reflected the doctor, would melt the heart of the firmest misogynist on earth, and what the devil was she about, wasting her powers on Tregentil unless there was some purpose behind it?

"Lonely! Dear me, no . . . that is to say, very seldom, I have so many hobbies," flustered Carfax's patient, uncertain whether to lead the way up the field or hover beside his unexpected visitor, unaccustomed as he was to entertaining members of the opposite sex with the exception of Mrs. Bosanko.

"What with birdwatching, butterflies, and book-binding, three B's I have you note, and now these papers of Dr. Carfax's to sort, at least, that is beside the point . . . in other words, I am fully occupied from morning till night."

Mr. Tregentil glanced anxiously at the doctor, realising that he had, from excess of nerves, touched upon the subject most taboo; indeed, it was on account of the papers that his medical adviser had descended upon him in wrath scarce ten minutes ago. Carfax said nothing, nor could anything be learnt from his expression, Mistress Lewarne, on the contrary, was as quick on the scent as a greyhound after a hare.

"Sorting papers?" she asked, "there is nothing I like so well. We used to have many such at home in the old days, which might have been destroyed but for me. If you are in need of help, Mr. Tregentil, I should be delighted to offer myself as librarian-assistant, for, to tell you the truth, time often hangs heavy on my hands at The Rose and Anchor, especially during the afternoons when the bar is closed."

"Most kind of you . . . most kind . . . I'm overwhelmed," he faltered. "But the fact is, I have my own system of filing . . . years of experience in India . . . no one but myself would understand it.

"Besides," he added, "the bees may swarm. They sometimes do, you know, as late as August . . . granted a sunny spell . . . if the bees swarm I drop everything else and run . . . and it would not be safe. Even the people at the lodge shut themselves indoors on such an occasion."

Linnet, looking over her shoulder suspiciously at the man who had brought her into the world, observed that he was having trouble with his bootlace and was bending to tie it. When he raised his head she caught his eye. It was sufficiently suffused as to suggest a paroxysm of mirth unbecoming in a man of his years.

"We used to keep bees, too," she said steadily, without taking her eyes off the doctor. "I still have my veil and gloves at The Rose and Anchor. My father was stung several times, but I — never."

Mr. Tregentil led the way in silence up the field and his two visitors had difficulty in keeping pace with his loping stride. When they arrived before the somewhat forbidding facade of Penquite, the superb view from its main rooms somewhat spoilt by the fact that they faced due north and were perpetually in shadow, Mr. Tregentil ignored the open window of his drawing-room, which might have suggested the comforts of easy chairs and a table laid for tea, and hurried to the front drive, where Cassandra patiently awaited her master. His visitors had perforce to follow him.

"Thank you, Dingle, thank you," said the Master of Penquite to his coachman. "Dr. Carfax and Mistress Lewarne are just about to leave.

To page 64

for giving man, or woman for that matter, a sense of proportion. The ebbing tide uncovers the waste places and betrays to view all the hidden ugly things one believed forgotten or dead. I see no boat, and no horses, therefore you came on foot. You enjoy walking?"

Linnet understood the inflection in his voice. If it was not war it was something near it. Dr. Carfax was suspicious . . . but of what?

"As a matter of fact I do," she replied coolly, "and having called on the folk who live at my birthplace, and the forge at Castle Dor, I decided to come on here. As you say, it's a fine afternoon for meditation."

"Though likely to rain," observed her antagonist, "before nightfall. In which case you would do well to walk back with us to Penquite and accept a lift in my trap."

Linnet hesitated, glancing almost imperceptibly at the tumbled-down cottage in the background, and the doctor, whose keen eyes missed nothing, wondered why the solitude of the almost ruined dwelling, charming though it was in its romantic setting, should be preferred to his company in the dogcart.

Linnet rose to her feet, picked up her basket, and brushed the leaves from her gown. "Thank you," she said, casually enough, "perhaps it might be prudent to do as you suggest and drive home with you to Troy. I can pick my blackberries tomorrow if it's fine."

So saying, she turned to the stepping-stones at the head of the stream and Mr. Tregentil led the way through the hedge to his own domain.

"Have a care," he said nervously; "the bank is somewhat steep, pray, take my arm . . ." But Linnet was up and into the field before Mr. Tregentil could do anything to help her. She waited for both men to join her and then, ignoring the doctor, flashed upon his patient a smile both warm and inviting.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

"Since I changed to FAB my extra dirty washing has never been so easy"

. . . FAB *gets rid of grease and grime without hard rubbing*

Only Fab contains Actergent . . . that's why Fab suds are so much richer and longer lasting. Fab's richer harder working suds make light work of the heaviest wash. Even greasy overalls and grubby playclothes come clean and bright. See how your clothes come sparkling white, brighter than ever before. When you use Fab you've said goodbye forever to that "left-over" grey look that comes from left-over soap scum which settles in your clothes. See for yourself how much easier, more satisfying your wash can be — buy Fab today!

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FAB washes cleaner, whiter, brighter than any soap powder or any detergent!

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There ought to be a better word than "delicious" just for

These are the golder flakes of corn that say:
"Come again!"
Here's a very special flavour we can't describe
and no one can copy.
Crispness that *welcomes* milk!
More nourishment in every friendly flake!
Quite a dish these Kellogg's* Corn Flakes
– don't you agree?

Kellogg's
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"The best to you each morning."

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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 62

Indeed," turning to the latter, "we are likely to have rain within the hour, setting in for the evening, it would be best to lose no time at all," and giving his hand to Linnet she had no choice but to accept it and mount the doctor's dogcart.

"Not so fast, Tregentil," called his medical adviser, "there is the little matter of your treatment to discuss. I am thinking of changing the prescription."

"Of course . . . of course . . ." the patient looked wildly about him, "Mrs. Lewarne will excuse us, I'm sure, for a few minutes . . . my wretched health . . ." and with lowered head Mr. Tregentil charged his front porch as though a swarm of his own bees was after him. Once in the safety of his study he collapsed in the first chair to hand, groaning, his hand to his heart.

"You see how it is," he gasped, "I am really most unwell. Your accusations have upset me and that young woman had no business to be lurking down in the Pyll picking blackberries . . . I assure you I was astonished to find her there. As to helping me sort the books and papers . . . what an appalling prospect, I am most unnerved . . . please, Carfax, take her away from here at once before she causes further trouble."

Dr. Carfax paid no attention to his patient. He had crossed over to the table on which were piled a number of papers and documents along with a heap of assorted Celtic and Breton journals. He picked up one at random and began to turn the pages.

"H'm," he observed, "what do my notes from Beroul tell me? That the lovers hid in the forest of Morroi or Morrois . . . yes."

Dr. Carfax laid down the volume he had taken from the table and felt in his breast pocket for notebook and pencil.

MAKING notes, he said, "Let me see now: nerves on edge, shortness of breath; twenty-four hours in bed will do you no harm, and we'll forget about the fish, a wing of chicken won't hurt you and a lemon souffle—can your cook make a souffle? — no coffee, of course; drink what you please, but to take your mind off your own ills I suggest you carry some of this paraphernalia upstairs; write out for me the main differences between Gottfried van Strassburg's version of Thomas' poem and the poem by Beroul; it's all there, somewhere in my notes."

Mr. Tregentil, who could hardly believe he had escaped the dreaded regime, was once again master of himself and delighted to speed the parting guests. He was also proud of his new-found knowledge.

"One thing is certain enough," he said. "The lovers were seen walking together by moonlight, and . . ." he lowered his high-pitched voice a little late, "the man who betrayed them to the lady's husband was a servant . . . Mistress Lewarne, I fear we have kept you waiting . . ."

The eyes that had looked upon him warmly before were now cold as ice. "It's of no consequence," she said, staring straight ahead. Dr. Carfax mounted beside her and took the reins.

"Good day to you, Tregentil," he said.

Cassandra was off and away down the drive as though a whip had been laid about her ears, the coachman having not as much as offered her a lump of sugar. It was not until they had turned into the road and had left all the gates behind them that Dr. Carfax realised his companion was unusually silent. Glancing down at her he saw that her face was pale, her lips set.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked.

It was then that Linnet turned upon him, her eyes blazing. "How dare you discuss my private affairs with Mr. Tregentil?" she said.

Dr. Carfax, whose unorthodox methods of treatment so often shocked his patients into constant cure, especially when they were malingerers, was now hoist with his own petard, and indeed too shaken by surprise with the sudden attack made upon him to realise that Cassandra, irritated by her long wait without sustenance before the front door of Penquite, had taken the bit between her teeth and instead of turning into the lane, as she should have done, thus bringing her master and passenger home by the direct though more laborious route, was bolting along the road to Castle Dor.

She did this with deliberate intent, or, as the old fellow who cleaned out her stable would have said, "a purpose," for she knew full well that the blacksmith at the top of the hill kept a store of juicy apples for such animals as herself who might be in need of attention and whose afternoon had been unwarrantably tedious.

It was some few minutes before her master had her in hand again, but by that time the damage was done; the unmistakable clip-clop of her near foreleg suggested she was about to cast a shoe. The doctor swore under his breath. "Nothing for it but to go to the forge," he said grimly, "if I apologise for that exhibition of temper on the part of my animal, perhaps you will have the decency to do the same, and retract the remark you made before Cassandra bolted."

Linnet Lewarne continued to stare in front of her. Cassandra's gallop had brought the color back to her cheeks, but had in no way disturbed her composure.

"I retract nothing," she said, "unless you explain."

"Explain?" thundered the doctor in a voice calculated to make Cassandra lay back her ears, "explain what, in heaven's name?"

"Oh, come, Doctor," said Linnet, with a half shrug, "it's no use pretending you don't know what I mean. I could not help overhearing Mr. Tregentil just now, although he tried to lower his voice. I knew Troy was a hot-bed for gossip, but I must admit surprise and disgust to learn my own affairs are discussed so freely out in the country here."

Dr. Carfax reined Cassandra to a slow walk, and for a moment or two he did not reply. Tregentil, surely, had been murmuring something about who had betrayed Iseult and Tristan to the King, and so far had both his patient and himself been from present-day matters and Troy chit-chat that they had not once mentioned a living soul. Unless . . .

"I suppose you were called in to look at Ned Varcoe's twisted ankle," continued Linnet with scorn, "and he had the impudence to tell you, as he told my husband, that he saw me walking at midnight under the stars. The next time that hunch - backed bar - tender chooses to play the spy when it is not his business, I trust he breaks his neck, and not his ankle."

The doctor, a man of equanimity of temperament unless crossed, and not one to experience swift changes of mood, was aware of sudden chill. What he appeared to be stumbling upon now had no name in the world of medicine, but belonged surely to some other dimension outside Time itself, and as a scientist he refused to credit it.

"Yes, the cap fits," he said at last. "I was a fool not to see it in the first place. Ned Varcoe had been misshapen from birth, wretched fellow, and never grew after he was 10 years old. No doubt that makes him bitter."

The hostess of The Rose and Anchor drew her shawl more closely around her. Perhaps she, too, felt the chill air descending upon them from Castle Dor.

"So you admit it?" she asked. "You were breaking all your professional rules and discussing the incident with a patient?"

Dr. Carfax flicked the reins gently. Cassandra needed as tactful handling as Linnet herself.

"My dear," he replied, "if I told you that Tregentil and I were talking of a queen who has been dead some 1300 years, probably longer, you would not believe me. Oh, yes, I was guilty of unprofessional conduct all right. We were most certainly discussing your affairs. But I assure you I did not hear the tale from Ned Varcoe."

"Who then?" flared Linnet.

The doctor considered. It had been a misunderstanding, of course, that had brought him driving post-haste to Penquite in the first place. Possibly the time had come to turn the tables on the young woman who had caused the misunderstanding.

"Do you remember the harvest tea at Lantyan?" he ventured.

"Very well," she answered.

"Then perhaps you will tell me why you fell so deliberately from the waggon into the arms of that Breton lad of Bosanko's?" returned the doctor.

Touche . . . The silence that followed proved the shaft had struck home. They were nearing the top of the hill as the doctor asked his question, and Cassandra quickened her pace, recognising familiar landmarks. The forge lay to the right and the dogcart was alongside it before Linnet had time to frame an answer.

The blacksmith was standing outside the forge, as it so happened, looking along the road toward Lostwithiel after a departing cob newly shod before next market-day, and at the sound of the doctor's wheels he turned, and, lifting his hand in greeting, came to meet the trap.

"Good-day to you, Doctor. Cassandra in trouble, I see. Steady then, there'll be an apple for 'ee direckly. Good-day, m'am. You'm a proper stranger. I was only saying to missus yesterday it's some time since we saw Mrs. Lewarne. The pity of it she has gone to St. Austell today and won't be back till evening."

The doctor was careful not to look at his companion while she murmured her regrets. The assertion that she had already called at the forge that afternoon was therefore untrue.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave, he mused, as he helped Linnet descend from the dogcart, and watched while the blacksmith and his lad led a willing Cassandra inside the forge for attention.

Linnet followed them and stood for a moment or two in the doorway, her eyes drawn to the sudden flare of the fire, and father and son in their leather aprons moving in the half light like strange demons, the sparks almost singeing their hair. Even Cassandra, contentedly munching her first apple, had become a ghost horse in this setting, her harness the trappings of a palfrey, and the ring of metal and the acrid smell suggested violence, not the homely atmosphere of a blacksmith's shop.

DR. CARFAX moved forward to chat with the smith, who already had Cassandra's hoof tucked in position and was removing the offending shoe, when, glancing over his shoulder, he perceived that the shadow had gone from the entrance to the smithy. Linnet had vanished.

The doctor muttered an excuse to the blacksmith and strode out into the road. His companion was not there. He looked to right and left and called aloud, but had no answer. He went to the back premises of the forge in case she had decided to wait within, but there was no sign of her.

"Now what the devil . . ." he said to himself, looking upward at the sky, for the clouds were gathering fast and here on the high ground the wind was already rustling the hedgerow. Away to the west the white peaks of the china clay district were hidden in a pall of rain.

"She's out yonder!" The grimy face of one of the blacksmith's brood stared at him from an upper window of the forge. The child pointed across a field.

Swearing in irritation, the doctor opened a gate and proceeded to tramp in the direction signalled by the grinning urchin at the window. He had no stick, and there was little Carfax disliked more than having to pick his way across country, especially on uneven ground, without his favorite cherry-wood. Damn it . . . there she was, some few hundred yards ahead of him, making for the tangled undergrowth of the old camp. He put his hands to his mouth and shouted. "Linnet . . . Linnet Lewarne, come back!"

She had the decency to turn and stare, but instead of obeying the command, waved him on. Then the rain began to fall. The first few drops a warning only, but swiftly gathering momentum, coming thick and fast from a travelling cloud that trailed a ragged hem beneath it, smoky black. A single clap of thunder split the air. Instinct bade Carfax run.

Cursing and stumbling, half-blinded by the rain, he caught up with Linnet as she flung herself, breathless, into the outer ditch of the old encampment, huddling for shelter against the dipping holly, whose straggling branches trailed in a host of brambles. Carfax bent to protect her, his arm outstretched, and they crouched there together in the ditch while the rain fell slantways, blotting out the countryside.

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CASTLE DOR

from page 64

"What made you do it?" cried the doctor. "Are you out of your mind?"

She looked up at him, laughing, face and hair streaming wet with the rain. "I've been out of my mind since I jumped from the hay-waggon," she said, "and I don't care if you know it. You always saw too much, anyway."

A second clap of thunder sounded to the left of them, and Linnet, instead of diving instinctively into the spreading mass of holly, moved forward so that the teeming rain fell on her upturned face.

"May it flood his cellars, and drown the pair of them," she said. "Then I'd be quit of trouble in all conscience."

Whether she addressed the remark to him he could not tell, but her sudden rage matched the weather. Dragging her back into shelter against the bank, Carfax dislodged a shower of earth and stones, and catching at the holly's root the rubble of centuries was about them, a broken piece of pottery, rotting timber, and the moulded edge of a long-buried bone.

"Had I known you were to develop so savage a character," he said. "I would never have slapped the life into you some nineteen years ago."

"It's a pity you did," she answered, "seeing I bring trouble wherever I go. Hark at that thunder; they'll be awash down at Lantyan, with the rain coursing downhill to meet the river."

The callous note in her voice stung him to anger, for why should it delight her that the Bosankos' farmstead should be flooded and the good people who had often treated her with kindness themselves distressed?

"As to your husband," he said, "drown him if you wish, and his servant, too. But spare your friends."

At this she turned on him in a rage and struck his shoulder.

"I have no friends," she cried, "they are all spies, every one of them. They set traps to catch us, but they won't succeed. And you, you're as bad as the rest. Mark sent you after me today and you can't deny it."

"He did no such thing," said Carfax, seizing her wrist, "though he complained to me of your conduct and I can't say I blame him now I hear you raving."

All at once he leant forward, straining his ears to catch an echo through the wind and rain. "What was that, did you hear it?"

"I heard nothing. The thunder's passing."

"It sounded like a horn . . . yes, there it is again . . ." and distinctly to his ears came the thin, reedy note, not a bugle call nor any known summons, from the high road beyond the encampment, but as if someone above them on a ridge of land unseen put a horn to his lips and blew.

Carfax was aware of mounting anger of so ungovernable a nature that he could not recognise it as his own, for to be made a fool of by this child and her lover seemed suddenly beyond all reason damnable. He still held her wrist and now forced it upward, so that she cried in pain.

"You're tricking me," he shouted, "there's some game on to make me as big a laughing-stock as your husband; confess now . . ."

"Who wouldn't play tricks on an old man?" she cried with contempt, "when a woman is young she loves by instinct, not by duty. And now I know what love is I'll continue to trick you and the whole world to keep what I've won, no matter what it costs me."

Then, as suddenly as it had started, the rain ceased. The mist cleared. All was silent. Carfax released Linnet's wrist, wondering, in confused fashion why he was holding it, and the ringing in his ears warned him that the second clap of thunder must have been uncomfortably close, for it had made him temporarily deaf. Linnet fumbled with her streaming hair, which had escaped its pins.

"We had a lucky escape," said the doctor, "it's never been a desire of mine to be caught out in the countryside in a thunderstorm."

"I'm sorry," answered Linnet, "I don't know what came over me in the forge, but the smell of the fire and the metal turned my stomach; I felt I must have air or I should die. I love this spot. You can breathe here, when you stifle in the valley."

THEY stepped out from the cover of the holly, and Linnet, stirring the rubble at their feet, bent to pick up something.

"Look," she said, "what a strange stone. It's all worn through the centre, like a ring."

Carfax took the object from her and turned it over in his hand.

"It's an armlet," he said slowly, "shale by the look of it, and centuries old. It may have been worked here on this very site. I'll have it examined by an expert and discover the date."

"No," Linnet almost snatched it from him, "what does the date matter? I prefer to keep it. It would fit a man's arm today."

They climbed out of the ditch into the field, and the steam from the soaking grass rose in their faces. Away toward Liskeard the storm rumbled its indefinite way. Carfax shook his head, endeavoring to clear his ears. He was still confused.

"Cassandra dislikes thunder as much as I do," he said as they picked their passage across the field toward the forge, "I only hope they were able to hold her. What were we discussing before all this happened?"

"Nothing of any consequence," shrugged Linnet, "I had a headache, but it has passed, just like the thunder."

When they arrived at the forge they found Cassandra had been duly shod and the apples had calmed any tendency to nerves. As to the blacksmith and his son, they took it for granted that Dr. Carfax and his companion had been taking shelter in the homestead at the back.

The drive along the high road to Troy was uneventful. Linnet prattled of childhood days at the farm across the water, and the doctor did not bring up the subject of present-day marital difficulties. They parted at Cassandra's stables, the doctor to see his animal bedded down for the night before returning in time to prepare for evening surgery and the hostess of The Rose and Anchor to take up her duties in the bar.

"Let me know," said the medical man, whose afternoon of meditation had been so

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rudely interrupted for her sake, "if there is anything I can do for you at any time."

She gave him her hand and smiled. "As to that," she rejoined, "I'm seldom ill, but if I should be I'd rather be in your hands than in another's," with which parting invitation she was away down the hill, with the doctor gazing after her nonplussed.

Carfax let himself in at his front door some thirty minutes later to discover two visitors waiting for him in the hall. They were the Collector of Customs and the police inspector.

"Good evening to you both," said the doctor, "what ill wind blows you here at such a time? Some law-breaker broken his neck trying to dodge Her Majesty's Government?"

Both men rose to their feet.

"In a manner of speaking, yes," replied the inspector, "but it wasn't his neck; it was his jaw. It's the skipper of the schooner Jolie Brise, who got himself into a fight first thing this morning and sailed on the afternoon's tide, and, to tell you the truth, he was an awkward fellow; we were glad to be rid of him.

"But the point is, his crew have brought the vessel back themselves an hour ago with the skipper dead. And I want the death certificate out of you, sir, if you will come aboard and sign it." It was a day to try one. Carfax took up his hat, which he had laid down on the hall settle.

"Did he die from the blow he received?" he asked.

"It would seem so," returned the inspector, "but that's for you to judge. In all events, according to the crew, he never recovered. The trouble is, the young fellow who did it is still at large, and had Mr. McPhail here known it was to turn out this way he'd never have let him go. It's the Breton lad who worked in the Jolie Brise some months back."

Dr. Carfax knitted his brows. "The Breton lad?" he repeated. "But I have it on good authority he sailed on the Downshire and should be away down the Channel and half-way to the Bay by now."

The Collector of Customs shook his head and smiled somewhat sheepishly.

"Not so, Doctor," he said. "The Downshire sailed without him. The lad came here to report too late. It was then he fell to fighting with the skipper, and it was like David setting about Goliath; the big fellow dropped like an ox. I see now I did wrong in letting the lad slip away, because now the skipper's dead . . ." he glanced at the inspector, "well, the lad will be wanted for murder, won't he?"

. . . . . .

"The children were unaccountably quiet tonight," remarked Mr. Bosanko to his wife, as candlestick in hand he led the way upstairs to bed, "if it wasn't for the fact that we've had thunder and lightning here a score of times before I'd say the storm earlier on upset them."

He had no reply for a moment or two, for Mrs. Bosanko had paused to listen outside the children's door, then, hearing no movement, followed her husband into their own room.

"It's because of Amyot," she said quietly, "they're fretting after him."

The farmer scratched his jaw and frowned. "That's all very well," he replied, "I was fond of the lad myself, but I never thought we had him for good. He'd have taken himself off sooner or later, even if there'd been no fancy nonsense twixt him and Mrs. Lewarne, like you said. And if he was inclined to sentiment, and most Frenchies are, in my opinion, then it's just as well he is out of the way with our little maid growing apace."

Mrs. Bosanko stared at her husband shocked. "Why, Gabriel," she chided, "what an idea and Mary only just turned fourteen and still playing with dolls."

"That's as maybe, dear, that's as maybe" (Mr. Bosanko set down the candle on the dressing-table), "but if you'd seen her crying her heart out in the stable as I did t'other night you'd have said she was sixteen past and in all the woes of first love. 'Tis a queer thing, a woman will get all sorts of strange notions about wrong looks passing between folk who should know better and be as blind as a bat where her own daughter is concerned."

MRS. BOSANKO, wrestling with the stubborn hooks of a bodice, remained silent. She was thinking of Mary's face, pressed to the window as the rain fell and the lightning flashed, and the funny, strained way she had asked, "Have many people lost their lives in a thunderstorm?"

She had been thinking of Amyot sure enough, but the Downshire would be many miles out to sea by now, please the Lord, and running into fine weather . . . The bedroom across the landing may have been quiet, but despite Mrs. Bosanko's reassurance silence did not mean her children were asleep. Far from it. They were packing a basket with preserves from their mother's larder.

"If we're questioned," whispered Mary with a shamelessness hitherto unknown to her, "we'll have to make out there's a thief at large."

"I'm quite happy to go hungry," said Johnny, who had drawn aside the blind to look up at the sky. "Half of my supper went in my pockets, anyhow. Look, it's clearing, and the stars are out. I vote we go now while we have the chance."

"Best wait for the dawn," suggested his more practical sister, "then, if things should go amiss and they find we've gone, we can say we got up early to go mushrooming."

And, to prove that she needed no clock to awaken her, Mary tied a piece of string round her toe and so to the bedpost; thus, if she turned in bed the pain of it would do the trick. Could her father have seen her, his theory of first love would have been proven to the hilt.

It was Johnny, without benefit of string, who opened his eyes to find the pale dawn creeping through the window, and, slipping out of bed to look at Mary's birthday watch, he saw that it wanted a few minutes to five. He glanced from the loaded basket to his sister's sleeping face, and the plan, half-formed in his mind the night before and now fully shaped through the dream that had awakened him, had all the majesty and splendor of high adventure.

It was neither more nor less than that he and Amyot should escape together and seek their fortunes. Amyot would be the knight and he the squire, and the pair of them would roam the forests of Cornwall—well, if there were no forests, at least the moors up by Brown Willy—and they'd live by hunting game and trapping wild birds, even if it was cruel, and catching trout in the little moorland streams; none of which would be possible if Mary accompanied them, it being a known thing that girls were an encumbrance on these occasions. The only permissible girl was a damsel in distress, and Mary was not as yet a damsel nor was she in distress.

Johnny dressed swiftly and silently and, stealing from the room with the basket over his arm, he was soon down the stairs, carrying his shoes, and so out of the back door and into the sharp, cool air, with the first light throwing a pallor on to the trees behind the farmhouse.

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The fact that he did not immediately strike up the lane and so to the woods which would bring him eventually to Woodgets and to his friend, but instead turned softly across the farmyard and opened the door to a disused pigsty, and darted down on his knees into the fresh straw, was a further part of his scheme, one which was so interwoven with his dream that he only knew he followed an impulse stronger than any known command.

He gathered an object from the straw — not without difficulty — and, burdening himself with this new hazard as well as with the laden basket, set forth on his lonely mission to succor Amyot Trestane.

"It's queer," he thought to himself, "that I'm not frightened. For anyone could be alone like this in the lane and nothing astir. I might be, but for the dream" . . . and so vividly did the picture present itself of him and Amyot fighting side by side, laughing, with the three wicked barons riding at them, all killed by one thrust of John's sword, the barons bearing an unmistakable likeness to Mr. McPhail, the Collector of Customs in Troy, the police inspector, and his junior that had they in truth come out of the undergrowth now, flourishing spears and battleaxes, he would have cared nothing for them.

How crowded the trees were in this dawn light, their branches interwoven and interlaced, more like a forest than a wood, with great crowned heads reaching to the sky — they had not been so yesterday. A badger's trail day to the left, or could it be a bear's?

But that was nonsense; there were no bears left in England, nor dragons, either, though no one could say what had happened to all the bodies; buried, perhaps, under the roots of trees or deep down in undiscovered caves. Where had they all gone to? he wondered — the long, two-handed swords and the gold, and the rings from the ladies' fingers, and the bracelets, and the gems? So much brightness vanished. No one, not ever his father, knew the answer.

"Now, that's queer," breathed Johnny as he reached high ground and looked westward through a gate to the rolling hills beyond. "You'd say there were campfires yonder, up towards Castle Dor, and horsemen riding, and hounds as big as stags following," but it was a trick of the light, of course, with day coming on, turning the few stunted trees on the skyline to unlikely shapes.

He cut downwards through the woods to the head of the pyll, and already he could see the gleam of water and a white mist shrouding the valley. The world was still asleep and Johnny alone had life—or so it seemed—threading his way through the sapling oaks, his feet noiseless as they trod the soaking leaves of last night's storm.

Then, coming at last to the tumbled cottage bathed in mist he caught his breath in wonder; for surely it was a man there in the creek, poling a flat-bottomed boat to the grass verge, his arms and his legs bare, his long hair streaming to his shoulders?

"Amyot," called Johnny. "Amyot," and began to run, forgetting he was heavy laden, and so caught his foot in a root that stretched across the path and crashed headlong into a pit of brambles. The jagged edge that caught his temple was not a stone but the cracked lip of an old earthenware pot, cast away Heaven knows how many centuries ago and left to moulder, unseen and unlamented, until so intrepid and unwary a traveller in time as Johnny Bosanko should chance to fall upon it and lie strangely still.

. . . . . .

Linnet Lewarne was also astir betimes that morning. In truth, she had scarcely slept for the night. The talk in the bar had all been of the return of the Jolie Brise to harbor with the dead skipper aboard.

"'Twas the blow that did it," pronounced Tim Udy, with all the authority of a man whose eldest son licked stamps in the customs office, "proper stunned, the fellow was, and never recovered. He was half blind by all accounts when he sailed from Troy, with the blood congealing in his brain."

"Half blind, maybe," retorted Deborah, placing a mug of beer on the counter, "and if he was it was the liquor did it, and not from here neither, but from The King of Prussia on the quay. He got short shrift from me."

SHE shot a glance at her mistress, who, standing proudly aloof between bar and private saloon, was taking no part in the proceedings. The landlord, on the contrary, turned upon Deborah with interest.

"So you served him, did you?" he inquired, "and after he'd had the blow? If I'm not mistaken, the law will be after you for witness."

Deborah shrugged. "I'll be ready for them and swear the skipper was fighting fit into the bargain."

"That's all very well," pursued Mark Lewarne. "He may have seemed fit to you, but the skipper was suffering from delayed action, by all accounts. It's mighty queer he should be taken ill sudden and die within a few hours. Make no mistake about it, they'll arrest the man that did it, and he'll have to stand trial for manslaughter, if nothing worse."

At this Linnet stepped forward, regardless of the company, all of whom could perceive her flashing eye and heightened color.

"And what makes you so mighty sure of your facts?" she demanded. "If you studied for the law in your young days it's the first I've heard of it. They'll be making you a justice of the peace before we know where we are."

A titter rose from the back of the room, quickly stifled when the landlord turned a baleful glance on the offender.

"They might do worse," he said slowly, staring at his wife. "I'd see justice was done, anyhow. There's folk get away with things these days that have no right to do so."

Interest stirred. All eyes were upon them. It would not only be the death of the skipper that would be discussed that night after closing time, as customers walked home to bed, but the fact that the landlord of The Rose and Anchor and his young beauty of a wife had shown fight in public.

Ben Tabb, coxswain of the lifeboat for near on twenty years and a peaceable man by nature, sought to throw oil on the troubled waters.

"Ah, well," he said, "it's natural for women to champion a lad in trouble. The skipper of the Jolie Brise is no great loss, rest his soul, and I dare say 'twas all done in provocation-like. Don't fret, missus, they'll acquit him."

"Acquit him?" repeated Linnet, raising her eyebrows. "They'll have to find him first," and with that she swung through the door with a rustle of petticoats, leaving them to continue the argument, but not before she had caught the speculative look in her husband's eye and the sly smile on the pinched face of little Ned Varcoe, who, nursing his injured ankle, was polishing glasses at the farther end of the bar.

Her burst of temper had done no good to Amyot or herself. Suspicion and surmise bred certainty, and a name might now be put upon the supposed lover said to wander with her in the moonlight. Whether this should come about or not, one thing was very plain: Amyot was in

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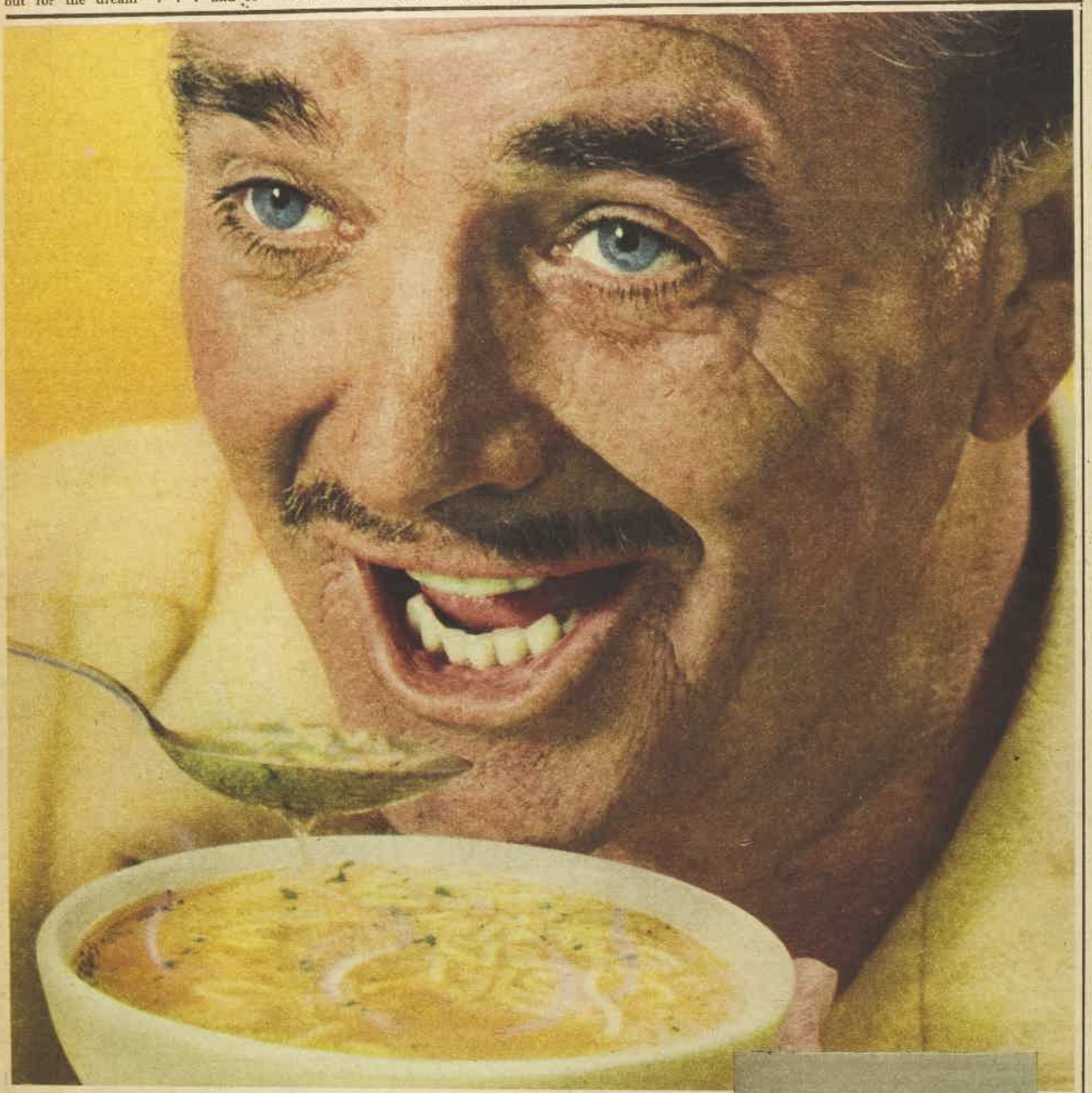

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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 68

danger; not from her husband, Mark Lewarne, nor from his spy Ned Varcoe, but from the mustered forces of the law itself.

The final piece of information came from Deborah, who, just before closing-time, ran upstairs to tell her mistress what a latecomer to the bar, the younger of the two Troy constables, had let slip in a moment of indiscretion.

"There's a party of them setting out for Lantyan first thing in the morning," she whispered through the bedroom door. "If Mr. Bosanko can't give them news, they'll search the neighborhood. They're going by road, of course, and intend to be there before seven o'clock."

Linnet thought rapidly. This meant they wanted to hold Amyot for questioning, and the reason for doing so was that the cause of the skipper's death had been the blow on the head after all.

"What time is high water?" she whispered back.

"Somewhere near seven, mistress. Have no fear. I know what you want me to do. There'll be a boat at the steps for you by five . . ."

And so it was that shortly before Johnny Bosanko crept from his bed at Lantyan, two young women were rowing steadily in the half light up Troy harbor, past the mortuary where, the evening before, the post-mortem, conducted by Dr. Carfax upon one Fouguereau, had set the forces of the law in motion; past the silent ships waiting their turn at the jetties, and so up river with the floodtide to a sleeping countryside shrouded in mist, the waist-high bracken dipping to the water's edge.

It took them an hour and a half, even with the tide, to reach Woodgets Pyll, and by then a pale sun was struggling to break the leaden sky, and Penquite, on the hill, with windows shuttered, had all the appearance of a fortress set on a summit to keep silent watch upon the creek below.

Linnet and Deborah, resting on their paddles, let the boat drift with the current, away from the main river, and so between marshy banks to the head of the creek. A wisp of smoke coming from the direction of the cottage gave warning that a fire was alight, and Amyot was drying the clothes he had soaked in last night's storm.

"Here," commanded Linnet, pulling her oar so that the bows of the boat just touched the jutting shore, "wait for my return, and if there are two of us, you know where to land us across the river. Then you can hold your tongue, and hang the consequences."

Deborah Brangwyn regarded her mistress gravely.

"You've thought what it means," she said, "once it comes out that you've gone with him, and the police on your heels? There'll be no hushing of it up. It will be in the newspapers and all, and you a marked woman."

"I don't care," replied Linnet. "If he has to suffer for what he has done, I'll suffer with him. There's no going back on it."

"Love's one thing when it's secret meetings and the world unknowing," demurred Deborah, "and another when you've no money, and no roof to your head, and folk pointing at you and calling you names."

"They can call me what they like," said Linnet, "we're bound together, he and I, till the end of our days, and the world can know it."

She gathered her skirts together and sprang ashore, while a pair of swans, preening their feathers on a strip of grass on the farther bank, hissed at the intrusion, then followed by their brood of seven slid into the water silently, and so downstream.

Linnet plunged through undergrowth, heedless of brambles, and came upon Amyot crouching on the strand beneath the cottage, turning the sticks of his smouldering fire. He was stripped to the waist, his shirt, coat, and socks spread on the bracken, drying as best they could by the feeble flame.

"Amyot," she called softly, "Amyot, my love."

As he leapt to his feet and came toward her, barefooted, throwing aside the bent spike with which he had stirred the fire, it seemed to Linnet that he was taller, more remote, and his uncombed hair gave him a wild look altogether unexpected and forbidding; while the very spike thrown heedlessly over his shoulder might have been a spear, not rusted from disuse, but stained with the dried blood of a slain enemy.

In a moment they were in each other's arms and the way he kissed her and held her to him proved he was indeed the Amyot she knew and loved, and no stranger.

"Your husband has been ill-treating you, is that it?" asked Amyot, "and you've come to me for protection? I'm ready for him if he follows you here."

Linnet put her hand over his mouth. "Hush! Not so loud. No, dearest one, it's not for my sake I've come, but for yours. The skipper of the Jolie Brise is dead. He died because of the blow you gave him. The police are coming this very morning to look for you at Lantyan. There's not a moment to lose."

Amyot stared down at her in perplexity. "Fouguereau dead?" he repeated. "Even if he is, I never intended it. I'll tell them all they want to know and willingly."

"You don't understand," said Linnet urgently, "the English law can hold you, pending arrest. Once they get you, they may not let you go. If the worst should happen, they could try you for manslaughter. You might have months, years, in prison . . . I don't know, I'm not acquainted with the law. All I know is you must leave here instantly, and I'll come with you."

Already she had left his arms and was gathering up the clothes spread to dry, then kicked at the smouldering fire to deaden it.

"If what you say is true," said Amyot, "we'll be fugitives from justice, and I with a price on my head. Heaven knows I shall want you with me, but I'm penniless."

"I've money enough for the pair of us," she told him. "No need to worry on that score. And, as to being fugitives, we'll take a train and be lost in London, where many a hunted man has found sanctuary before now."

She had it all planned, she said, how they'd make their way across country, hailing the first carrier's cart on the road to Liskeard, and catch the mid-morning train to Plymouth and beyond. The hue and cry would not be raised until they were many miles away. If she knew anything of Troy police methods, they'd still be discussing the case over breakfast at farmer Bosanko's when she and Amyot were boarding the train at Liskeard.

"Stay," said Linnet as he struggled into his still damp shirt, "this is for you. It came into my hands last night. I'll tell you about it presently."

She burrowed into the depths of the purse-bag at her waist and brought out the armlet. "You see?" she smiled, slipping it up his forearm. "It fits you perfectly. If we're ever separated, by force of circumstances, you can send it to me, and I'll come to you. It binds us together like a ring does married folk, but there's no church oath with this one."

He took her face between his hands and kissed her lips.

"We don't need vows, you and I," he said, "nor gold nor metal. What we are to each other lasts to the grave and beyond."

They were about to hail the boat and the waiting Deborah when Amyot turned his head to the woodland path above the ruined cottage.

"Did you hear that?" he asked. "It sounded like a call for help."

"It's nothing," said Linnet impatiently. "A lamb, perhaps, strayed from the flock. What does it matter?"

The sound came again, and unmistakably. No lamb's bleat, but the feeble cry of a child. "Amyot . . . Oh, Amyot."

Linnet's lover struggled from the arms that strove to hold him back.

"It's Johnny," he said. "I'd swear to his voice anywhere. He's up there in the woods, and maybe come to harm. We must go to him."

Linnet, in a fever to be gone, looked over her shoulder toward the already ebbing tide. "I'll call Deborah," she said. "Deborah can go to him and take him back to Lantyan, and we'll take the boat across the river to the opposite shore at St. Winnow, and be on our way."

"No," said Amyot. "No!"

He pulled himself free and began running up the path through the woods in the direction of the cry. Linnet followed him, half sobbing in vexation, for if they delayed much longer her plan would be spoilt, people would be astir, and the tide would not wait for them.

She climbed halfway up the wooded hill and came upon Amyot kneeling beside a dip in the path, and he held the limp form of Johnny Bosanko in his arms. Blood was running from a cut on the child's forehead, and his face and his lips were blue. "He's badly hurt," said Amyot. "We must take him home."

There was an upturned basket beside the path, its contents scattered on the ground. "Don't you see?" said Amyot. "He was bringing me food. He came here alone, for my sake. Heaven knows how long he has lain here."

Something stirred in the undergrowth hard by. A faint yelp, like an echo to the boy's cry, came from the midst of it. A small object struggled out, shook itself, and pattered toward them, tail erect. It was surely the smallest dog Linnet had ever set eyes upon, and what part he had played in the accident that had befallen Johnny Bosanko no one was likely to answer.

Linnet stooped down, her heart grown heavy and dull within her, and mechanically she put back the packages, one by one, in the upturned basket.

"You know what it means?" she said. "It's over for you now. There's no escape."

"I know," said Amyot. "They'll come for me at Lantyan. And if they put me in prison I shall deserve it. Not for what I did to Fouguereau, but for what I've done to Johnny."

He looked down at the boy in his arms, and as he spoke his name Johnny opened his eyes for the first time, and smiled at Amyot in recognition.

"I brought the pup for you," he murmured. "You picked him. Don't you remember? The smallest of the litter, but the best."

Amyot tried to stanch the blood that was trickling down the boy's cheek.

"Yes," he said gently, "I remember."

The puppy began to play with Linnet's skirt, and, setting down the basket, she let him straddle across her hand and bite her fingers.

"He'll never harm no one," whispered Johnny. "He's a magic dog, and brings good luck. And he's Cornish through and through, 'cos Father mated Bessie with a pure-bred terrier down to Gerran's Bay."

He smiled once more at Amyot before closing his eyes.

"I'm glad you fought that giant," he said. "I hope you scalped him good and proper. I forgot to say . . . the pup's name is Pettigrew."

Already there came a sound of voices, and footsteps were crashing through the undergrowth toward them.

To be continued

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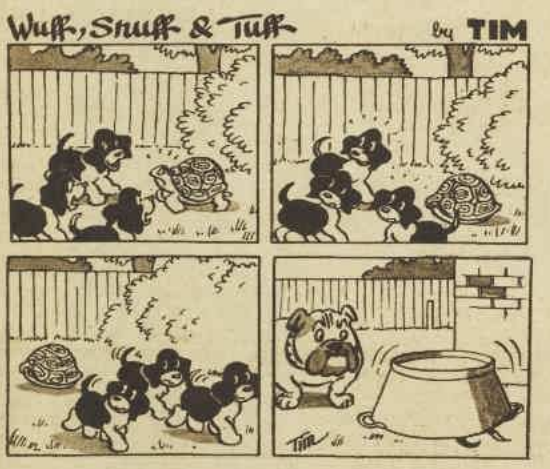

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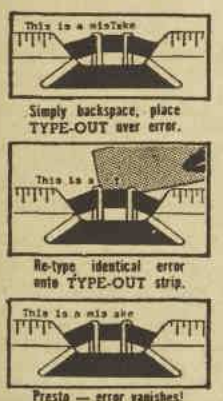

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Continuing . . . MIRROR OF HOPE

from page 37

She had never felt younger. The petals of the red rose had never been deeper.

In the next office Sylvia Stone fought a desire to hurl her typewriter through the window.

The door opened and a man walked over to her desk. He made an appointment to see the Marketing Director, for whom Sylvia worked. She noted the time for him on a slip of paper and handed it to him; he thanked her gravely. An instant later his hand touched her hair. "I'll see you this evening," he said.

Will you see me? she wondered after him. Why take that so for granted? But his face, his smile were still before her eyes and her bitterness dissolved. Of course, I shall be there when you call this evening, she thought. We shall sit by the window in my flat and drink a glass of wine and speak of your day and mine. We shall know all over again how much we love each other.

But already she was making mental reservations about what she would tell Alan of that day as she had lived it. She had got up on time and bathed and dressed in one of the slick suits in which she looked so good, and she had come to the office and worked, and eaten lunch and knocked a headache for six with aspirins.

Then after lunch Ruth Lambert had said to her, "Have you heard about Helena? She's with Lindy. Do come and see them." And Sylvia had become one of the exclaiming crowd around the two girls.

She had exclaimed as much as anybody; she had been as warm as anybody. But suddenly the headache had come back and her mind had been numb with unhappiness as she remembered that when she had fallen in love the important thing had been to tell absolutely no one.

"I love you and I'm married," Alan had said to her two years before. It had seemed easy to accept then. He was the man she had waited all her life to find. Finding had been enough, and she had had no thoughts of possessing; she had known Alan wanted to live in perhaps the impossible way, without hurting other people. "I have no right to let you accept this situation," he had also said. "It will get more difficult for you, not less."

The warning had gone unheeded until, in the particular beauty and cruelty of April, she was made to recognise her own sadness. The sadness of not being able to say to the world proudly, "This man loves me."

How long can it last? How long can I let it last? She had never faced those questions before. It was as if, that afternoon and no other, the time for evasion had run out.

She was that afternoon a well-groomed, calm-mannered girl taking notes and answering telephones, and knowing that she was thirty and that her life was at a dead stop. She was starting, slowly, to make a decision that mattered terribly, and the sun was like splinters of pain before her eyes when at last she dug into a drawer of her desk and brought out the papers to complete for immigration to America.

A long time ago she had been going to fill up those forms and fly off to a new beginning; soon she knew that was what she had to do.

"Sylvia's in a strange mood," Fay Harrison said. "She was terribly remote and short with me when I went in to show her these papers."

"I don't suppose for a moment she meant to be," Ruth Lambert said placatingly. "She's probably just very busy."

"Don't be so sensitive," is what you are really thinking, Fay thought.

"Don't be so shy . . . so reserved . . . so unadventurous . . ." It seemed to Fay that she had been hearing that advice all her twenty-five years. It was absurd, the uncertainty she could still feel among other people.

She knew it should not matter, still, that her background was an unhappy one: a strict father, an adored mother who had died when Fay had needed her most, in adolescence. Other people had more difficult backgrounds and overcame them. She knew she wasn't a pretty girl, but she worked with other unpretty girls who, by confidence and clothes and make-up, became attractive.

What's the matter with me? Fay asked the blank wall of her office. She saw herself a pale, unanimated image in comparison with Lindy and Helena.

She was ashamed of how deeply she envied them. When she had stood with the others, offering congratulations, she had been afraid that her envy had been as visible as the dress she was wearing. Profoundly, she wanted to be loved.

AND yet she was choosing another way of life. She wanted to forget the few brief romances which she had handled so clumsily in the past. On her desk, ready for her to take home on that lonely Friday evening, were the papers and textbooks for a business-executive course in which she had just enrolled.

Her telephone rang.

"Hello, Fay," a married girl-friend said. "We invited a few people in for drinks tonight and the whole thing looks like turning into an impromptu party. I know it's very short notice, but I wonder if you'd like to come along?"

She froze. This was exactly the sort of occasion she always dreaded: the walking alone into a room full of strangers, the forced gaiety, the way she always seemed to manage to be just outside the animated groups of people at ease.

"Jenny, I'd love to, but I don't think I'm free," she lied. "Can you hold on? I'll look in my diary."

As Fay hesitated, her hand over the mouthpiece of the phone, Lindy rushed into the room with some reports.

"Hello," she said. "You look worried, Fay."

"I've been invited to a party. I'm trying to think up an excuse not to go," she whispered.

"Oh, do go!" Lindy said warmly. "It might be wonderful; you never know. I met David at a party I hadn't wanted to go to . . ." She was gone like a streak of sunshine.

She looks as I want to look, Fay thought; sounds as I want to sound; she is going to belong to someone as I want to belong. Perhaps because she made more effort than I do, came the realisation in that, her moment of truth.

The dry books sat on her desk. The opportunity to move into the bright warmth of human contact, to overcome shyness, to try her luck, take her chance, perhaps find nothing or perhaps find everything was held in her hand. She knew then that she couldn't run away from life.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, Jenny," she said. "I'd love to come."

The afternoon was ending, the sun cooling, covers going over the typewriters, an air of weekend was taking over.

In the cloakrooms people crowded round mirrors. Ruth Lambert and Sylvia Stone shared a mirror. Sylvia thought Ruth looked younger, more vital than usual, and Ruth noticed a difference about Sylvia that she couldn't define . . . almost like the calm of decision.

"Can I push my way in for a second," Fay Harrison said. "There aren't enough mirrors in this place."

They made room for her gladly. They were glad that, for once, Fay was not being diffident.

For an instant their three faces were reflected in one mirror, almost like a picture someone might have meant to paint and he might have given it a title of hope.

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as Linda and the doctor approached the patient's bed.

"This is Dr. Vlasek," Linda said. "Mrs. Marshall, Doctor, and Mrs. Cantwell."

"It's a heart attack," Mrs. Cantwell whispered.

The doctor said, "You make me feel very unnecessary, Mrs. Cantwell. Would you like to go finish your swim?" He set his dusty satchel on a pink satin chair. Linda winced and left the cottage with Mrs. Cantwell . . .

The doctor stopped at the desk when he finished his call. "Are you in charge here?"

"Yes. Is she seriously ill?"

He shook his head. "No. It's not a heart attack. Show me her diet."

Linda rolled out a drawer of the ivory-colored file case. She handed him a page listing Mrs. Marshall's intake of calories, carbohydrates, and fats. He read it carefully.

"I want to see the dietitian," he said. "Not that all this isn't perfectly sensible. It's just that Mrs. Marshall told you more of her yearning to wear Capri pants than of the eccentricities of her digestive tract."

"Should she be sent home?"

"What! And interrupt her scalp treatments?"

Linda stiffened. She said, "This ranch isn't really a frivolous enterprise. We do a great deal toward preserving health and building morale."

He glanced around the elegant reception-room, at the reasonably good paintings, at Linda's beautiful little desk. His expression became so sullen that she prepared herself to defend all of Marjory Livingston's Renaissance Ranches.

WHEN he spoke, his words were surprisingly mild and a little sad. "I know," he said, "but I had my eyes on this layout. It would have made a great hospital, and the town needs one badly."

Miss Rogers, the dietitian, arrived in answer to Linda's signal on the communicating system. The doctor and she huddled together with pencils, thoughtful frowns, and suggestions. To Linda it was comforting that Miss Rogers was stocky, mousy, and not very young. Not that he had seemed to notice Linda, either. A man like that saw many girls. She wondered who was number one in line. It would have amazed her to know that she was.

After she was married to Steve Vlasek, Linda often said, in answer to queries concerning Steve's crowded hours, "Oh, he found time for me, but we never had any regular, planned dates."

She knew that she was airily suggesting that on the spur of the moment Steve had arrived and swept her off to one of the smart dining-places or late spots that dotted the desert area. It wasn't true. Steve had never been able to afford the prices of the establishments that flourished because they were favored by tourists with bulging wallets.

Moreover, he had never thought of these places as belonging to the pattern of his life. Like backgammon, poetry, or orchid-raising, they existed and were probably fine — but he had no dealings with them.

He and Linda sat in little roadside restaurants and talked. Sometimes late at night it was coffee and cheeseburgers at an outrageously ugly white counter where the ketchup bottle sat beside paper napkins caught in a metal trap.

"I'd better check it for mistakes and mayonnaise!"

Continuing . . . LADY WITH A SECRET

from page 31

From the first cheeseburger, she knew he loved her. He was not a man who believed himself so fascinating that any chance acquaintance would want to hear the history of his life. He talked because it was plainly and simply her right to know all about him.

"I was eight years old when I knew what I wanted to do. I broke my leg and was taken to a hospital. It was my first encounter with a doctor."

She said nothing, but her question must have been reflected in her eyes.

"I was one of twelve children," he explained. "Twelve-children families don't mess much with children's specialists. I was in a ward in a hospital." He took a swallow of coffee and looked at her pitying expression in surprise. "It makes you sad that I was in a ward? Why, that's the good part. Everyone was wonderful to me. I fell in love with the whole world of medicine. Weren't you ever sick when you were a kid?"

"Not really," she said. She had had pneumonia once, but she hadn't been in a hospital ward. There had been a private nurse in her own room, and flowers and presents, and, when the danger passed, some very entertaining visitors.

The table boy came to drag a wet, grey cloth around the salt and pepper shakers. "Have a sugar bun, Linda," Steve invited.

She knew what he thought of the sugar buns in this particular lunch-room. Delectable. He offered the best. He didn't know the buns were heavy and tasteless.

"I'll have two," she said.

He beamed his approval and continued his story. His idea of studying medicine had been appallingly ambitious at any time, but when Steve was ten his father had died.

"My mother went to work. I had a sister who was fourteen then. She took care of the house and the babies. One of the older boys left school and found a job. We managed fine. We moved to where the rent was cheaper. You know, the things people do when money is scarce."

She didn't know, but she nodded. True, after her own mother's debts had been settled there had been less than fifteen hundred dollars, but Linda had had a choice of well-paid positions and only herself to support.

"I suppose you paid for your own education. How, Steve?"

"I did everything. Painted houses, waited on tables. I worked in a junkyard and was a bouncer in a barroom. Through that I made a few dollars in preliminaries."

"Preliminaries?"

"The fights before the main event."

"Oh!" She glanced at his hands.

"Yes. Then I found out that those beautiful fifty-dollar purses were apt to beat me right out of surgery. I went back to the junkyard. It was nicer, cleaner work, anyhow."

To page 72

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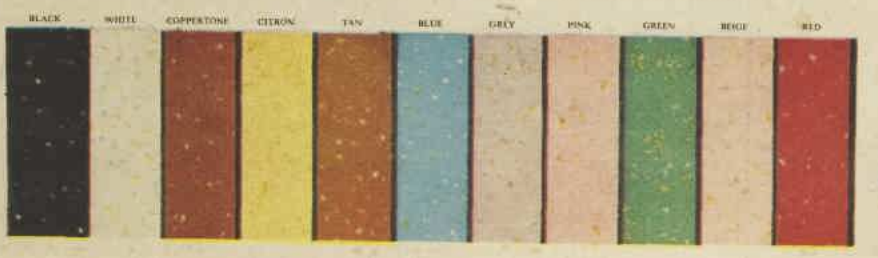

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Continuing . . . LADY WITH A SECRET

from page 71

"All this was back east, wasn't it? How did you happen to come out here?"

"I heard they needed a doctor, and I was a doctor." He grinned as though the winning of his diploma had never ceased to bring joy and wonderment. "Of course, the fancy desert towns have a doctor for every hotel guest, but right here there was nobody. So I came."

"You stay here all summer?"

"Naturally," he said. "I live here. My patients are here."

"Do many people stay all the year long?"

"Very many. Not movie stars and millionaires. Ordinary people like you and me. Are you afraid of snakes?"

"I don't know. I've never met any."

"Now that's a proper attitude. Always reserve judgment. Where do you go in the summer?"

Linda felt that it would be absurd to look up from the heavy bun on its cracked crockery plate and say, "Oh, Greece, or Italy, or the Cote d'Azur." She said, "The main office has asked me to go to their mountain ranch."

"Those ranches are all over the place, aren't they? I wish you could have seen the spread here before they poured a million bucks over the landscape. The buildings were in good shape, but plain. Very low price. Your boss grabbed them before we could raise the money to establish a hospital on the property."

She said, "Better luck next time."

"My favorite cliche," he told her.

He made it clear that his income was modest and that he supported his mother.

"The rest of the family runs on its own steam now, except when a calamity hits. At such times I like to chip in a little." He looked at her quizzically.

She said, "I think you should chip in. Are you the most successful brother?"

He laughed. "In my family that's rather like being the brightest village idiot the village ever had. I attract the sickest, poorest patients in creation."

"If you don't like it, you should have hung out your plate on Park Avenue," she said.

"You mean I'm not a fool and when am I going to give up the Mexicans and the Indians and get wise to all the money the boys are making in Beverly Hills?"

Linda looked at him steadily. "Is that what she said when she broke the engagement?"

He colored. "It doesn't matter. We weren't right for each other. Boy, she really flipped when I got seven dollars and a bottle of wine for delivering a baby."

"How was the wine?" Linda asked.

"Like my freedom. Very sweet."

She stared out, misty-eyed, across the desert. "You value your freedom highly, don't you, Steve?"

"So highly that I want to share it with someone who knows what freedom is. As I said, she and I weren't right for each other." He turned and considered Linda for a long moment. "You and I are."

They were married three days later, and rented a little furnished house decorated in early Pancho Villa. She was astonished to discover that the house looked very nice to Steve. She had taken it only because it offered immediate occupancy and a short lease.

"This Mexican stuff is cheerful and comfortable, isn't it?" he said.

She was horrified to see him gazing with admiration at the dining-room chairs. Each of them sported a gay design in red, yellow, and blue.

"Very cheerful," she said faintly. "But I have furniture back in New York. When we buy a place I could send for it."

He jauntily waved that possibility aside. "We don't have to start off with old furniture, honey. I'm not that poor. You can have every stick brand-new."

She stared at him. Was he kidding? No, by gosh, he wasn't! She thought of the elegant cabinets and bedsteads and tables so painstakingly collected by her mother on the voyages to Europe. She thought of the mirrors and lamp bases and magnificent chairs. Well, she could have everything brand-new, straight from the fifth floor of any department store she named.

No wonder Steve was such a good doctor. He'd never learned anything in his life except doctoring. Some day she would tell him it was time to acquire a little knowledge of matters cultural rather than scientific. Was now the moment?

He said, "All his life my father wanted to buy my mother some brand-new furniture, and he never made it."

No, now wasn't the moment. And though in the course of time there would be the moment, she knew how gently she would always deal with Steve Vlasek, one of twelve underfed children who had made a man and a doctor of himself. What more, after all, did she want of him? He had beaten the odds by determination and courage. Where along the way would he have picked up information on grace and household elegance?

She walked into Steve's arms and ruffled his black curly hair. "I love you," she said and she said it because it was true.

Not until after their wedding night did he encourage her to speak of where she had come from, what she had done in the past. She had known that it was not a burning, self-interest that had kept him from touching upon her experiences, but she had wondered at his lack of curiosity.

She loved him more when she understood that he asked his questions only when he knew there could be none that would be unpleasant for her to answer. And she sneered at herself for having thought that she would teach Steve Vlasek good taste.

"You haven't told me a thing about your parents, honey," he said. "Do you have some, or are you a Martian?"

She smiled at him across the breakfast table. Oh, this was really love!

"I have a father somewhere," she said.

"He has a tribe of children, I understand. I have never seen any of his new family and I don't remember him."

"Your mother?"

She lifted another golden waffle from the iron and placed it on Steve's plate. "Dead. About two years now."

"Sorry, darling. Mothers are great things to have. Did she keep house?"

"No. She worked. She was a voice coach."

He was silent for a moment. Then, "Oh, a singing teacher."

"Yes, dear, a singing teacher." And she knew he was picturing a bustling little middle-aged woman who had supported herself and her daughter by teaching the neighbors' children to sing. He would not be able to envision mother with her flaming red hair, her autocratic handling of opera stars, her astronomical fees.

"Did you live right in New York City?"

"Yes, Steve." Yes, right in New York City in a three-storey brownstone house. And there had been fine servants and famous guests.

"What did you do, Linda?"

"I was my mother's secretary."

He chuckled. "You sent out the bills?"

Yes, and arranged the appointments, the flights, and the accommodations all over South America and Europe, soothed temperaments, patched up feuds and wangled payments from tenors whom mother would have coached free because they were so charming.

"You must have helped a little with the housework, too, didn't you?"

"Yes, of course." The servants had been her responsibility and she had personally taken care of the piano keys.

"You cook pretty darn well. That spaghetti last night was simply wonderful."

"Why, thank you, darling."

The man who had taught her the art of Italian cookery had been in love with mother. She could see him now bending over the stove on cook's day off stirring, tasting, weeping a little because he was the world's greatest singer and the world's greatest chef and still mother would not marry him.

"Why did you decide to come to the west, Linda?"

"Oh, I needed a job and I'd never seen California. It seemed like a good idea."

"It was the idea of the century," he said. "Is there another waffle available?"

"You bet." She was thinking how all mother's friends had wanted to adopt, hire, or marry her, and how she had been unable to live in mother's world without mother. Then the perceptive message had come from Marjory Livingston, who was married to an opera singer and had often been to the brownstone house.

"I have a feeling you would adore something new and different. Do try it. If you hate it, no harm done. If you love it, there really is a future in the Renaissance Ranch organisation."

Steve said, "I guess your childhood wasn't bad; there

To page 74

HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key

"Six-one, six-love."

("Hazel" can be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays, and on Adelaide's Channel 7 on Mondays at 7 p.m., and will be seen soon in other States.)

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Continuing . . . LADY WITH A SECRET

was only one of you to feed. But I don't regret that my early years were slightly rough at times. I never wished that I had a nannie to take me to the park or a chauffeur to drive me to a carefully chosen school. Did you?"

She said, "Steve, this is clinic day. You'd better hurry."

When the down payment was made on the new house, Linda could not resist sending for some of her furniture. The house didn't look like a desert house. There wasn't a horseshoe doorknocker or a mailbox with a sleeping Mexican painted on it. The fireplace was not trimmed with a plaster design, so the furniture did not seem too much out of place.

Steve said it looked very substantial, but it was clear he didn't think carved furniture was cheerful. He was surprised that she had had enough furniture to fill six rooms, enough linen to do for a lifetime, and glasses and china by the barrel.

She did not mention that twice this much of mother's furniture would be auctioned off in New York. He did not mention — though she steeled herself for it—that it had been foolish to send for dishes and

from page 72

glasses when they could be picked up in the dime store.

He looked with interest at the chest of table silver. "That's good stuff," he said. "Sterling. I looked."

"Wedding present to my mother."

"You could feed fifty people, heaven forbid, with all those knives and forks. Well, I guess you'll be comfortable now, honey, with your own things around you." He looked wistfully from the chest of silver to the mahogany serving table. "Isn't there anything I can buy for our house?"

"You bought the carpets and draperies, and all the kitchen appliances, and the house itself. What more do you want?"

"I want a kiss. I'm so happy!"

They had had the house settled less than a month when he came home one evening simmering with excitement.

"Do you know what?"

"Yes. You were right. The Lopez child doesn't have polio."

"Oh course she doesn't. I was certain of that. That isn't what I wanted to say. Listen, the Coopers are rich."

"You mean they struck oil?"

"No. They've been rich all along. I didn't know it. Flying false colors, those two. Living as quietly as burglars in that little hotel. They never go near Palm Springs. They never do anything."

"Oh, yes they do. They pay their doctor's bills regularly."

"I'd noticed that, but I thought I was the only luxury they could afford. Today he said to me, 'It's about time I thought of doing something with my money.' He and his wife are in their sixties, you know, though there's nothing wrong with either of them. I told him that, and he said, 'About the funds you were trying to raise for a hospital.' "

"Steve!"

"He really wanted to go into it, but I didn't have time. I'd only come to take his blood pressure. I should have taken my own. He said he wasn't sure this was the best thing he could do with his money, but that he'd like to talk, so I said I'd see him tomorrow night."

Linda was baffled. "Well, is there anything wrong with that?"

"Yes. It isn't the way he wants it. He wants to come here. Both of them! For dinner! Said he was sick of restaurants. I couldn't get out of it."

"Why should you want to?"

He looked at her pleadingly. "Honey, did you ever cook a dinner for guests? For rich guests?"

"We could have dancing girls and jugglers," she said.

HE caught her hand. "Don't get icy with me, sweetheart. I'm not trying to convince Mr. Cooper of anything except that this town needs its own hospital. I don't want to be a show-off or pretend that we're anything but plain people, but I want him to be receptive. Will you have roast beef, Linda?"

"Maybe roast beef, Steve."

He took that as a promise and was aghast next evening to discover that she intended to serve meat balls . . .

The Coopers were quiet, unassuming people. Mrs. Cooper wore a black dress and three strands of cultured pearls. Mr. Cooper was the Southern-colonel type. The meat balls were cooked in Burgundy wine and accompanied by a salad with a delicate, exotic flavor. There was a chocolate souffle, puffy and pretty, and coffee served with brandy from balloon glasses.

The Coopers seemed to like everything. Mrs. Cooper even seemed crazy about the plates on which the food came to the table. She acted as though she knew them all personally. She carried on like that about the furniture, too. Steve was glad she was such a polite and pleasant lady. That made it easier to talk about the hospital . . .

When the Coopers had gone he squeezed Linda in a bear hug and said, "Oh, I think they'll go for it. I think so. I think so. Honey, your dinner went off very well indeed."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it was a success. You surprised me with those meat balls. They were great." A little wistfully he shook his head. "I still think roast beef—Well, next time maybe we could have roast beef."

She thought about killing him, but she laughed instead. They would have a very long and very happy life together, and time would bring them closer and closer together. In the meantime, it was rather wonderful to realise the virtue of silence and to know that he loved her for herself and not because he thought she could ever be the slightest bit of help to him.

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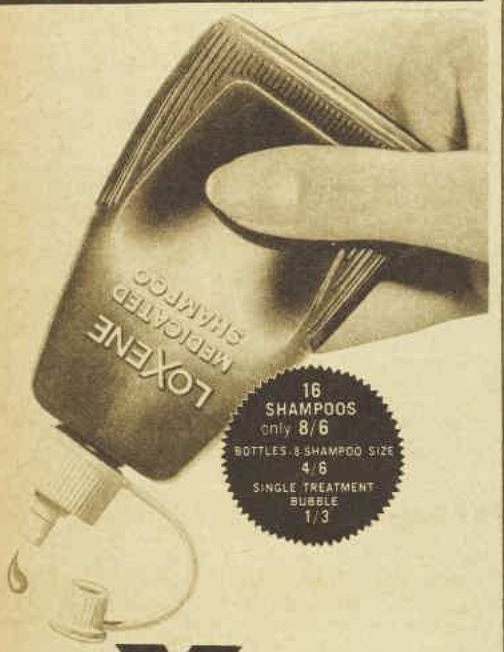

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Fashion PATTERNS

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

F5643.—Simple frock and jacket for autumn-winter in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2⅞yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

F7467.—Either sleeveless or with three-quarter sleeves, this young style is in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Sleeveless, 3 1-3rd yds. 36in. material; three-quarter sleeves, 2½yds. 54in. material. Both views, ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.

F7540.— Smartly styled two-piece has either short or three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: "A," 2½yds. 54in. material; "B," 3⅜yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 624. — GIRL'S FROCK
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No. 625. — GUEST TOWELS
Cut out and traced to embroider on cream, white, and blue huckaback, each towel has a different motif. May be purchased as set of three, 11/3 plus 1/6 postage, or individually, 3/4 each, postage 6d. extra on each.

No. 626. — MATERNITY SMOCK
Cut out ready to sew with instructions included, this smock is available in fine corduroy in colors of beige, olive, soft lilac, red, royal-blue, or black. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust £1/9/11; sizes 36 to 38in. bust £1/11/6. Postage 3/- extra on all sizes.

• *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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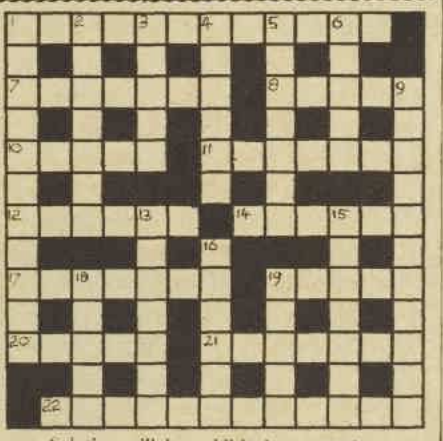
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE and the police of Hometon suspect that the escape of the zoo animals was not accidental. In another part of the city two "gorillas" are robbing the bank! NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



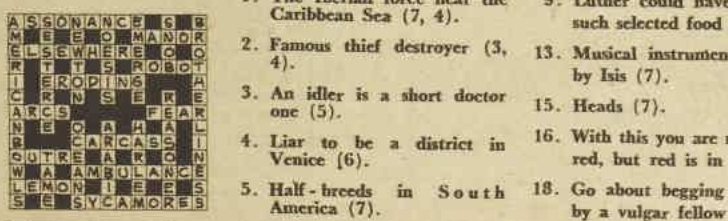
Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Daily bread for habitually lazy people (8, 4).
7. Its capital is Phoenix (7).
8. Great fear of a surprised reader (5).
10. Picture in which a herd of whales is turning back (5).
11. In water (Anagr., 7).
12. Car for a bier (6).
14. River in Italy (6).
17. Charger, but not a horse (7).
19. Give a marriage portion through a forsaken dowager (5).
20. The lowest point (5).
21. Red well (Anagr., 7).
22. Suture emphasises sewing women (12).

DOWN

1. The Iberian force near the Caribbean Sea (7, 4).
2. Famous thief destroyer (3, 4).
3. An idler is a short doctor one (5).
4. Liar to be a district in Venice (6).
5. Half-breeds in South America (7).
6. Near a sphere of action (5).
9. Luther could have lived on such selected food (4, 2, 5).
13. Musical instrument enjoyed by Isis (7).
15. Heads (7).
16. With this you are not in the red, but red is in it (6).
18. Go about begging preceded by a vulgar fellow (5).
19. Applied to the best dried figs from Turkey (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

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F2S1A

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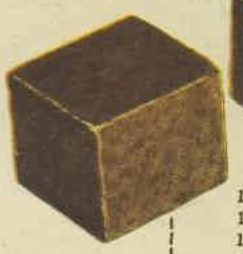
CHUNKY BEEF PIE

JUST ADD MAGGI CUBES FOR RICH BEEF FLAVOUR



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CHUNKY BEEF PIE

1 chopped onion
1 lb. round steak, cubed
1 cup water
4 tablespoons milk
8 ozs. short-crust pastry
2 tablespoons butter
2 MAGGI Beef Broth Cubes
Salt and pepper
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup cooked, mixed vegetables
Poppy seeds

Melt butter in saucepan; add chopped onion and meat, brown well. Add water and Beef Broth Cubes, salt and pepper. Simmer approx. ¾ hour, or until meat is tender. Blend flour with milk; add to meat and stir until it thickens. Remove from heat. Line a pie plate with pastry; fill with meat mixture and place layer of cooked vegetables on top. Cover with a layer of pastry, pinch sides to seal and prick 2 holes in top of pie. Glaze with egg yolk and milk; sprinkle with poppy seeds. Bake in a hot oven for 30 minutes.

MAGGI BEEF or CHICKEN CUBES FOR RICH STOCK OR BROTH IN SECONDS

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Fanny and the Regent of Siam

From page 40

"I shall need you all," she said. "I will let you know when the time comes."

After four days she returned to Bangkok with Trakun and Arun and her little maid-servant, Oun.

Meanwhile, the Consul-General decided he must make a protest direct to the King. The young man in the Grand Palace received him uneasily. Knox said bluntly:

"Her Britannic Majesty's Agent and Consul-General has been slandered. It is my duty to point out that I regard this not only as an insult to myself, but also to the country I represent, and thus I feel obliged to take the strongest measures to obtain satisfaction. If Your Majesty does not dissociate himself from the proceedings, Your Majesty will be responsible and if I act the whole State will feel the consequences."

He had thrown down the gage.

The King hesitated and glanced across the room at his advisers. "The complaints against Phra Preecha are many and various. I ask you not to disturb yourself as yet. We must inquire into the truth."

It was clear the King did not feel he was strong enough to act alone. Knox decided to make a statement which he hoped would make the King believe the might of Britain would be behind a challenge to the power of the Regent.

"I have sent for a man-of-war," he said slowly. "Unless I cancel my request it will arrive within two or three days. In the circumstances I beg Your Majesty before it is too late to tell me clearly what action you intend to take in relation to my complaint and request."

The King appeared to be weighing the position. Then he asked: "What exactly do you desire?"

"I have three wishes," Knox replied. "An adequate apology; the immediate release of Phra Preecha; and should there be any evidence which justifies a trial, then let the trial be conducted by fair judges, not slaves of the Regent."

After a long silence the King said: "I must consult my ministers."

"Will you consult the Regent?" Knox demanded.

"He is a very great personage and must be consulted."

Knox rose saying: "I am the representative of a very great country, and if I do not get satisfaction, its government will certainly support me. And then Siam will suffer severely."

When they were outside, Gould said: "No one could have fought harder, sir."

His chief looked at him with gratitude mingled with embarrassment. "I went too far," he said, "I had no authority for some of the things I said. But we are fighting now for my son-in-law's life."

For the Consul-General's attitude had been partly bluff. The gunboat he had requested to be sent from Singapore had been delayed. And in London the Foreign Office had decided to take a cautious line, while not actually countermanding the order for the gunboat.

LOUIS LEONOWENS arrived in Bangkok on the evening of May 5. He was tired and unshaven, but looked bronzed and well. He took Fanny in his arms and kissed her.

"Oh, Louis," she cried. "I can't tell you how grateful I am to you for coming. How is Caroline? When does she expect the baby?"

"Any minute now and she has not been very well. I'm worried about her."

Fanny's eyes began to fill with tears. "Then it was all the more kind of you to come. Do you think we can do anything, Louis?"

"I hope so. What are the charges? Why are they holding him? Why isn't he tried?"

Phya Kesab, who had hurried out of his house on seeing Louis, answered from the doorway. "They are bringing further charges. And when they are disposed of they will bring still others."

Louis went to the consulate. He thought Knox looked haggard and all Mrs. Knox's vivacity had deserted her.

They talked about Caroline's confinement. Then about the efforts to have Fanny's husband freed.

"I thought of going to see the King," Louis said. "It's just possible he might be influenced by a personal appeal from me."

"I think he might," said Knox, "especially if the Regent is really climbing down. One of my demands has been satisfied since my interview, for yesterday I received a full apology from the Foreign Minister. But that was only one of three demands."

At the Grand Palace the King was alone when he received Louis, his one-time playmate, son of his own governess. In a low voice he told the young Englishman: "You know that I am very fond of Preecha. He has been close to me for many years—he is more than a friend . . . I am King and there is much I want to do for my country and my people." He looked down. "But I shall have to wait."

The King rose, walked to the window, and gazed toward the elephant lines, where the sacred white elephants were being tended. Then he said: "I owe it to your mother that I learned so much. What she taught me has influenced my outlook greatly. But those I have to contend with still look at life in the old way. That is why I must go slowly."

Louis nodded. "I see how difficult Your Majesty's position is. But I am concerned for Preecha. Anything might happen to him."

The King looked embarrassed. "I confess I find the charges incredible."

LETTER TO LONDON

Bangkok. April 6. 1879.

My Lord

I very much regret to have to lay before Your Lordship a report of an occurrence in which I am to some extent personally concerned through another closely connected with me.

In order that Your Lordship should clearly understand it, I have therefore to enter into matters of a personal nature very painful for me to have to relate.

FROM THE ARCHIVES: The first page of Thomas Knox's letter informing the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Salisbury, of the arrest of the Consul-General's son-in-law.

He placed his hands on Louis' shoulders. "There may have to be a further trial, but I hope it is just a matter of waiting and then he will be free again. Please tell Fanny this, and also that I feel deeply for her."

"I am grateful to Your Majesty," Louis replied, then he asked: "Might it be possible for Fanny to see him?"

"I shall arrange it. Tell her that."

Early next morning, a personal letter arrived from the King for Fanny. He said the Lord Chamberlain would call for her on Thursday evening and escort her personally to a place where she would meet her husband.

Hearing this, Louis asked her permission to return to Caroline. His departure made her nervous, but she agreed as willingly as she could.

The Lord Chamberlain arrived in one of the smaller Royal barges with eight men at the oars. He greeted Fanny warmly. They travelled down the river. By a small white house near the edge of the water they alighted.

The place was well guarded. Men with rifles sprang to attention as the Lord Chamberlain approached.

"I shall not come any farther," he said. "But I'll wait for you in the boat. They have allowed you half an hour."

SHE entered the house alone. At the far end of the small hall she saw Preecha, dressed in a plain robe and a short unbuttoned jacket. His face was drawn and pale. She rushed forward and they held each other in a long embrace.

He told her he was being well treated. He said nothing of the irons on his ankles which, on the Regent's instructions, had been removed that morning.

She slipped her hands under his jacket. She could feel the weals under her fingers. Clinging to him, she wept. Then he took her hands and led her to a chair.

"Sit here," he said, "and we'll pretend that we are alone — as soon we will be."

"But why are they keeping you here?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "There are further charges. They are collecting evidence, looking for witnesses. I don't think it will be easy for them to find any, for I have not" — he shook his head slowly — "misappropriated any funds or misgoverned."

Later she said, "I think I am going to have a baby."

As Fanny was on her way home in the Chancellor's barge rain fell in torrents. On the river the boats began to race for the shore and the people scurried for shelter. She thought that Louis would be having a quick journey home. To her surprise she saw him standing at the door of the Consulate.

"What's the matter?" she called to him.

"Our baby has died," he said.

Quickly she opened the letter he handed her. It was from an American mission doctor. "Mrs. Leonowens has had a long and agonising time . . . her life was in danger . . . we had to assist the birth . . . Most unfortunately the child did not survive."

"It was a girl," Louis murmured. "We were going to call her Anna after my mother. I went on to the Consulate to tell them."

Fanny tried to comfort him. After a while he asked about her visit to Preecha. She told him: "He's in pain. He didn't say so, but I could see that he was, and there are marks on his ankles, though at least they have now taken the irons off."

Two days later Fanny received a copy of still another letter which her father had sent to Lord Salisbury.

I have learned from a reliable source that a special envoy is on his way to see your Lordship, to lay the case of the Siamese Government before you. The special envoy is Phya Phat Karawong. He is a half-brother of the Regent and a full brother of the Foreign Minister, both being of the same minor wife.

I understand that he will be bringing to your lordship what is termed evidence against Phra Preecha. This evidence has been obtained in the following manner. First, all the thieves and robbers of the district of which Phra Preecha had charge have been released and brought to Bangkok! Here they have been kept in isolation. Their evidence has been taken during the last two or three days. The accused was not present.

The evidence is not intended to be made public in Siam — where no one would accept it. It has been concocted for the purpose of being laid before Your Lordship in order to prejudice you against Phra Preecha.

Although he is my son-in-law, I hope that you will permit me to give you an unbiased description of him. He is the most civilised man in Siam, an essentially good man and incapable of cruelty. He has great energy and ability, and the province he governs is in far better order than any other I ever visited in Siam.

If he is not freed I believe the Regent is capable of executing him. The King would not willingly allow this, but might be coerced if he were to be deprived of my support.

Fanny had never imagined Preecha's life might be in danger. She was appalled. She thought she was going to suffocate. After a time she comforted herself with the thought that perhaps Papa had only put that message in to influence Lord Salisbury. She prayed it might be so, but a new and terrible anxiety had now come into her life.

AT nine o'clock on the morning of May 12 the gunboat Foxhound, plunging through gusts of heavy wind and rain, steamed up the river. Its commander, W. H. G. Nowell, was unfamiliar with Bangkok; he saw the Union Jack flying from the flagstaff at the Consulate, but saw also that the many wharves, barges, and houseboats made that section of the river too congested for him to anchor there. He went on and anchored opposite the golden pagodas of the Royal Palace. This caused consternation among the Palace guard.

Knox welcomed Nowell with a hearty handshake.

Nowell knew why the gunboat had been sent to Bangkok, for Singapore was full of gossip, and paragraphs had appeared in the local Press describing Fanny's romance and the arrest of the bridegroom, the Consul-General's son-in-law.

The next day Knox visited the gunboat and lunched on board. Rumors had already

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FANNY'S FATHER, Thomas Knox, the British Consul-General in Siam, accompanied the young King Chulalongkorn on a visit to India in 1872. In this official group are, from left, the Viceroy of India (Lord Mayo), the King, and the bearded Knox.

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From page 79

Fanny and the Regent of Siam

reached him that there was dissension in the Government; that the King and the Prime Minister were in favor of a climb-down, while the Regent and the Foreign Minister were against any concessions. He was also told that during the night Preecha had been removed under heavy guard to an unknown destination.

Nowell did not call on the King or the Foreign Minister; he received an envoy sent by the latter, but did not return his visit.

Lord Salisbury had deferred replying to Knox's first despatch informing him of the arrest of Phra Preecha. But on learning from Singapore that a gunboat had been despatched, he sent Knox a telegram in cypher: "The information in your despatch does not justify your official interference in regard to Phra Preecha. You must not use force *or* threaten to use force."

He did *not order* the return of the gunboat.

However, it was becoming plain that, gunboat or no gunboat, the Regent was determined not to give in. He was extremely active behind the scenes. Probably he was actuated by the thought that, with the envoy on his way, it would help if Preecha was tried and the evidence wired to London to be passed on to the British Foreign Office at once.

The telegrams were despatched almost daily: "Case — murder. Two Chinese, seven Siamese witnesses. Statement follows present mail."

Further, every Englishman in the Regent's service was asked to write to the Foreign Office in London in condemnation of Knox's behaviour. Some wrote anonymously. One of these, a man named Hicks, who had been master of a merchant ship, declared that Preecha had 60 wives, many of whom he had murdered.

The initial awe of the populace on the arrival of the gunboat was soon replaced by a friendly curiosity. They gathered in their boats around Foxhound, smiled and chattered and waved their hands in greeting. Many stood on their roofs to see the man-of-war.

Nevertheless, it was not long before Knox began to receive petitions signed by groups of Siamese and Chinese, begging him to send the gunboat away, and not involve the country in war.

These were followed by angry demonstrations in front of the Consulate, in which boys hurled firecrackers from their boats on to the lawn and shouted insults, while men carrying banners paraded up and down the New Road between the Consulate and the Palace. After a few days the demonstrations ceased.

THE second trial of Phra Preecha was held in the pavilion of Sata Bhitom, at Bangkok. Again the prisoner was not present.

The charge was murder—three murders, in fact.

The first witness, Nai Kak, stated that his brother had been flogged to death at Prachin, on the Governor's orders, 15 months ago.

A small amount of evidence was heard on this charge; on the other murder charges there was no evidence.

Witnesses were brought in to supply evidence of Preecha's gross misgovernment of the province, and others still, described as clerks at Kabin, to tell of the falsification of accounts in the working of the goldmines.

A charge of sorcery was next advanced. It accused Preecha of employing a woman named Plang to make a wax figure of the King with which, by the aid of incantations, she guaranteed to produce a great love in His Majesty for Phra Preecha. It was as a result of this, it was said, that Preecha had enjoyed so many honors from the King and a great advancement in his position.

Only recently this same woman, the witnesses claimed, had made a wax image of the Regent and another of the Foreign Minister, with a view to bringing about their deaths. She recited spells, wrote their names on a piece of paper and placed this, together with the wax figures, in a coffin. As she was about to lower the coffin into the earth, she was discovered, and only thus was calamity averted.

One witness went so far as to say that Fanny had paid the sorceress' fee, since Preecha, being in prison, was in no position to remunerate her.

The hearing was over. The Court postponed judgment.

Some days later a letter came to Fanny from Louis' mother. Anna wrote from New York:

I have read in the newspapers of the terrible things that are happening. I feel for you greatly, Fanny, dear. I am certain that the young King, who was my pupil, and who is actuated by such fine ideals, has nothing to do with these sad events. Nevertheless, I have written to him—begging him to intervene. I pray that this may achieve something.

But the villain in this, as during my stay in Siam, is undoubtedly the Regent. I have always regarded him as a cold, callous brute, and have not hesitated to show this in my books. His few kindnesses to Louis were carefully calculated and undoubtedly done for a purpose, though what that purpose was I am unable to guess.

He must have felt Louis was too close to the King. He does not wish the King to have a friend near him, which is why Louis is now four hundred miles away in Chiengmai, and I feel sure it is for the same reason that he has had your poor husband imprisoned—because he, too, was a friend of the King.

Preecha is such a good, kind man, as I have reason to know, for he helped me when I made my journey through his province when I was going to visit those awe-inspiring ruins at Angkor Wat.

I trust my letter to King Chulalongkorn may help. You are always in my prayers. I hope that all will come right in the end, and that Preecha will soon be restored to you.—Your affectionate Aunt Anna.

THE Siamese envoy, His Excellency Phya Phat Karawong, half-brother of the Regent, and full-brother of the

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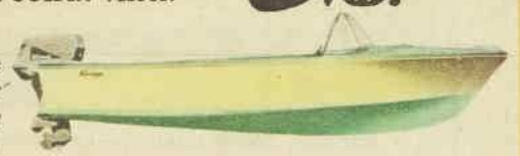

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From page 80

Fanny and the

Foreign Minister, arrived in London in the middle of June.

Soon afterwards the British Foreign Office ordered the Foxhound's return to Singapore, "to improve the atmosphere."

When the gunboat left, Fanny felt intensely depressed. Was Lord Salisbury weakening? And what would happen to Preecha if that were the case?

Presently she saw the Consular launch draw up at the landing stage. She drew away from the window, but looked out from behind the curtain.

A lean, bearded figure walked across the first courtyard. Her father's shoulders were a little bowed, and his pace was no longer brisk. She went quickly to the front door, which was open, but she held herself some paces from it, in the shadows. Suddenly they were clasped in each other's arms, and she was sobbing on his shoulder.

There were tears in his eyes, too. With her arm about his waist she led him in. They sat close together on the sofa, holding each other's hands.

"My poor little Fanny. I am not so cruel as you may think. I kept away because I decided to fight, and I had to fight as Consul-General, and not as your father. That was the only weapon I had. Poor Mama . . . how this has made her suffer. You were never out of our thoughts."

"You are not angry with me now, Papa?"

"I was never angry with you—well, not for long."

"I had a letter from Prachin recently," Fanny said. "It says thousands are ready to come and defend Preecha. They are angry and very sad."

Knox turned the idea over in his mind. "Banners . . . boats . . . crowds of people flocking into court . . . I'm afraid it wouldn't do any good. They'd all be rounded up and put into gaol."

"That's what Phya Kesab said," replied Fanny dejectedly. "But I still believe that if I were to go to Prachin and talk to them, we might find a way."

"I had much the same idea myself," said her father. "I thought of starting a revolt—here in Bangkok—rousing people and overthrowing the Government."

"You!" She was astounded. There was a glow of admiration in her eyes.

Knox called to Oun: "Get the children ready. We are all going home."

Mrs. Knox was on the Consular landing stage waiting to receive them. She hugged her daughter. Then she asked her when her baby was due. Fanny told her that it would be born in November. Mrs. Knox suggested that she should be at the Consulate for her confinement, since then her child would be a British subject. Fanny replied that Preecha would like his son—for she was sure it would be a boy—to be Siamese.

Knox's thoughts now were fixed on his Foreign Office. Restless and anxious, he feared the influence of the envoy sent by the Regent. He decided that his own presence in London was essential, and telegraphed to Lord Salisbury applying for leave.

An hour after his cable had been despatched he was startled to receive a telegram from the Foreign Secretary, which appeared to anticipate his wish. It read: "Mr. Knox is instructed to come home in order to explain the grounds of his actions."

Knox thought the wording a little abrupt. He spent the next few days sorting out his papers and giving instructions to Gould.

He left three days later, and at Singapore picked up the French mail steamer from Saigon.

WITH his departure, Fanny began to feel the world darken. With Papa in London, things might begin to change for the better, and yet she was disturbed and filled with foreboding.

This was justified when a few days later one of Preecha's brothers, Pet Pichai, arrived, breathless and distracted, to tell her that his father had been arrested. When she heard this she burst into tears, exclaiming: "And even this won't satisfy them—next they will arrest you and me and the children. There will be no end to their vengeance."

When her fit of sobbing had ended, she said: "I am going to see the Regent—I must."

To Fanny's surprise, without a long delay the Regent agreed to see her. And shortly before the appointment his grandson, Nai Dee, who had so persistently courted her before her marriage, protested his goodwill toward both herself and Preecha.

The Regent received Fanny with almost his old fondness, but about Preecha would say only, "We now await the verdict of the court."

Catching at a straw, Fanny pleaded: "Until the verdict is given, can my husband not be allowed to return to his home? And is it too much to ask that the verdict be delayed until after our child is born?"

The Regent was silent for a moment. "I will see that they withhold their verdict until your child is born. That much I promise you. But Phra Preecha cannot be allowed to go home. The crimes include murder. You know what the penalty for murder is, even in your own country."

Fanny felt cold all over. But she said in a controlled voice: "Does Your Excellency really imagine that Preecha is capable of committing such crimes?"

"It is not for me to imagine. It is for the judges to examine, weigh up, and decide." The Regent's thin lips tightened. Into his narrow eyes came a hardness. "I make allowance for your state of mind and for your present condition. So all I will say is this. You cannot expect the judges to look on Phra Preecha with the eyes of a bride. Justice could not be administered in that way."

Panic seized her. She wanted to go down on her knees and implore him to be merciful, but suddenly the words poured out.

"For years," she said, "I have looked on you as a kind man. But now I see that you have in you the good and the bad, and the bad is—EVIL."

The Regent rose from his desk. His face was flushed. He rang his little golden bell.

A secretary came forward to take

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Regent of Siam

her arm, but she jerked herself away. Somehow she got through the door.

Out in the grounds she saw that the sky had turned black. A storm was blowing up. The river was choppy.

The oarsmen of the Consular boat set out at once with brisk strokes.

Fanny sat dazed. The one word that kept ringing in her brain was "Murder." He had been charged with murder. She already knew what the verdict would be.

As the boat neared the Consulate she saw Aphilla, Preecha's younger brother. She tried to call to him, but before she could make a sound he turned and saw her.

"They have taken Pet Pichai," he called out.

"Oh God!" Fanny gave a low moan and fainted.

The servants rushed forward. Mrs. Knox came down the stairs. Aphilla took her in his arms and carried her to the house.

DAY after day Mrs. Knox and a doctor watched by her bedside. On October 5 a small and sickly boy was born.

Three weeks later, when Fanny was up and about again, she had him blessed at home by an American missionary who had officiated at the marriage of her sister. He was given the names of Henry Spencer Knox Preecha.

Aphilla sent a message to Preecha to inform him of the birth of his son, but no one knew whether it reached him.

Fanny wrote many times. Some envelopes she addressed care of the King, with a covering note begging His Majesty to arrange for them to be forwarded.

At the end of the week Aphilla, too, was arrested.

Now that her child had been born, Fanny expected daily to hear the dreaded verdict. As she held her child in her arms and gazed at his frail body, her eyes would fill as she wondered whether Preecha would ever see him.

Soon the rumor spread that Preecha had been taken under armed escort to his own capital of Prachin, where he was lodged in the common gaol.

There could, many realised, be only one reason for that: the verdict had been delivered by the judges and confirmed by the Council of State.

Fanny sat for hours in her bedroom, staring into space. She tried to think what she should do, but in her distracted state she could not collect her mind.

In her despair, she thought of the Regent's grandson. Hurriedly she scribbled a few lines. "Can you help me, Nai Dee? Can you give me news of Preecha? I hear he has been taken to Prachin? Is it true? And if so, what does it mean? Your grandfather must know."

Nai Dee, in unexpected response, came across the river in his handsome new paddle-boat, bright green with red awnings. Fanny's heart leapt at the sight. She flung the shutters open. Mrs. Knox came to her. It was as though by a miracle their problems were about to be solved. Nai Dee seemed to them like a young knight coming at great speed to their rescue.

Fanny went down to meet him. He had put on weight. His face was fuller, his shoulders a little heavier.

He looked at her face for some moments, then: "Grandpa left for Prachin this morning . . ." A cold shiver ran through Fanny, and Mrs. Knox grew pale. ". . . If we are to do anything we'll have to hurry. That's why I came at once."

"You mean we had better go to Prachin?"

"Yes. And we'd better start now."

Fanny hurried down the stairs to the boat. Trakun and Arun came running after her. "Where are you going? Are you going to see Papa?" they asked.

"Let me pack a few things for you," said Mrs. Knox. She beckoned to Oun to bring the children in.

Later, as the boat pulled out, Fanny said to Nai Dee: "What are they going to say about this—you and I alone together in your houseboat?"

"It is no time to worry about that," he answered. "If I had thought of it you might have brought one of your women with you. But I have three or four on board, and I am sure they will be able to look after you well."

THE cabin was large and well furnished. "I shall be occupying a cabin in the lower deck," said Nai Dee, "so, in fact, we shall be observing the proprieties." He gave her a friendly smile and withdrew.

A Siamese girl tiptoed in and drew the coverlet off the large bed. Fanny lay down, still fully dressed, and stared at the painted ceiling, unable to sleep. Why had Preecha been taken to Prachin? Why had the Regent gone there?

Panic seized her. She sat up. Would the Regent have undertaken the long journey in person if the decision had not been made?

There came a knock at the door, and Nai Dee's voice: "Are you asleep?"

He opened the door and held it slightly ajar. Behind him stood the Siamese girl with a light. He stepped aside to let her pass. He could now see Fanny's frightened face.

Looking fixedly at him, she began to cry.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and put his hand lightly on her shoulders.

"Don't Fanny—please don't. I'm going to help you. I swear I am. We'll get there in time. I shall talk to Grandpa in the morning. I shall beg him . . ."

She looked up at him, her eyes wild.

"He is not guilty!" she screamed. "He didn't do any of those things. It's all because I didn't marry you. If it would save his life . . ." She dissolved in a paroxysm of sobs.

Again he tried to comfort her. "I will help you, Fanny. You hurt me. You were—and are—everything in the world to me. But I had nothing to do with this. I swear I've had nothing to do with it."

She allowed herself to be helped down from the bed and out on to the deck. Night had fallen.

A servant came up to announce dinner, but Nai Dee waved the man away.

"Tell me, Nai Dee. You must tell me. What are they going to do to him?"

"I don't have to tell you of my shortcomings, Fanny. But I'm trying to restore to you the man you love. My rival. This is not at all like me. But in love one does strange things."

After a while Fanny asked for a glass of water, and he went down and fetched it himself. He stood

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Fanny and the Regent

beside her while she drained the glass.

"Thank you," she said. "I think I'll go and lie down again now."

He took her hand and led her toward the cabin door, saying: "I don't want thanks. My one thought now is for your happiness."

He raised her fingers to his lips. "May I come and sit with you for awhile?" he asked. "I cannot bear to think of you brooding, crying perhaps, frightening yourself quite unnecessarily."

She walked on blindly.

Covering her eyes with her hand, she flung herself face downward on the bed. Nai Dee bent over her and tried to soothe her with words of comfort. He stroked her neck, toyed with her hair, and brought his hand down along her spine.

Suddenly she turned, and, half sitting up, said: "What are you doing? Don't touch me. Leave me alone, Nai Dee. You said you wanted to help me." Slowly her face hardened and her eyes narrowed. "Will you please go?" she said.

"Why, what have I done?"

"Go—please."

"Fanny, whatever happened wasn't intended. And what's all this fuss about modesty? At a moment like this . . . Have you nothing better to think of?"

He swallowed. His throat was working. "You don't imagine, do you, that I brought you along in this boat in order to have you at my mercy? We are alone, yes. The servants are mine; you could not expect them to help you. But don't let your imagination run away with you. I'm not going to rape you."

"I'm sorry," she said.

His voice was quieter now. "Try and be reasonable. Have some soup—or some tea; sit at the table—it will be a change."

"I'll join you in a few minutes," she replied.

She washed the tearstains off her face, changed into a more comfortable dress, and went out.

TWO places had been laid at the small dining-table and a servant waited behind each chair. She wanted only soup and some toast.

For a while they hardly spoke. Then Nai Dee asked her if she felt better.

"A little," she said.

"I am not asking anything in return for what I may be able to do," he said. "But you would do well to remember that we are fighting for the life of your husband . . ."

"What do you expect of me?"

"Well—nothing." He let this sink in, then said: "You women seem to regard your virtue as far more important than human life. You, for instance, seem to look on yours as more precious than even the life of Preecha."

"How dare you put it like that?"

"Well, you do. If I were to say you can have Preecha home with you for the rest of your life, provided you were prepared to sacrifice one night—or part of a night . . ."

"My reply," she said angrily, "would be this." She raised her hand to slap him across the face, but he gripped her by the wrist, saying with an uneasy laugh:

"Don't let us come to blows, Fanny. It is only because I regard you as a dear friend that I am undertaking this journey. I was merely posing the question of values in order that you should see them in a proper perspective."

In her anger she had risen; now she slowly sank back into her chair.

After a while she said: "What is the guarantee, if I paid the price, that you will pay yours?"

"Since Grandpa is there, this matter can, and will, be settled in a matter of minutes."

"It has not been so simple up to now," she said.

"That is because I have not so far taken a hand in it."

He took a cheroot from the box on the table. The servant lit it.

"In not many hours we shall be there," Nai Dee said between puffs. "That is my measure of friendship, and of my regard for you. But I am a human being, and not a machine."

Fanny shut her eyes. Then looking down at the table, she said: "I cannot fight any longer." Slowly she rose and walked to the door.

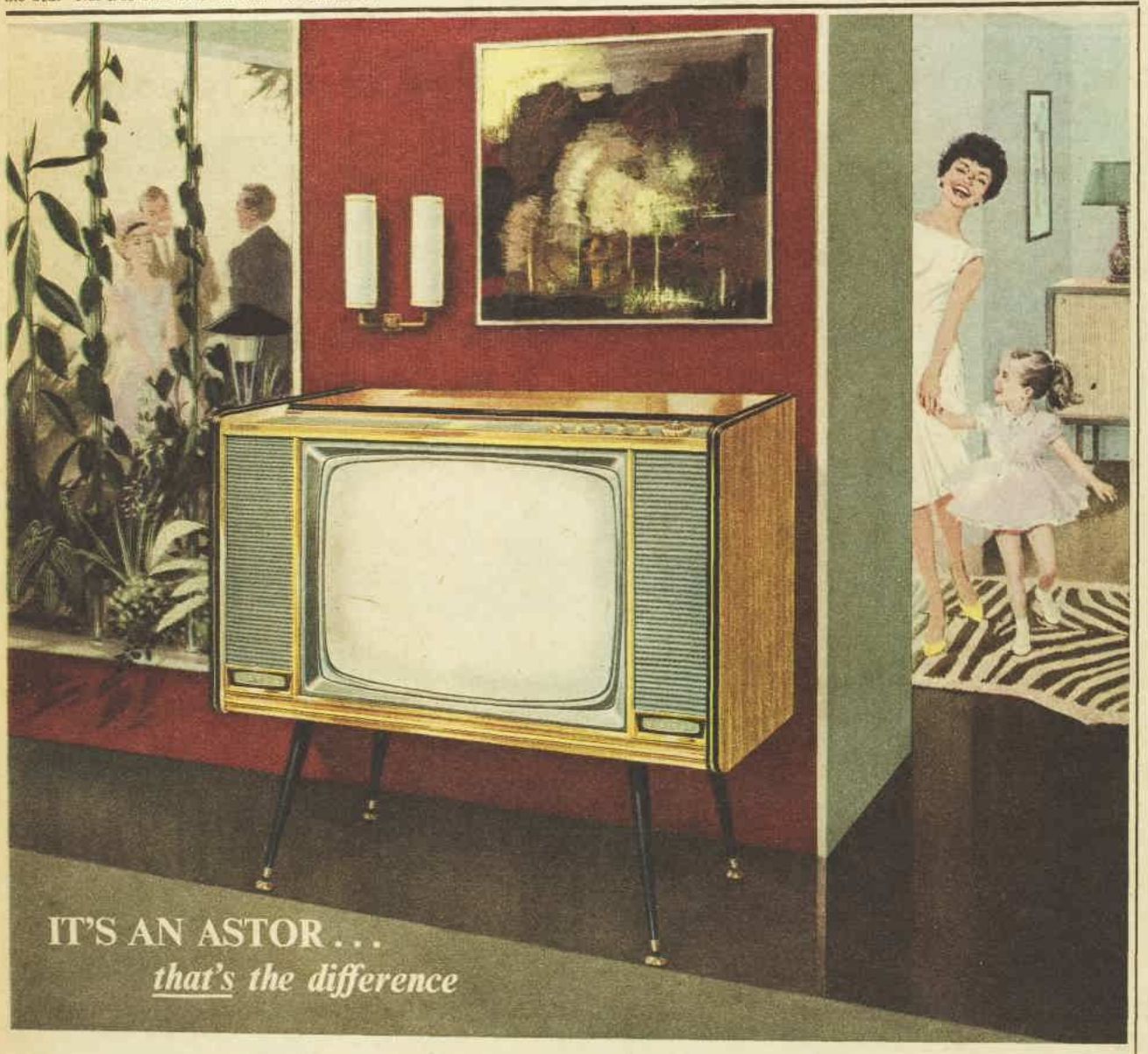
For some time after she had gone Nai Dee sat there, puffing at his cheroot. Then he, too, rose, and walked up to the deck. The night was calm. The launch chugged along a canal, flanked by the tangled jungle.

He tossed his cheroot into the water and crossed the deck to her cabin door. It was open and he walked in.

EARLY next morning, long before Nai Dee's launch had reached Prachin, the town was astir. In the open space in front of the temple by the governor's house, and not far from the drab little prison, a posse of soldiers from Bangkok were taking up their positions.

A dozen priests trooped out on to the ground. From various directions groups of people could be seen approaching slowly. It seemed that they came reluctantly, for the police were urging them on from all sides.

As they neared the open space, they stopped. A few turned and tried to run away, but the police drove them back. Eventually, with their heads lowered, they squatted in solemn, silent,



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# of Siam

NEXT WEEK: She leads an "invasion"

sullen lines—men and women, a sprinkling of children, and packs of dogs which dashed about between them.

The priests, in their saffron robes, started a mournful chant. A small procession, headed by the Regent and the Foreign Minister, came on to the ground and took their places near the centre of the wide circle. At the striking of a gong, four policemen led out the prisoner.

Preecha, chained at the ankles, and with his head erect, had the air of an aristocrat, neither defiant nor inviting pity, but calm and seemingly at peace.

At a small block he was made to kneel. The executioner, dressed in scarlet, waited.

A herald recited the crimes of which Preecha had been adjudged guilty.

Many people covered their eyes and turned away their heads. But the sign was not yet given to the executioner. Instead the Regent went up to the prisoner and said: "I had looked upon you as a friend for many years. You had the trust of His Majesty the King as well as of all the Ministers of State. This trust you betrayed.

"Nevertheless, before judgment is administered, I ask you, because of the high rank you held and the many favors you received, if there is anything you would like me personally to do for you—as a friend."

Raising his head, Preecha gave a brief nod.

"Speak then," said the Regent, "and if it is within my power to confer it, you may rely upon me to do so."

Preecha's lips moved, but his voice was low and inaudible. The Regent stooped. Again the prisoner murmured some words which the Regent was unable to hear. Stooping lower still, the Regent said: "Try to speak a little louder, man."

Then, looking defiantly into the Regent's eyes, Preecha spat full into his face. "For your soul I have pity, for you nothing but contempt," he said.

The Regent gave a signal, and the executioner, swinging his sword above his head, circled the prisoner in a ceremonial dance . . .

An hour later Nai Dee's handsome green launch with its red awnings came down the river and edged slowly up to the landing stage.

Fanny, awed by the hushed silence and the deserted riverside, leapt ashore and ran to the house that had been her home.

She found the servants weeping. They came up to her, knelt at her feet, kissed the hem of her dress and her hands.

As she entered the bedroom, she fainted.

WHEN consciousness returned to her, she saw the Abbot and the priests from the temple around her. The Abbot helped her to a chair. "Our kind lord's possessions are to be seized. His wealth has been confiscated. They will take this house very soon. But we have made arrangements for your safety."

"I am British," she replied. "Neither the Regent nor the King can touch me."

"We know that this is so, but there are the children. His children by his first wife, and your little son. They plan to take them away, too."

She went pale, and panic seized her. "But they are in the British Consulate. Surely they are safe there."

"They are safe only while they are there. And we do not know what ruse may be adopted to get them out of the Consulate. You must take them away. We have a boat ready to take you to Bangkok. From there you must leave for England as quickly as you can—taking the children with you.

"Two of us," the Abbot continued, "will accompany you to Bangkok. I have brought these robes." He held out the saffron robes of his order. "If you wear them and travel with us you should be safe. We can set out this evening at dusk."

"Where is my husband? What have you done with him?"

"He lies in our temple garden. The service will be continued by his graveside by night and by day for a week."

"I want to go there," she said, rising from her chair.

"Come, my child. I will take you."

As they came out on to the verandah one of the servants pointed to a note that had been left on the rail.

"Where does it come from?" Fanny asked.

The servant pointed to Nai Dee's houseboat at the landing stage.

Fanny struck the note off the rail and walked on with the Abbot to the temple grounds. There, amid the abundant offerings of flowers and fruit, stacked in pyramids around the freshly dug grave, she knelt and prayed; the priests knelt beside her.

A boat, travelling at night, returned Fanny to the Consulate. From there, almost immediately, she was able to take passage in a British steamer bound for Singapore. The three children and the maidservant Oun would travel with her to London, and there she would join her father.

As the little party embarked from the Consulate, Mrs. Knox clung to Fanny, crying, "When shall I see you again, my darling?"

"I'll come back. It may not be soon, but I'll come back. I have a score to settle here. I owe it to Preecha that such a thing should never happen again."

To be concluded

• This is a condensation of "Fanny and the Regent of Siam," by R. J. Minney, published by Collins, London. World copyright, 1962, by R. J. Minney.

FROM THE BIBLE

• ***"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"***

— Micah 6:8.

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